

Bars SBTV (2015)

Nines

Hey yo, tag a friend cause nines is back again
Could of went in the dragons den with my pad and pen
But I've been flying ammo packs, whipping up the mad ting
Sending bitches kitchens into aspen
I feel like a black James Bond when I'm sitting in the Aston
All I do is fly birds, bitches are distractions
All them niggas hating, still ain't got the mansion
I don't discriminate I judge a nigga by his actions
Them man are browsing, me I just cop a pair
Old money, grands sitting down like a rocking chair
I ain't forgetting my roots
Leave that skinny jean shit, for them feminine youts
Just copped my guy a ped, now I'm sending him shoots
Had lemon in the panel like celebrity juice
I ain't trying to end up back in the magistrates
When I whip up, I make sure the [?] is straight
I used to hustle when it's raining, customers complaining
Now I come through in a Cayman like I'm on my way to training
I ain't no footballer, I control the block
Never slapped my nigga when I made him hold a box
Fuck a molly ill catch a body try an spike me like louboutins
Know I got it on me, with these diamonds and these Cubans on
Watch when I bump into them cobras
Little niggas watch your step, I spent five hundred on these lo
afers
Thinking I'm a rapper until I run up on your soldiers
Clap it I don't care if it was yungens or the olders
I ain't lippping, I got the four fif
And if my money was clean, me and Jazzy would of made the forbe
s list
Twenty bricks inside the base
Even if Roley made belts, I still wouldn't have no time to wast
e
How could I ever put my faith in a girl?
That's like trying to find an angel in hell
Nines nigga