

## **Sarah Brightman % Sir John Gielgud**

### **"Who Got Dem 9's"**

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(Juicy J)

Yeah, Juicy J in the house with my nigga Project  
motherfuckin' Pat  
Lettin' you niggas know about respect  
You know what I'm sayin  
We gets respect off in these motherfuckin' streets  
Yeah right  
Yeah motherfuckin' respect

Chorus x4

Who got dem 9's (Who got dem 9's)  
Who got dem tech's (Who dot dem techs)  
Throw yo motherfuckin' sett  
To show you know you got respect

(Juicy J)

We's creepin' through your hood  
Makin' you hoe ass niggas jump  
With them doubts somebody hear shots  
Got you shakin'  
Call the cops  
When the cops got on the scene all they heard was  
cries and screams  
Triple 6 niggas are mean  
When they blast them triple beams  
Seem to me you never learn  
So we have to demonstrate  
Motherfuck a murder case  
Shot the bitch off in his face  
Face it hoe and be a man  
Play the game until the end  
You was out there claimin' killa  
So to hell, with your friends  
All your foes, I suppose  
You think I'ma let you live  
No love words never show  
So not love is what I give  
Get respect off in these streets  
Stayin' real, packin' heat  
Some don't wanna see me have  
Always out tryin' to creep

On the next, do I flex  
With them techs, Let em' kill  
Those with anna on your chest  
We gon' make your blood spill  
We for reall off in this shit  
If you jump we gon' clown  
Put a bullet in your head  
And lay your body in the ground

Chorus x4

(Project Pat)  
It's gangsta it's gangsta  
Everybody wanna be a deals, a killa  
Fire ya'll let and you gon' be a body  
In lobby  
Ghetto life is ghetto past the blastin'  
And askin', for that fuckin' loot  
And then I'm dashin', harrassin'  
If you real  
then you respect the real one  
I feel some  
Niggas need to have a chat with Nina, the enforcer  
187 soldiers in this motha  
I'll smother those who thnk they bolder than no other  
A buster gon' lose his fuckin' life up in the gizame  
I'll dusta gets right upside your head  
And blow your brizain's to pieces  
And even if it's your time to clock those glocks down  
So watch out  
Wasn't raised to be no hoe, I'm takin' my glock down  
And motherfuck police  
Cause when it's on  
Bitch it's murder  
So go and get your toes and your click  
And I'ma serve ya  
I urge ya, don't be lookin' at my face dog  
Watch the 9 r-e-s-p-e-c-t  
Oh, you gon' give me mine

Chorus...till fade

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