

## If My 9 Could Talk

Silkk The Shocker

Give me that nine, that clip  
Ain't no talking to my 9, `cause bitch I'm bout to sop you up  
Twist the cap back, put one up in the chamber  
Your life in danger, I'm busting caps upon a total stranger  
Better believe I be creeping  
Detectives wonder how I hit your house and the rest of the block,  
they still sleeping  
Straps all in your window, puffing up on some endo  
Surprise, surprise, nigga look at what you in for

Only if my 9 could talk  
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Don't, don't, don't leave no witnesses to this homicide  
O-o-o only if my 9 could talk  
Only if my 9 could talk  
Don't, don't, don't leave no witnesses to this homicide

Now imagine me slipping up on my murder gloves  
Now imagine me got a 9 with a silencer and I'm in a bout it club  
I want soda `cause niggas be snitching  
I put blood up on his Polo, gots him screaming like bitches  
Now it's gonna be, kinda like, hard to see me  
Disappear like a genie  
When I reappear, nigga you see nothing but my beam  
And I'm gonna hits that nigga for one mill  
These shots I pop, he drops, and uh, that's like a done deal  
You could consider that nigga a disaster area  
Call his mom for a black dress  
consult his family members to be the pallbearers  
You fucks with mine, I'ma leave that nigga shaking  
Flatline, CPR, I don't think that nigga made it

Some call it murder, I call it 1-87  
Some call it robbery, bitch, I call it 2-11  
See, hand me that dufflebag full of hot guns  
First nigga runs up, guns up, that head gonna catch some hot ones  
I run this shit like the White House  
You like some white out  
Tonight's the night, it's getting dark, bitch it's lights out  
When I shoot, I'm never gonna miss  
17 in my spot, 17 in my gloc, 17 niggas I'm gonna hit  
I be a specialist like Sharon Stone  
A bad boy like Al Capone  
An assassin like Sylvester Stallone  
Only if you could live, but you ain't  
Only if my 9 could talk, but it can't

Don't leave no witnesses to this homicide