

Ohhhhhh (North Carolina)  
On, top (y'all better come on)  
Harvest (y'all bettter come on!)  
Petey Pablo (c'mon!)  
Abnormal, huhhh

9-1-9 motherfuckerrrrrr  
(WHAT!) 9 (WHAT!) 1 (WHAT!) 9 motherfucker  
9-1-9 motherfucker  
I'm representin NINE, ONE, NINE motherfucker!

Born and raised, precious year '73  
Back then we knew how shit was gon' be, MOTHERFUCKER!  
What you know about this year, my neck of the woods  
My nigga my hood, my God - they good to us Carolina  
Love my liquor house, club, my big girl, my son a thug  
My big, family with fifty-eleven cousins  
Ya heard? Huhhhh, Southern Magnolia belle  
No Limit, 'ouisiana, Dungeon, A-T-L  
It's a chain here, we the nation jump on boats with a load  
Get this Carolina show on the road  
Whodie I want billboards with my face all across the world  
With a outline of my state nigga, puffin it up  
Y'all feelin us, to the point you sloshin shit out your cup  
So the fuck WHAT, they playin a club cut 'bout us  
Slosh out the rest of us, AHHHH, feel the rhyme  
Holla motherfuckin 9-1-9, uhhhhhh

Look at us baby, on our way to fortune and fame  
Your main man done fucked around and got us a name  
A motherfucker don't really want a train-train  
but it still came and ain't stop the thang, y'knowmsayin?  
Now we in the game, don't know it now, oh you bound to bust down  
Oh it's on now! I put my whole STATE through the door  
Ohhh Lord, how you let them do that folk?  
Like I'm losin control, runnin motherfuckers off the road, one-double-0  
95 South 'til I get home, mannnn  
The country had to come there, poppa I love home  
And comin home, like I love my momma; pop the champagne partner  
Fuck it, drink it straight out the bottle  
Fuck work tomorrow, Carolina havin a party  
Get drunk as you wanna, get what'll get you tight  
Tonight is a nigga night, aight? Nigga get right  
Now with all your might, holla like your best friend died  
And his help number is 9-1-9, one time

"The number you requested, area code 9-1-9, will be automatically dialed..."

What, what!  
The whole feelin of this 9-1-9 give you the type of  
9-1-9 kind of get high  
Nigga this the code of the world (people)  
You ain't gotta be from the 9, just holla loud, spit the shit out  
Man they lovin the South, loved it before but even more now  
Later who wants a response from the crowd  
Look how my niggaz holdin it down  
Screamin like they shit here out (it is how!)

Motherfucker feel the power!  
Represent yo' stompin ground  
Show 'em how it is at the house, y'all sold the fuck out  
All together now, please, I need you so wow  
Just the law niggaz turned it down, comin too loud