

## **Troy Spratt**

### **"Pop Goes My Nine"**

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Chorus x2 (Silkk & Mo B Dick)

Pop, pop, pop, pop goes my nine (TRU niggas ride dirty  
an stay strapped)  
Every time I think about the times you did me wrong  
(Pop goes the nine)

Verse 1 (Silkk)

See me an my click  
We be hoppin outta Range Rover  
Everyday Taz test,sober  
Fightin fellow convictions, barely missin Angola  
On the run, it's hell  
Fresh outta jail  
That's no life, carry me a nine, cops chase away the 4-5  
My girl ask me why I carry the nine, with the clip in  
I said niggas blast me if they catch a nigga slippin  
Yall trippin  
Yall gave my hommie 25 with a "L"  
But the nigga that killed my cousin, yall let that nigga  
out on bail  
So I say, fuck this  
And I hit the corner on the streets  
Keep my nine up on the seat  
And hold my nine like a G  
Cuz I'ma hustle 'til I fall  
I'ma have it all ball  
Fuck them niggas I have nine up in my draws  
No time to pause, as I smash off in the dust like what  
Keep my nine, cuz it's the only thing I can trust  
An every since Ice Cube said, it's really been a trip  
I'd rather be  
Judged by 12 than be carried by 6. That's why its...

Chorus x2

Verse 2 (Master P)

Picture me rollin, rest in peace Pac  
I'm ridin in my 500 S-E-L strapped with my plastic glock

Me an my bitch, we be hella tight  
Fit in the palm of my hand  
But I ain' t trustin a nigga tonight  
I ain't walkin out the door unless I got my bitch  
My American Express, nigga, this will be it  
Seven-teen kids to tag along  
Hollow tips, black jack, call me Al Capone  
But I'm dirty like Harry  
I keep a 9 Millimeter cuz I ain't gettin buried  
My glock be special like Ed  
All yall nigga ain't strapped  
Might end up in the body-bag...

Chorus x2

Verse 3 (Kane & Abel)

Pop, pop, goes the ruger out the Lexus LandCruiser  
Best of slow ya roll hoe  
'fore I put some holes through ya  
Boo-Yah, my fifty Calliber got niggas runnin back to  
Africa  
Bitch banged up my passport so I'm swervin in my  
Acura  
Grabbin on my dick  
Smokin the shit  
Momma kicked me out the house  
I smack that bitch  
Now I'm skandelous and rich  
Mia-X said we got it tweekin  
Them niggas tweekin  
No Limit got some gangsta shit for the Mexicans and  
Puerto Ricans  
New York to L.A., Miami to Atlanta  
Black talons from my nine got them dancing the  
Macereé! »  
Little kids in my hood slang dope an talk shit  
By some violence, brah  
Pass the silencer, pop that bitch...  
I'm in my Navy Blue Beamer suckin on weed  
Holdin the streets  
As we brain off that vodka  
We're still in the nigga chopper  
Gun slangin with pussy juice on my trigger finger  
Its Kane an Abel, now who da bitch-made nigga  
banger...

[Chorus x 2]

[Master P]

Check it out playa  
Nigga gotta protect ya motha-fuckin self fa the 9-skrilla  
Nigga ya need to grab ya motha-fuckin nine 'fore ya  
grab ya shoes  
Cuz nigga only got 1 life to lose  
An a nigga gotta protect his own, playa  
Nigga, live eye 4 an eye that's how TRU Niggas live  
An if yall real bout the situation  
Nigga, trust no mutha-fuckin body  
Let cha mutha-fuckin gun be ya friend, nigga  
Cuz ya enemy might be right next to you.Huh,  
remember that playa...  
Pop-Pop goes the nine, nigga  
But TRU Niggas ride dirty an stay strapped  
An we Bout It

[Chorus Fades]

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