

## 9 Shots

Aystar

Booter Bee and Mr. Scousematic  
They know who it is when they see me in traffic  
Big Glock rip your fabric  
Them niggas slided on me, I didn't have it  
Nine shots out the matic  
Scousematic and Booter, four-fives and big Lugers  
When I hopped out the bush, I had him doing bare manoeuvres  
Four doors, four scooters, we'll be hanging off roofless  
Don't approach and be stupid, my block's full of booters

Silly bitch, don't be asking why they gave me this name  
I'm a gunman but there's stains on my switchblade  
You know I shoot man, riding round with that big gauge  
Head shots out the coupe, switch gear then switch lane  
Switch gear then switch lane, switch phones then switch chips  
I'm a prick, I had my phone on me when I let the MAC rip  
And nearly got myself nicked  
Had armed gunners tryna creep round the crib  
Armed gunners at my crib cause I popped out the alley  
Nearly blown off his wig, big poles in the whip  
Left holes in the whip when I popped out, unloaded the clip  
Never lacking, always rolling equipped  
Never snatched on my opps, I'd rather die first  
Fuck spoiling this bitch, I'd rather send it to the guys first  
I shoot, let the nine burst, I shoot till my eyes hurt  
I've slapped it on three different blocks, course I'm diverse p  
ussy

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