

## 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!)