

Nine Double 'Em

Brother Ali

(Rat-ta-tat, rat-ta-tat, rat-ta-tat, tatta rat-ta-ta-tatta to make his blood splatter (4x)

You jackin me you go the wrong season
You got your piece I got my piece
And all I need now is a reason for me to start squeasin'
Matter fact, gimme your rings, watch, and yo house keys
And make it fast shorty, or I'ma put gun smoke up in the breeze
And I'm glad he ain't call my bluff cause I ain't really had my gat

It wouldn't of been nothing for him to peel back
My wig, he saw this piggy go wee-wee all the way home
To get my chrome cause now I got to lock some shots off in that dome (Why's that?)

Because my manhood has got to stay in pact
He can't just play me out in front of the ladies, that shit is wack

But now I got my gat back down in the downtown district
Dyin' to spill some gravy on this motherfucking biscuit
Seen him kicking it out on Nicklet like it was nothin'
Go around the block one more time and I swear to God I'm dumpin'

Looked over my shoulder knowin' time was any place
I jumped out the car, unloaded the nine up in his face!
With no feelin, peelin' out, tires all squeelin'
Adrenilen to my brain got me higher than the ceilin'
But people talk, I'll probly never get dissed again
And Minnesota got ten thousand lakes to dump the pistol in

Oooh..

Wa-da-da-dang, wa-da-da-da-dang, listen to my nine millimeter go bang (Go Bang!)