Sarah Brightman % Sir John Gielgud ''Nine to Yo Dome''

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Nine to your Nine to your Nine to your Nine to your dome hoe Nine to your dome hoe Nine to your dome hoe Nine to your Nine to your

(Chorus)

Nine to your dome hoe whatcha gonna do bitch Nine to your dome whatcha whatcha gona do bitch Nine to your dome hoe whatcha gonna do bitch Nine to your dome whatcha whatcha gona do bitch Nine to your dome hoe whatcha gonna do bitch Nine to your dome whatcha whatcha gona do bitch Nine to your dome hoe whatcha gonna do bitch Nine to your dome hoe whatcha gonna do bitch Nine to your dome whatcha whatcha gona do bitch

The motherfuckin south is in the house foe the nine fo Memphis niggaz, nigga and we killas who gon run the floor One of you hoes step One of you hoes gonna die bitch Aint no thang Civil and plain bang In your eye bitch Tricky type ass niggaz Always wanna flex they nuts But they gonna get fucked With this nine Stuck up they butt Unload this whole damn clip up in your ass hoe Naw, its to late to squash the shit I'm gonna blast hoe Fuck the five O And the motherfuckin jumpin grass

Searching a real nigga in his draws Like they ass a fag Get yo god damn hands of a real one Just before I make you feel the bullets from my steal some Big ass cop think I'm playin But I'm from tha hood North Memphis hoe Yeah rank it bitch Hollywood Ready and prepared That's the exit que to With my tone Whatcha gonna do When my nine crones at your dome Bitches

(Chorus)

Nine motherfuckin millimeter Aint no tradin hoe This some real shit Street shit Lettin sucker know If yo ass step Go head make me pull the triger Fuckin with me dawg You gonna make me catch a charge nigga Figga out a way With these holla points (?) tips Slip, trip, cock back, quick Then I shoot a bitch Aint no damn fuckin around 13 rounds at your head Aim point blank At your face Makin sure your dead Headed to my motherfuckn ride Dichin evidence Mask on, lotces on Headed to my residence Consequences They accur when you talkin smack Thinkin you the big man But you betta watch your back Rat tat tat tat With the sound of the tech nine Take this trick bitch ass nigga tryin to take mine (Oh naw man I aint gonna take yours) (Aint nothing like that dog you know what I'm sayin) Nine to yo fuckin dome bitch

(Chorus) Till fade

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