

9 O'clock

Babyfxce E

Yeah

It's with an X, nigga

Striker Boys, Walk Down Gang, M Block, nigga, all that shit

Yeah

It's 9 o'clock, woke up to a ten, but that's not a lot

I told niggas this was gon' happen, so I'm not in shock, huh (I'm not)

I know this look like grape soda, but this not a pop, huh

I can feel your teeth on it, bitch, you got-

Hold on, I can feel all your teeth on it, bitch, you gotta stop

You can try to cop this shit I got, but it's not in stock

Told a nigga I'll send the drop, but it's not the drop

He pulled up and seen all Glocks and got his ass robbed

I'll leave a bitch quick like my last job (Get off)

Boy, you better not miss, 'cause that's your last shot

Whip my gun ass with a switch like that's bad Glock, huh

Might be skinny as a bitch, but my bag not

I bought so much shit from Saks Fifth, I forgot the total

Puttin' dog shit all in the cam 'cause I forgot to show you

Treatin' the Hellcat like it's mine, but I forgot it's stolen

Me and gang'll turn your club up, but we is not promoters (Nigga)

I got a crazy headhunter, man, her top the coldest (On God)

I felt her teeth one time and then she got demoted

You 'posed to leave your back door closed, but I like it open

I wanna know who tryna slime me out so I can fuckin' smoke 'em

Like an eighty pack (Huh)

I ain't even no bad nigga, but y'all make me that

You say you four pockets full, but you got baby racks

Take his kid, if he don't bring my money by the end of the day, then he can't get his baby back (It's over)

Lil' bitch feel it in her ribs, she got a baby back (Shit)

Car sixty, ridin' 'round with twenty, so that's eighty racks

On the Northside with hoodie on where it's shady at

Better watch E 'cause he'll take your bitch with his shady ass, yeah

I know it's 5 o'clock, but I still jump inside the 6

Got my stick, a nigga play, then it's RIP, rest in piss

Heard he served me fake drank, he thinkin' I'm a lick

We pulled up and showed hit and got hit, I sent a bitch (Slime him out)

Watch me bend her ass over, I be pullin' on her hips

Don't be kissin' on that bitch, she let me put it on her lips

Pourin' pints up in court, watchin' brodie take the Fifth

Hit the jeweler when I'm bored, I put eighty on my wrist

My name gold, this Audemars hittin', makin' rainbows

A thousand pounds in the spot, I'll make it rain 'bows

You ain't even in our league, me and E the bang bros

We fuck sisters, cousins, mamas, and main hoes

Workin' off the same phone, tell 'em send the lames home

He walked in with a Cuban, he walked out, his chain gone

Short nigga, pape' long, cop 'em by the caseload

We ain't talkin' 'bout the city, bitch, we got the state sewed (Easy money)

State sewed (Easy money)