

The Roots F/ Musiq

"Mr. Millimeter"

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Mr. Millimeter, 17 shot clip
In your vest or your coat in your trunk or your hip
On your way to your spot
With your Tech or your Glock
Extra clip in your sock
Young niggas got to get paid, get laid
Fucking with the Get Low, suckas wanna get sprayed
Cuz in the nine-trey niggas ain't having that
With some Macs and some vests and some fat sacks
Of the dank better yet of the dojah
Some from the shoulders some from the holsters
Myself I prefer from the shoulders
Cuz a young buck throwin em boulders
Bing bing to the chin
Once again to the store for some gin
But you didn't get a chance to cock em
You bought two clips but you didn't get to pop em
Then the Bigga Figga beat you to the straw
A 9 Millimeter is what you need and what you saw
And that was the end of the story
No more gafflin and no more glory
You got to get respect to survive
And if you don't get respect then you die
And that was the way that it went, shit
Now I'm mad like a pit I give it up

(chorus)

Fuckin with these niggas you better have your gat, Rat-
a-tat,
Rat-a-tat, Rat-a-tat-tat
Niggas on a mission you better stay strapped,
Rat-a-tat, Rat-a-tat, Rat-a-tat-tat

Niggas in ninety-two and ninety-three who you foolin
JT the Bigga Figga, I'm straight schoolin
That ass, I'll take you to class without a pass
And mashin and dashin, get the motherfuckin cash
You're broke, you're busted, you can't be trusted
See the janitor cuz you need to be dusted
I flip that ass like I flip the track
Break to the house get the two clips for the Mac

Cuz nigga gots to have it when niggas start static
To get to the spot and get the fully automatic
Cuz niggas carry Glocks, and niggas carry thirty-eights
Forty-fives, nine Millimeters and an AK
Strapped in the trunk right next to the punk
Cuz a young punk try to start some funk
God damn it it's on, dust off the chrome
Jump in the bucket with the mothafuckin dome
Now they don't understand why we went major
Called D-Moe on the Motorola pager (beeping)
He said JT I heard they tried to spray ya
Nigga D-Moe man you know they can't fade us
When a nigga said that Seff at the spot
And tell him to bring a Tommy and a mothafuckin
Glock
And nigga don't forget when you mothafuckin hear that
Give him some of this and some of that I give it up

(chorus)

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