

## 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 lipping, 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