

Trick Pony

"Holdin' That Nine Flow"

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(*scratching*)

[Magno]

Magnificent, I'm married to the streets for better or worse

I better my verse, cause my chedda come first

I might grab the mic, but still wet up your shirt

Then pay for your funeral, leather your hearse

I bring heat to make the world get stuffy, enough game

To park the slab come back, and put your girl on a

Huffy

Yo Mag rock pearls, cause they lovely boppers-boppers

Just love how the choppers shining, twirl on a Dully

How you wanna do it, spit the tech or a jab

You got screens, but I connect the Internet in my slab

You ain't said shit, me and Mike wreck the collabs

Fuck the hate, you can show us love direct with a dab

And to let you haters know, I'm straight out the gutter

I got niggaz on my team, that'll take out your mother

Bill-sixty with the markers, my click be with the sparkles

My wallet stay fatter, than Nikki from the Parkers

Like I won't, shatter your sections

I go from being a nice guy to fuck you, in a matter of

seconds

Pack a nine, just to find the haters

And I'm passing shells out, like taco combined to

waiters

(*scratching*)

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