

Three 6 Mafia "Who Got Dem 9's"

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[juicy j]

Yeah, juicy j in the house with my nigga project
motherfuckin' pat
Lettin' you niggas know about respect
You know what i'm sayin
We gets respect off in these motherfuckin' streets
Yeah right
Yeah motherfuckin' respect

[Chorus x4]

Who got dem 9's (who got dem 9's)
Who got dem tech's (who dot dem techs)
Throw yo motherfuckin' sett
To show you know you got respect

[juicy j]

We's creepin' through your hood
Makin' you hoe ass niggas jump
With them doubts somebody hear shots
Got you shakin'
Call the cops
When the cops got on the scene all they heard was
cries and screams
Triple 6 niggas are mean
When they blast them triple beams
Seem to me you never learn
So we have to demonstrate
Motherfuck a murder case
Shot the bitch off in his face
Face it hoe and be a man
Play the game until the end
You was out there claimin' killa
So to hell, with your friends
All your foes, i suppose
You think i'ma let you live
No love words never show
So not love is what i give
Get respect off in these streets
Stayin' real, packin' heat
Some don't wanna see me have
Always out tryin' to creep
On the next, do i flex

With them techs, let em' kill

Those with anna on your chest
We gon' make your blood spill
We for reall off in this shit
If you jump we gon' clown
Put a bullet in your head
And lay your body in the ground

[Chorus x4]

[project pat]

It's gangsta it's gangsta
Everybody wanna be a deals, a killa
Fire ya'll let and you gon' be a body
In lobby
Ghetto life is ghetto past the blastin'
And askin', for that fuckin' loot
And then i'm dashin', harrassin'
If you real
Then you respect the real one
I feel some
Niggas need to have a chat with nina, the enforcer
187 soldiers in this motha
I'll smother those who thnk they bolder than no other
A buster gon' lose his fuckin' life up in the gizame
I'll dusta gets right upside your head
And blow your brizain's to pieces
And even if it's your time to clock those glocks down
So watch out
Wasn't raised to be no hoe, i'm takin' my glock down
And motherfuck police
Cause when it's on
Bitch it's murder
So go and get your toes and your click
And i'ma serve ya
I urge ya, don't be lookin' at my face dog
Watch the 9 r-e-s-p-e-c-t
Oh, you gon' give me mine

[Chorus...till fade]

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