

9 Milli

Amir Obè

Break bread with my day ones
Champagne as we blaze one
Self made now pay up
My bitch bad with no make-up
Ass fat with no leggings
Yo bitch whack but no hatin'
I might just throw you one of my old hoes
Cause I give back to y'all basic niggas
Margiela, Balmaine, silk draws my balls hang
That choppa choppa got long range
Bang bang, your thoughts hang
Hop fences like hurdles
Your work flippin' like turtles
You broke niggas ain't worth it
You broke niggas ain't workin'

Nah, that work, we never smoke no dirt
These pockets ain't never gon' hurt
These broke boys neva gon' learn
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These pockets ain't never gon' hurt
These broke boys neva gon' learn

Loaded 9 milli, we don't fuck around
Got guns in my city, we don't fuck around
We don't show no pity, we don't fuck around
Loaded 9 milli, loaded 9 milli
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Got guns in my city, we don't fuck around
We don't show no pity, we don't fuck around
Loaded 9 milli, loaded 9 milli

We don't wear that no mo'
That right there, last year
That right there, my old ho
Hit it, quit it, then I pass, yeah
In the past year
Gotta young nigga feeling old
Switch to the platinum, got enough gold
Got a new rollie
Tryna get a Rolls
Tryna keep it low-key
That bitch got coke on her nose
Got hoes for days
Reminiscing of the broker days
A nigga been left the hood
Still I can't go away
Pimp life, got a pink bottle
Furred, got a Mink model
Pinkie ring look like the king
That right there, that's full throttle
(Cartier's in my pretty face)
Shit, that's, that's all I had to say)

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