

## **Brother Ali**

# **"Nine Double Em"**

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[Hook]

(Rat-ta-tat, rat-ta-tat, rat-ta-tat, tatta rat-ta-ta-tatta to  
make his blood  
splatter (4x))

[Verse 1]

You jackin me you go the wrong season  
You got your piece I got my piece  
And all I need now is a reason for me to start squeasin'  
Matter fact, gimme your rings, watch, and yo house  
keys  
And make it fast shorty, or I'ma put gun smoke up in  
the breeze  
And I'm glad he ain't call my bluff cause I ain't really  
had my gat  
It wouldn't of been nothing for him to peel back  
My wig, he saw this piggy go wee-wee all the way home  
To get my chrome cause now I got to lock some shots  
off in that dome (Why's that?)  
Because my manhood has got to stay in pact  
He can't just play me out in front of the ladies, that shit  
is wack  
But now I got my gat back down in the downtown  
district  
Dyin' to spill some gravy on this motherfucking biscuit  
Seen him kicking it out on Nicklet like it was nothin'  
Go around the block one more time and I swear to God  
I'm dumpin'  
Looked over my shoulder knowin' time was any place  
I jumped out the car, unloaded the nine up in his face!  
With no feelin, peelin' out, tires all squeelin'  
Adrenilen to my brain got me higher than the ceilin'  
But people talk, I'll probly never get dissed again  
And Minnesota got ten thousand lakes to dump the  
pistol in

[Chorus]

Ooh..  
Wa-da-da-dang, wa-da-da-da-dang, listen to my nine  
millimeter go bang (Go Bang!) (4x)

[Verse 2]

I ran home quick, changed my clothes and dipped in  
my lady's transam  
If they ask you where I am don't tell em shit  
You ain't seen me or heard from me, she asked where I  
would go  
I said you know I'ma go stay with grandma down in  
Chicago

I know how fast your car go, way up over a hundred  
But I can't get caught speedin, I might be federally  
wanted  
Man them cops be on it, I can't afford to get sloppy  
Cause if I slip up at any single point yo they got me  
So I rock the accelerator never greater than (???)  
Thinking strictly about my journey, what I did still hasn't  
hit me  
I touch down in the shy, grandma stay on southside  
Just trying to get some rest after that eight hour drive  
And Grandma surprised, but always happy to see me  
So I'm kicked up at the rest playing Nintendo watching  
t.v  
And believe me I know that I'm still on the run  
But I'm happy that this part of the getaway is done  
Cause I..

[Hook]

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Yo, it's kinda hard to live with what I did  
Cause everytime I close my eyes all I see is me blasting  
that kid  
But yo, I did exactly what I had to do  
If that was him in my shoes he would of blasted me too  
Besides, everybody's mamma cry sometime  
And you know everyone gotta die sometime  
And grandma said I had a cousin in Minnesota that I  
ain't even know about ya know  
And just last week he got his brains blown out  
And so his little funeral was being held today  
I'm dressed in black Versacci and mad respect I payed  
But whoever shot my cousin sure wet up that poor  
bastard  
Cause the wake and the funeral was strictly closed  
casket  
But yo, they had his picture on the program and oh  
damn  
They had his picture on the program and oh damn  
Starred at my cousin on that program and I couldn't  
even speak

That's the kid that I shot last week

[Chorus]

[Hook]

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