

RBL Posse

"I Got My Nine"

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Its black c comin thru with the gat blastin
Im loced out behind the mask
Watchin the jacked cashier
Im greedy
Im takin it from the needy
Like a genie
Im disappearin in the cut
So he cant see me
My beanie is pulled so low
He cant identify me
I got 18 reasons incase he wanna try me
I keeps my glock cocked
I got to keep up my props
It dont stop
And if the table turns then i might get flopped
Then once again its up and down just like a basketball
Cause at the end of the soda just might add more
I wanna be a soldier on the block
But im hot
I gots to get the feta before i gets popped
I gots this cuban on the phone
Who wants to sell ya about 2 or 3 keys
Cause i told him i be buying deep
But oh shit
What if he pulls a lick
A trick
I gots to grab my shit before i split
Now im ready
Im ready to get the goods and go get him
Insteady hold the fuckin trigga in case he ready
And if he
I told him im gonna be bustin out the chevy
Insteady come through bustin like teddy
Cause all i wanna do is zoom a zoom zoom zoom
And a boom boom
Watchin niggas meet their fuckin doom
And ill be outty like that
Another day
Im rollin them up on the jack

Chorous

Its been a longtime since i used my nine
But you got yours cause i got mine
I think its bout time for a jack
Cause its the mister c nigga
And the nigga nigga black
x2

Aw shit
They done open the door and let me in for 93
Now i gotta come crazy
Cause im hazy
From all the dank that i be smokin
I guess endo was a dick
Cause it always got hoes chokin
Not tlc but my hats to the back
Carwright coat with my rbl patch
And um
We still doin this shit
Niggers played out bammer weed
And thought that was all it
So we dug in a hamper for some funk
And got some dead body funk
Now thats some funk for the fuckin trunk
And mother fuck all the static
I gotta be like a car
Break niggas off automatic
Cause niggas tend to be a hassle
Purpin like they got juice
But aint got no snapple
So asshole
Heres a big dick for ya
Quit fakin little booger
Fore i pick on ya
And for niggas jackin niggas like some bitches
Mr c is jackin niggas leavin jackin niggas without they
fuckin riches and um
if you run
I murk you from the back
Have you seein cs not gs
And then black
Try not to get stuck
Im not a reebok employee
But boy i got plenty pumps
And i wont be sendin chills through your spine
Just hollow point chips from my mother fuckin nine

Chorous

I plottin on this nigga i been watchin every fuckin day
Binoculars on the coner watchin every fuckin move he
makes

Now how should i come at him
With a jack or a kidnap
Or run up in his house with my mac
And had him mouse trapped
Ill hit his ass tonight
I know hell have his shipment
This nigger coppin 10 cakes
He gonna have a shit fit
Im lookin at my watch
Its 830 on the dot
Here he comes now
Stunin in the 50 drop
We stalked his shit
And parked it in the cut so he cant see me
Im puttin daviss on and black ski gloves and beenie
We jumped out the 50
Scattered duffelbags and breifcase
I walked to the front door and opened up the main gate
I creeped behind his back
He cant believe a loaded mac
i just want the stack
He bout to get his mask cracked
I stepped up to his house
Is anybody in here
I dint hear a damn thing
I tied him to a fuckin chair
Then reached for the duffelbag and saw that it was ten
cakes
Now i grabbed the loot it was stashed inside the
breifcase
A nine millimil a mac and 50 gs
And now i hesitated with the mac and the safe keys
So now im on the roll i hit the safe for a million
An og baller like this i gots to kill him
Thinkin i should burn this little spot to a prison
A menace to society leavin no evidence

Chorous

Some niggas is cranked out danked out others might
be dranked out
But fuckin with me thou you gotta get banked out
Always throwin up peace but you like me in the least
So let the bullshit cease
Or when i jack with my backpack look for the fat gat
cause i might pull your fuckin cap back
But oh no we dont want that
Cause the pos already tryin to catch a nigga with a sack
a crack
So then i take em to the vilian on the under
Tapein it up to your chest then i talk with no blunders

Cause then ill be sent back
Probably play with 25 to live with no mother fuckin slack
Somewhere on the chill
Hoping i dont get stuck with a piece of steel
But i gotta go out like a soldier
And keep treatin niggas like fences im gettin over
Like rover
So bow wow yip e yay
He aint a dike but i got one from the frisco bay
Keep on jackin or you know it dont stop
I got the hardware on the h and r block
Cause comin up to me is real
Ill either jack mother goose or jack for that bitch named
jill
Its like real i let my fingers do the readin
Robbing niggas blind and poppin em with my nina

Chorus

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