

## Nines X Lines

Larry June

808 Mafia

For these hoes, I ain't got time (damn, oh my God, yeah, baby)  
I grab my.9, then she do a line (yee hee, sock it to me)  
All- all this money on my damn mind (shit, aye, aye, aye, aye)  
I grab my.9, then she do a line (God damn, God damn, yee hee)

Playin' my position (shit)  
Trappin' all, winnin' (shit)  
Could've bought a Bentley (shit)  
Black 650 (yee hee)  
Never had a job (shit)  
All I know is mob (shit)  
Countin' hella bands (shit)  
Gettin' hella top (aye)  
Ride through the block (okay)  
Crack in my socks (okay)  
Tryna dodge cops (yee hee)  
I'm shuttin' down shop (shit)  
Niggas got it hot (aye, aye, aye)  
Pyrex pot (damn)  
Turn it into rock (aye)  
Hammer never stop (yee hee)  
Twenty for my clock (shit)  
That's a Rollie watch (yee hee)  
Donuts in the drop (aye, aye, aye, yee hee)  
I'm on a highspeed (fuck)  
I'm runnin' three narks (shit)  
I'm traffin' the white (yee hee)  
I'm not a rap star (aye, aye, aye)

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She do it all the time  
She a bad bitch, far from average, but she a liar  
Hoe, you fire  
Switchin' lanes, bought another chain  
Cuban link  
Got damn, that was ten G's  
Bitch, please  
I'm Chef Larry  
My wrist game on fleek  
I- I- I can't sleep  
Ain't goin' broke, I gotta eat  
I'm paranoid  
I think somebody watchin' me  
I got one dream  
And that's to make it out these streets  
Top shelf marijuana (aye)  
Turn the into a sauna (aye)  
All-black when I'm mobbin' (yee hee)

Ghost ride, go to Target (aye, aye, aye)  
Punk bitch, I've been hifey (damn)  
Broke niggas wanna rob me (damn)  
Ride around with the rocket (bop)  
Make a hater change

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