

## Whole Nine

### "One Nine"

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[Lil' C-Style]

Ohhwwwee, it's goin down

Long Beach connected, me and my nigga Daz doin  
thangs

Yeah, can't stop this shit - tired of all this bullshit

Nigga independent over here, yaknowmsayin?

Nigga countin my shit, yaknow? ...

[Daz Dillinger]

I slung tar before I had a car...

Went from a lil' old nigga, to a worldwide rap star

My pockets stay fat (fat)

Sometimes I wanna say "fuck rap" and get a sack

(Why's that?) Cuz that's where my heart is at (uh-huh)

That's what started that (uh-huh)

Somebody tell me where the (?) at

So I can get bombed in, ridin on the one ten

to the ninety-one to the seven ten

I back in the Beach again

Just ridin high, jumped out with a grin (grin)

Motherfucker shoot ten, started off with fifty dollars

now I'm up to a thousand

Hittin lick after lick, see how it gets

Now I'm on some old gangsta shit

[Hook: Daz]

One nine... nine... (right on)

Nine... (right on) nine...

One nine... (right on)

Nine... (right on)

Nine... nine...

We on some old gangsta shit nigga...

[Lil' C-Style]

Yeah, 5 to 9 for 50

Back, back, bitch you want 9 for a G?

Bitch you want 20 for a thousand?

I - I'm touchin more money than I could ever feel

I stop on the seven where the homeboys chill

I spot my big homie C-Bo and I'm glad he back

Flossin still on the corner with the orange sack  
As I continue my mission down M.L.K.  
I bust a right and see my homie hangin out on 19th  
Big Will, one-eyed gangsta from O-N-G-C  
And I'm that lil' nigga C-Style from 19th Street  
Not even half way done dipped through my hood just  
yet  
I spot a bad-ass bitch; she wanna give me some head  
So in ten traces I got a fish to get  
Nigga I love fuckin bitches that I just met

[Hook: C-Style]  
It's one nine... nine...  
Nine... nine...  
One nine... nine...  
Nine... nine...  
One nine...

[Daz talking]  
Yeah haha, one nine-nine-nine  
D-A-Z, Lil' Style, comin through like that  
(Comin through in the 'Lac) yeah

So now ya know eastside is where we hang  
At the one nine liquour sto', doin our thang  
The domain, curbed surfin, dubs and dimes  
Take the penitentiary check, some rappin at the same  
time  
My homie once for me, way way back  
Ya betta, read the walls to know where ya at  
And get yo' little ass jacked, that's why I stay strapped  
And when I'm on the eastside, I keep it on my lap  
Yo Style...

[Lil' C-Style]  
Well I gotta stay strapped even though I'm fresh out the  
county  
and ain't tryna go back - to fuckin roaches and rats  
and nasty-ass food, nigga ain't tryna eat that  
I'm tryna see a brand-new house and a Cadillac  
Where my stiz-home's number one on the miz-ap  
With my homie Daz and you know we on fiz-a  
I was carryin a deuce-five through fo-five striz-at (boo-  
yaa!)  
So ease up and recognize us  
Me and my nigga D-A-Z; we ain't nuttin but some  
RIDERS!  
And can't a damn thing divide us  
This some real-ass motherfuckin Eastsiders

[Hook: C-Style]

It's one nine... nine...  
Nine... nine...  
One nine... nine...  
Nine... nine...  
We on some old gangsta shit nigga... yeah  
We on some old gangsta shit nigga... yeaah! ha!

[talking]  
Now you ain't never felt a feeling like a blow  
That's when place or show  
In the nine nine that's how shit go, fa sho'  
Smoke is what makes the train go  
Blowin circles around the head  
Harmony is with the bullets on the bed  
Yeah you heard what the fuck I said  
Yeah that's some of that gangsta shit  
That ain't misrepresented with that master shit  
Nigga just let it be known, that it ain't about no bullshit  
Cuz it's on - now that's some of that gangsta shit

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