

Bobby "Boris" Pickett

"Da Hol 9"

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[Talking: 1- Kemo 2- Kaos]

1- Uhhh...ok, let it run

Oh we recordin?

2- Yeah

1- Oh..

2- Spit that shit nigga

1- Gonna spit this shit here

[Verse 1: Kemo]

I'll take you back to when I was a kid

When I used to let them Kirkwood bitches suck my dick

Hope I won't doin no time when the summer end

Now add 2 to 99 bitch what you come up wit?

Real nigga STL, the fuckin slums

I kill niggas that's too bad, I got my gun

Now I slept up wit some mattresses and couldn't eat

I'm tryin to make my way from steak and pickin pigs
feet

From rollin 6 deep, bustin out the wager-neer

See I'm a hunter, but bitch I ain't cappin deer

I'm tryin to put some muthafuckas in some body bags

Whole 9, flatline through your body bag

Thurl shit, thurl figgas, and thurl clothes

Thurl click, thurl niggas and thurl hoes

The world thinkin that Kemo ain't up on his toes

I watch my fuckin back cuz I never know all my foes

Muthafucka

[Hook: 1- Kemo 2- Kaos]

2- What the fuck you niggas comin wit?

1- Da Hol' 9 dogg

2- Oh you niggas got some thurl shit

1- Right on it derty

"What the fuck ya'll niggas workin wit?"

1- We wit that nah'jae

"So where you wanna meet us at?"

1- Down in the lobby

[Verse 2: Mr. McFeezee]

Da Hol' 9 derty, pounds and swoll dimes derty

A hustle horse so I can 'ford mines derty

Betta watch yo back you wouldn't think
That a nigga like me would come across that ass
And snatch that mink, watch how you shine
Put ya face in the front of articles, don't interrupt the
way
I'm breakin down my particles, just first for work
Betta believe that I'm the first to jerk, aim participatin
Hard portions of the game, when you itch my click
When you carry plushisions of dick
30 pounds, fake problems plus hittin them bricks
Da Hol' 9 nigga

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Kaos]

You can't get no mo outta me I'm like hoes wanna get
they tube socks
The 9 is my strap, keeps it on my back that plus my
shoe size
I'm a thurl ass cat, wit 9 lives but ya'll can cut, its like yo
line mo
Da Hol' 9 wit me see I'm like that combo, nah mo
6 times the niggas try to subtract and divide Da Hol' 9
But he was just 'vodin it, and none of this shit like 2
loads up in the toilet
We like 2 straights up in that sergeant, got you by
margin
And Mr. McFarland and none of this shit is funny like
Shining Marlin
I remember when you give me play, but now its he say,
she say
You fine now, he rhyme now, Kaos he DJ
He bring that heat up in the speakers girl he on the
Beat
Cuz he fuck wit Trisha and Shaniqua but them freaks
skeet
But you see these hoes keep my name in they mouth
like dick
But I don't get it, I must be the shit (derty you ain't kick
it)
I guess you right though, who's gives a fuck about a lil'
trife ho
That shit be blowin, pass a nigga the fuckin light mo

[Kaos Talking]

....Blow him, THATS ITS RUSS!
Next Track Engineer (laughing)
NEXT TRACK DICK FACE!

