

Whitney Houston F/ Brandy**"Use Yo Nina"**

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[Verse 1]

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 vendetta, 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 milimeter 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
Casue 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
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 commin to your eyes
With a hot sensation burnin in your stomach
Layin on your back chokin bomb
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 not
good
Litte Ba-a-te Little Ba-a-te-a-te (Hey)
Listen to my nine milimeter go BANG!

[Verse 3]

I got to have a nina cause in the ninties fools be
stressin
It could be a code tops or rugger 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 ne 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 to
Or I could go oldschool 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 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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