

Dem Franchise Boyz "45's, Choppaz & 9's"

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45, n choppas n nines

Aye yea nigga mutha fuckin franchise in this bitch,
franchise records, nigga popin they

mutha fuckin gun like we ain gon do shit. We don do no
mutha fuckin fightin jees a man

trigga man, load dat choppa up mutha
fucker, yea, [reload] buddy dat 45 ready niga? [reload]

aye pimpin ur 9 cop dem train [reload] niga, yeah you
kno I keep mine 1 in da

chamber, [reload] aye wat the fuuck, [reload] hard
nine, [reload] nuts, [reload] me? [reload]

work? [reload] , all dese mutha fuckin guns, [reload] we
ain gat no more mutha fuckin

words. [reload]

All you hear is the [reload] wen I lay you down on the
ground its the [reload] sound they

popin like they hard but they feel [reload] they hoes I
kno that they get scared wen they

hear [reload] (Oh no), first I get the k and den I
[reload] its danger, den I load a huned

rounds, [reload] (one in da chamber), you gotta aim at
the chest up, [reload] (thro dem 45's)

then shoot at they head if they vest up, [reload] (load
dem glock 9's) my ak 45 and nine milli

cock bak you like a runt, one squeeze a button will
make ur head drop bak, wen I hear my

bitch say, [reload] im redy to go, but wen you hear my
bitch say [reload] , im lettin her go,

so wat mutha fucker wat,[reload] now here they come,
you betta duk mutha fucker duk [reload]

'cause you cnt run. Man fuck dem bitch ass nigas talkin
dat fuck shit niga, load dem mutha

fuckin guns up ride out.

45 and choppas and nines [reload] (whoo my)(x4)

Step on the scene wit the green and a [reload] wen shit
get ugly I put the beam on the

[reload] the block den became a murder scene cuase
the [reload] first it was shots now

sirens from the [reload] franchize the team an we da
king from wit the [reload] I dont gotta

say a thing you gimmie cream wen you hear [reload]
im makin shit spark like new years eve

with the [reload] my tool like a broom I sweep dem
clean wit the [reload].

Dese niggas b runin dey mouth but they dont wan
drama I finna kidnap they daughta n send a

note to her mama I can wear tims and sweater n still b
cool in the summa ride on you nigas

like paper but my tool in my lama im movin work in da
hood and yall ain seein my numba im

paranoid alredi I keep dat tool tuked unda wen I pull up
in da club its 26 on da humma

[reload] armed wit rokets armed wit choppas thicked
out like necks on a lama.

45 and choppas and nines [reload] (whoo my)(x4)

Wen it comes to war you know im able son,[reload] my
tool makes a sound like a staple gun,

[reload] betta run. You scared you wanna live...[reload]
give it up, kno you familiar wat a

robber is dont get bust, [reload] touch niggas for
cashflow, lock n load, pitch star down a

dusty road,[reload] nigga froze he didnt like my sound
chek [reload] clock tec, hoe I want

ur whole chek.

Every nigga gat the heart to make it [reload] but wen
its time to pull the trigger they gon

[reload] choke but if I reach the part to where I [reload]
im lettin it flow and if it jam

up im gon [reload] release sum moe, empty out the
clip [reload] I dont need no word my team

trained to go where anytime [reload] da sun ya betta
know military mind on the grind like

commando flashlight 4.5 wit a pistol grip handle.

And they talk about my mutha fuckin boys ain ready, I
gotta mutha fuckin squad on my mutha

fuckin hands, FRANCHIIIIZZEEE! dem franchize boys,
franchise records, tell dem niggas you

alredi mutha fuckin know we takin ova da mutha-fuckin
street nigga.

45 and choppas and nines [reload] (whoo my) (x4)

fades

(whoo my) x4

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