

Puddle Of Mudd

"9th Ward"

Visit "[9th Ward](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Chorus

I'm from the ninth ward [Been there since the day I was born]

From the ninth ward [Got us coming up like a storm]

From the ninth ward [Niggas better sound the alarm]

Here come the ninth ward, ninth ward hard

[Magic]

Bitch, I was born and raised in the ninth ward

So you niggas don't bother me

You can say what you may about the ninth ward

But I bet you won't follow me

'Cross that canal where my niggas dwell

You know me well

Cause I sold rocks, upon my block

Till I was hotter than hell

Every nigga down here remember me

Nothin' really changed but my gold teeth

I'm still that same nigga from my Flood Street

Only difference now is that I'm on my feet

And I don't sell dope no mo'

Don't rob no mo'

Mane a nigga don't plot no mo'

Cause I'm performing in shows

Shakin' off hoes

Smokin' on optimos

It'll be a World War 3 fuck with me

Now my niggas won't let that ride

I'm the only nigga out chere screaming 9th Ward

So people tryin' to keep me alive

Everywhere I go they see the nine on my arm

And they swear that I'm in a gang

But nigga this is a warning, I'm 'bout my hands

Like I'm 'bout them motherfucking thangs

I'm trouble starter just like my father

He was raised in the nine

So if you cut my arm it still tated in my mind

No matter millions or which ever the situation might come

I'll never forget you niggas

Never forget where the fuck I'm from

Chorus-2x

[Magic]

You know you could take the nigga out the nine
But you can't take the nine out of nigga
Pulling capers is my nature
I'm addicted to making paper
Got my own way of living
Bitch I'm from the C-T-C
Where niggas roam around looking for beef
Killing for free
I take this ward shit to heart
It's tated on my arm
So me and my niggas never part
I keep you niggas in my mind
For every clucker that I serve
For every nigga that I shot
For every tourist that I robbed
To every god damn rock
For every cop that done chased me
To the bitches that hate me
What have you done for me lately
For every neighbor that was peeking at four o'clock in
da morn
It never helped to lock me up
You could've left me alone
We learned to improvise on my block
Never had a ball
We played football wit' a concrete rock
Now picture that
I could never forget my mission
I'm a turn the nine into something bigger than yo' vision
Before I'm done the world'll scream

Chorus-2x

Visit [Puddle Of Mudd](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.