

## Murs & 9th Wonder

### "Nina Ross"

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[Chorus] We talk about Nina We talk about Nina We talk about Nina...Nina Ross [Verse One] Ha ha ha ha ha Check out this bizarre Story that I got about this chick and her car I met her at this bar in Philly called 'the mall' True school party and I'm feelin like a star I'm chilling with the boys We out to make some noise Searching for a misses, mission search & destroy You know the hit & run You smash then you dash Or you could fall in love soon as you get that ass But me I was just chillin' That's really not my thing Tonic with some lime and I'm scoping out the scene Then I seen Miss Thing I locked her in my sights Vision of perfection, my obsession for the night Is she black or she white Or another slight mix? Mexican or Asian, dark-skin white chick I know that's my thing I jumped on it quick Thicker than a snicker, had to kick it to the miss She said, "My name is Nina" I said, "(spanish) You know I'm a musician with a penchant for latinas" She said, "That's cool I'm black, South African in fact I understand your Spanish but your accent is wack Quick on the attack I kept my composure Should I fall back Man, I pimped in closer "My english is just fine And your beauty is sublime On this continent miss, you should constitute a dime I'm cool with the rhyme, but slicker with the drag In a few minutes, I'll be feelin on the ass" For her, she just laughed, I caught her by surprise I said, "I need directions I'm lost in your eyes" She fell for it guys Hook, line and sinker Now I start to feel like this chick's not a thinker All attitude No apptitude Imagine her condition after she's had a few [Chorus] [Verse Two] Bartender, bartender, come serve her up And put it all on this card right here (Word up) I talk, I talk She drank, she drank And then she said something like, "I think, I can't Make it to my car, can you help me out?" I said no prob, she kissed me on the mouth She tasted like a mixture of one fifty one And straight gasoline, but I'm not a picky one I grabbed her coat, then I grabbed her keys Then I grabbed her arm and said, "Ma'am could you please Lead the way" (french) This has got to be the best way for me to end the day She looked better than the government check It was her beauty not her

booty, that's word to Mike Epps You know I'm a Vet So  
we marched and we stepped She said, "I'm parked  
around the corner, it's the Benz on the left" A benz, a  
benz?! Did this broad say a benz?! It took everything I  
had for me to not call my friends Or lose my lunch But  
then all at once This girl sobered up, like she was never  
drunk She said, "That was all a front, Mr. Walk-Like-A-  
Man Remember me a few years back, tour van?" I  
stuttered, I stammered, I looked for the camera And  
when I looked back, she was reachin' for the hammer  
Pulled out the jammie, aimed it at my throat, She  
yelled, "Stick em up!" I said, "Stop, no don't!" Pistol  
whipped me, then she hit me Swept me off my feet  
quickly Got me for my DS and my Sidekick 3 She made  
me stand up then she told me strip down "What you  
gonna with that glowstick now?" She opened up the  
truck Made me crawl into it About to squeeze the  
trigger, I said, "Please don't do it" 50 paint balls, at  
point blank range I flinched, I bled, I screamed out in  
pain She said "Remember my face Consider this a  
message to the women you disgrace You use us then  
abuse us anytime you feel horny Then bounce, and  
leave a fake number in the morning" I cried,  
apologized, But as the tears started formin' She  
laughed, blew a kiss and then she slammed the trunk  
on me [Chorus]

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