

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 slid 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 snitched 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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