

If My 9 Could Talk

Silkk The Shocker

Give me that nine, that clip
Ain't no talking to my 9, 'cause bitch I'm bout to sop you up
Twist the cap back, put one up in the chamber
Your life in danger, I'm busting caps upon a total stranger
Better believe I be creeping
Detectives wonder how I hit your house and the rest of the block,
they still sleeping
Straps all in your window, puffing up on some endo
Surprise, surprise, nigga look at what you in for

Only if my 9 could talk
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Don't, don't, don't leave no witnesses to this homicide
O-o-o only if my 9 could talk
Only if my 9 could talk
Don't, don't, don't leave no witnesses to this homicide

Now imagine me slipping up on my murder gloves
Now imagine me got a 9 with a silencer and I'm in a bout it club
I want soda 'cause niggas be snitching
I put blood up on his Polo, gots him screaming like bitches
Now it's gonna be, kinda like, hard to see me
Disappear like a genie
When I reappear, nigga you see nothing but my beam
And I'm gonna hits that nigga for one mill
These shots I pop, he drops, and uh, that's like a done deal
You could consider that nigga a disaster area
Call his mom for a black dress
consult his family members to be the pallbearers
You fucks with mine, I'ma leave that nigga shaking
Flatline, CPR, I don't think that nigga made it

Some call it murder, I call it 1-87
Some call it robbery, bitch, I call it 2-11
See, hand me that dufflebag full of hot guns
First nigga runs up, guns up, that head gonna catch some hot ones
I run this shit like the White House
You like some white out
Tonight's the night, it's getting dark, bitch it's lights out
When I shoot, I'm never gonna miss
17 in my spot, 17 in my gloc, 17 niggas I'm gonna hit
I be a specialist like Sharon Stone
A bad boy like Al Capone
An assassin like Sylvester Stallone
Only if you could live, but you ain't
Only if my 9 could talk, but it can't

Don't leave no witnesses to this homicide