

Tru

"Pop Goes My Nine"

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Chorus x2 (Silkk & Mo B Dick)

Pop, pop, pop, pop goes my nine (TRU niggas ride dirty
an stay strapped)
Every time I think about the times you did me wrong
(Pop goes the nine)

Verse 1 (Silkk)

See me an my click
We be hoppin outta Range Rover
Everyday Taz test, sober
Fightin fellow convictions, barely missin Angola
On the run, it's hell
Fresh outta jail
That's no life, carry me a nine, cops chase away the 4-5
My girl ask me why I carry the nine, with the clip in
I said niggas blast me if they catch a nigga slippin
Yall trippin
Yall gave my hommie 25 with a "L"
But the nigga that killed my cousin, yall let that nigga
out on bail
So I say, fuck this
And I hit the corner on the streets
Keep my nine up on the seat
And hold my nine like a G
Cuz I'ma hustle 'til I fall
I'ma have it all ball
Fuck them niggas I have nine up in my draws
No time to pause, as I smash off in the dust like what
Keep my nine, cuz it's the only thing I can trust
An every since Ice Cube said, it's really been a trip
I'd rather be
Judged by 12 than be carried by 6. That's why its...

Chorus x2

Verse 2 (Master P)

Picture me rollin, rest in peace Pac
I'm ridin in my 500 S-E-L strapped with my plastic glock
Me an my bitch, we be hella tight

Fit in the palm of my hand
But I ain' t trustin a nigga tonight
I ain't walkin out the door unless I got my bitch
My American Express, nigga, this will be it
Seven-teen kids to tag along
Hollow tips, black jack, call me Al Capone
But I'm dirty like Harry
I keep a 9 Millimeter cuz I ain't gettin buried
My glock be special like Ed
All yall nigga ain't strapped
Might end up in the body-bag...

Chorus x2

Verse 3 (Kane & Abel)

Pop, pop, goes the ruger out the Lexus LandCruiser
Best of slow ya roll hoe
'fore I put some holes through ya
Boo-Yah, my fifty Calliber got niggas runnin back to
Africa
Bitch banged up my passport so I'm swervin in my
Acura
Grabbin on my dick
Smokin the shit
Momma kicked me out the house
I smack that bitch
Now I'm skandelous and rich
Mia-X said we got it tweekin
Them niggas tweekin
No Limit got some gangsta shit for the Mexicans and
Puerto Ricans
New York to L.A., Miami to Atlanta
Black talons from my nine got them dancing the
Macereé|»
Little kids in my hood slang dope an talk shit
By some violence, brah
Pass the silencer, pop that bitch...
I'm in my Navy Blue Beamer suckin on weed
Holdin the streets
As we brain off that vodka
We're still in the nigga chopper
Gun slangin with pussy juice on my trigger finger
Its Kane an Abel, now who da bitch-made nigga
banger...

[Chorus x 2]

[Master P]

Check it out playa

Nigga gotta protect ya motha-fuckin self fa the 9-skrilla
Nigga ya need to grab ya motha-fuckin nine 'fore ya
grab ya shoes
Cuz nigga only got 1 life to lose
An a nigga gotta protect his own, playa
Nigga, live eye 4 an eye that's how TRU Niggas live
An if yall real bout the situation
Nigga, trust no mutha-fuckin body
Let cha mutha-fuckin gun be ya friend, nigga
Cuz ya enemy might be right next to you.Huh,
remember that playa...
Pop-Pop goes the nine, nigga
But TRU Niggas ride dirty an stay strapped
An we Bout It

[Chorus Fades]

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