

The National Anthem of the Republic Ireland

"One Nine"

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[Lil' C-Style]

Ohhwwwee, it's goin down
Long Beach connected, me and my nigga Daz doin
thangs
Yeah, can't stop this shit - tired of all this bullshit
Nigga independent over here, yaknowmsayin?
Nigga countin my shit, yaknow? ...

[Daz Dillinger]

I slung tar before I had a car...
Went from a lil' old nigga, to a worldwide rap star
My pockets stay fat (fat)
Sometimes I wanna say "fuck rap" and get a sack
(Why's that?) Cuz that's where my heart is at (uh-huh)
That's what started that (uh-huh)
Somebody tell me where the (?) at
So I can get bombed in, ridin on the one ten
to the ninety-one to the seven ten
I back in the Beach again
Just ridin high, jumped out with a grin (grin)
Motherfucker shoot ten, started off with fifty dollars
now I'm up to a thousand
Hittin lick after lick, see how it gets
Now I'm on some old gangsta shit

[Hook: Daz]

One nine... nine... (right on)
Nine... (right on) nine...
One nine... (right on)
Nine... (right on)
Nine... nine...

We on some old gangsta shit nigga...

[Lil' C-Style]

Yeah, 5 to 9 for 50
Back, back, bitch you want 9 for a G?
Bitch you want 20 for a thousand?
I - I'm touchin more money than I could ever feel
I stop on the seven where the homeboys chill
I spot my big homie C-Bo and I'm glad he back

Flossin still on the corner with the orange sack
As I continue my mission down M.L.K.
I bust a right and see my homie hangin out on 19th
Big Will, one-eyed gangsta from O-N-G-C
And I'm that lil' nigga C-Style from 19th Street
Not even half way done dipped through my hood just
yet
I spot a bad-ass bitch; she wanna give me some head
So in ten traces I got a fish to get
Nigga I love fuckin bitches that I just met

[Hook: C-Style]
It's one nine... nine...
Nine... nine...
One nine... nine...
Nine... nine...
One nine...

[Daz talking]
Yeah haha, one nine-nine-nine
D-A-Z, Lil' Style, comin through like that
(Comin through in the 'Lac) yeah

So now ya know eastside is where we hang
At the one nine liquour sto', doin our thang
The domain, curbed surfin, dubs and dimes
Take the penitentiary check, some rappin at the same
time
My homie once for me, way way back
Ya betta, read the walls to know where ya at
And get yo' little ass jacked, that's why I stay strapped
And when I'm on the eastside, I keep it on my lap
Yo Style...

[Lil' C-Style]
Well I gotta stay strapped even though I'm fresh out the
county
and ain't tryna go back - to fuckin roaches and rats
and nasty-ass food, nigga ain't tryna eat that
I'm tryna see a brand-new house and a Cadillac
Where my stiz-home's number one on the miz-ap
With my homie Daz and you know we on fiz-a
I was carryin a deuce-five through fo-five striz-at (boo-
yaa!)
So ease up and recognize us
Me and my nigga D-A-Z; we ain't nuttin but some
RIDERS!
And can't a damn thing divide us
This some real-ass motherfuckin Eastsiders

[Hook: C-Style]

It's one nine... nine...
Nine... nine...
One nine... nine...
Nine... nine...
We on some old gangsta shit nigga... yeah
We on some old gangsta shit nigga... yeaaah! ha!

[talking]
Now you ain't never felt a feeling like a blow
That's when place or show
In the nine nine that's how shit go, fa sho'
Smoke is what makes the train go
Blowin circles around the head
Harmony is with the bullets on the bed
Yeah you heard what the fuck I said
Yeah that's some of that gangsta shit
That ain't misrepresented with that master shit
Nigga just let it be known, that it ain't about no bullshit
Cuz it's on - now that's some of that gangsta shit

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