

## **X-Raided**

### **"Use Yo Nina"**

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When you hop out your car you need to grab yo nine  
milameter  
To drop some hot bunts  
Hollow point your pusley poppin drop one  
I dont got them blanks I got them hollow bullet tips  
To have your brain hangin out when a nine milameter  
kicks  
A killa type nigga need to strap the blast so quik you  
know  
The kinda strap that hits you when you wearin you  
different show  
I dont need no terminator huntin me like Sarah Connors  
So when its time to ride I load up the nine and do the  
honors  
Im killin all substitutes we aint in the same game  
I use that nina you call it nine but its the same thing  
I aint no cat so nine lives I dont got  
But I got my homies them four niggas from the G-block  
And when they come they aint gonna bring no duece  
duece  
Four nine milameter packin mother-fuckas yellin shoot  
Sombody gonna be slippin, shot shittin in his draws  
If he dead he dead it aint my buisness fool its yours  
I just tell em' mista lovin the main orjon  
Dont be cryin now nigga be slick tryin to mob  
You wasnt cryin when you shot me with your duece  
duece  
I didnt die so know its time to pay the pipa-poo  
Its a personal vandetta, yah I gotta grudge  
We home court the streets and im the motha-fuckin  
judge  
Im gonna was your ass like downy  
I sentance you to jail with no bail be hells the motha-  
fuckin county Nigga

(Hook)

To the homies from the hood  
Better use yo nina cause your duece duece aint no  
good  
Little Ba-a-te Little Ba-a-te-a-te (Hey)  
Listen to my nine milameter go BANG!

[Verse 2]

They call me X-Raided Loc and you better remeber this  
Im married to my gage but my nine is my main bitch  
I keep it with me twenty-four seven around the fuckin  
clock  
I love my nine my nigga I put that on the block  
But i dont like them glocks cause they gain nothin but  
plastic  
And its nothin in your hand everytime you blast it  
One day its gonna jam up and blow up in your face  
Then that nigga just shootin and its nice to get away  
So let me take it from the L-O-C straight killa  
If you out to do some dirty pack a nina nine-mila  
Cause aint no second in this game we call life  
Sac-town city south side nothing nice  
In October Halloween just past  
Fools kickin down doors wearin X-man masks  
This aint a trick-or-treat so what the fuck you gonna do  
Only strap in the house is a duece duece  
You made that same movement shot him in his chest  
Your lil' pea shooter couldnt fuck with his vest  
The nigga shot you back you damn there died  
Fell to the ground tears comin to your eyes  
With a hot sensation burnin in your stomach  
Layin on your back chokin on your own vomit  
Let them niggas took your safe,scratch,money,and all  
your jewels  
All of your dope and your lil' ass twenty-two

(Hook)

To the niggas from the hood  
Better use your nina cause that duece duece aint no  
good  
Litte Ba-a-te Little Ba-a-te-a-te (Hey)  
Listen to my nine milameter go BANG!

[Verse 3]

I got to have a nina cause in the ninties fools be  
stressin  
It could be a code tops or ruggen n' smith n' wessin  
As long as its a nine elevan holdin sixteen in the clip we  
cool  
But if you pack in it anything less you slippin fool  
Cause when you rip with penny you rip with path  
So you gotsta have to artilary to take a motha-fucka  
down  
But dont get me wrong though it aint gotta be a nine  
that u select (No)  
A fourty-four will put your ass through the back door  
On the channel three ten o'clock news

Check for tha-a-that when I get like that  
My tech be sprayin up a niggas sac  
My tech could be a nine too  
Or I could go old school on you motha-fuckas with a  
nine oozy  
You know I cant be choosy with my chrome  
Cause when we fuckin on blast with the first thing I get  
my hands on  
And that could be one of them lil' 0-two shot dilingers  
Cock it back and blast, put two little holes in a nigga  
Better give me time to settle dizown  
Go and get the homies to come back with some of that  
shit  
Thats know for tearin up you tizown  
Spray the hood up to get ghosts like beetlejuice  
And I didnt use no twenty-two

(Hook)

The the homies from the hood  
Better use your nina cause that duece duece aint not  
good  
Litte Ba-a-te Little Ba-a-te-a-te (Hey)  
Listen to my nine milameter go BANG!  
Litte Ba-a-te Little Ba-a-te-a-te (Hey)  
Listen to my nine my nine milameter go BANG BANG  
BANG!  
Little ba-a-te Little ba-a-te-te-a-te (Hey)  
Listen to my nine milameter BANG BANG BANG BANG!

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