

Brother

"Nine Double Em"

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[Hook]

(Rat-ta-tat, rat-ta-tat, rat-ta-tat, tatta rat-ta-ta-tatta to
make his blood

Splatter (4x)

[Verse 1]

You jackin me you go the wrong season

You got your piece I got my piece

And all I need now is a reason for me to start squeasin'

Matter fact, gimme your rings, watch, and yo house
keys

And make it fast shorty, or I'ma put gun smoke up in
the breeze

And I'm glad he ain't call my bluff cause I ain't really
had my gat

It wouldn't of been nothing for him to peel back

My wig, he saw this piggy go wee-wee all the way home

To get my chrome cause now I got to lock some shots
off in that dome (Why's that?)

Because my manhood has got to stay in pact

He can't just play me out in front of the ladies, that shit
is wack

But now I got my gat back down in the downtown
district

Dyin' to spill some gravy on this motherfucking biscuit

Seen him kicking it out on Nicklet like it was nothin'

Go around the block one more time and I swear to God
I'm dumpin'

Looked over my shoulder knowin' time was any place

I jumped out the car, unloaded the nine up in his face!

With no feelin, peelin' out, tires all squeelin'

Adrenilen to my brain got me higher than the ceilin'

But people talk, I'll probly never get dissed again

And Minnesota got ten thousand lakes to dump the
pistol in

[Chorus]

Oooh..

Wa-da-da-dang, wa-da-da-da-dang, listen to my nine
millimeter go bang (Go Bang!) (4x)

[Verse 2]

I ran home quick, changed my clothes and dipped in
my lady's transam
If they ask you where I am don't tell em shit
You ain't seen me or heard from me, she asked where I
would go
I said you know I'ma go stay with grandma down in
Chicago
I know how fast your car go, way up over a hundred
But I can't get caught speedin, I might be federally
wanted
Man them cops be on it, I can't afford to get sloppy
Cause if I slip up at any single point yo they got me
So I rock the accelerator never greater than (???)
Thinking strictly about my journey, what I did still hasn't
hit me
I touch down in the shy, grandma stay on southside
Just trying to get some rest after that eight hour drive
And Grandma surprised, but always happy to see me
So I'm kicked up at the rest playing Nintendo watching
t.v
And believe me I know that I'm still on the run
But I'm happy that this part of the getaway is done
Cause I..

[Hook]

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Yo, it's kinda hard to live with what I did
Cause everytime I close my eyes all I see is me blasting
that kid
But yo, I did exactly what I had to do
If that was him in my shoes he would of blasted me too
Besides, everybody's mamma cry sometime
And you know everyone gotta die sometime
And grandma said I had a cousin in Minnesota that I
ain't even know about ya know
And just last week he got his brains blown out
And so his little funeral was being held today
I'm dressed in black Versacci and mad respect I payed
But whoever shot my cousin sure wet up that poor
bastard
Cause the wake and the funeral was strictly closed
casket
But yo, they had his picture on the program and oh
damn
They had his picture on the program and oh damn
Starred at my cousin on that program and I couldn't
even speak

That's the kid that I shot last week

[Chorus]

[Hook]

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