

## Break Away

Nines

Sorry mom for all them times I got suspended in school  
Gettin' footballer money, my teacher said I was a fool  
Haters commenting on my 'Gram, that shit don't faze me  
4 pipes on the Porsche, yo my whip so crazy  
Told Pebz "make sure you stay strapped"  
I just left the label Christmas party to go and break down a pack  
1a the hood, land all them shottas out of town  
Went 'Dam for the plug, now we the opposite of down  
Tryna leave a nigga's head by the pavement  
Drivin' round in this dinger, gettin' impatient  
Thinkin' that I shoulda spent more time with my nephew  
It's fucked, seen them fake niggas shine seen the best lose  
Pissed cuh my little nigga lost a few guns  
Me and Pebz out in bail rollin' with some new ones  
I get money every time my phone rings  
Wasn't always fly, we had to grow wings  
I'm still in the field where it's fucking real  
I ain't got time to chill  
I need a hundred mil  
And way before the deal I paid my mother's bills  
Tryna cop a house in the hills  
That's how uncle Phil  
Free my nigga Hydro, he just rang  
When I sweep my floor  
I'm finding bitches' earrings in my dust pan  
Told my Misses that she can't fucking be my wife  
Cuh I'm way too ambitious, you do nothin' with your life  
Came a long way from 7 grams on the scale  
Feels like yesterday I was banged up in jail  
Now it's planes all the time, I be traveling the world  
Fuck 'Dam, I'm goin' Spain they got ammi there for sale  
But now I'm in the office, used to doin' business in the rain  
Now it's house parties every week, Sydney and Sharane  
Should I fall back off the trap  
Put my whole into rap  
Niggas keep callin' for packs  
And I can't walk away from stacks  
Heard he put down his gun and his mask  
Tryna live off his rep, who gives a fuck what you done in the past  
Got a deal, still tryna make it off the loud  
Don't be standin' with them paigons, cuh I spray in the crowd  
It's Nines...

These young bucks are fucked B  
Like they look up to the drug dealers and shit  
All the gang bangers, or footballers  
All the footballers can't make it bruh  
And they end up flyin' birds  
All the Trapstars can't make you think every little nigga gonna be Nina wid  
da Nina

Ay yo fuck the haters  
Talkin' 'bout we're troublemakers  
Everybody on me for a hundred favors  
Me and Bund bunin' flavours  
Ask the neighbours  
I was out there, mornin' from the night

Used to say one day I'll be a baller, I was right  
All these groupie bitches around the country wanna holla  
Yea I fucked the fans, but don't judge me like your honour  
Famous in the shooter  
I just came from the jeweler  
Immigration wanna dip my chain back to Cuba  
Did alright last year, probably shoulda saved more  
Lookin' through The Sun I see my ting on page 4  
I'm gettin' bait, I gotta hide my face  
Still got crackheads whistling outside the base  
I just stay in my lane, I ain't worried 'bout them broke haters  
Probably get about 20 Phillips watch with no papers  
Send my yungens shop for a box of latex  
He's been gettin' money since So Solid was rockin' Avirexes  
It's Nines...

Some of the flyest Trapstars I ever seen in my life  
Or most of them, are ridin' bird right now bludLucky I was flyin' birds  
But I was sayin' "Oh lemme try this music ting as well"  
Man was payin like...  
Obviously I was payin' for all this shit myself  
I could honestly say, I don't know how much I faulked into music  
Mad Ps probably, I don't know  
Little niggas gotta fuckin' invest their P blud  
Or try invest into something other than trapping  
I mean everyone can't be a rapper blud  
Niggas can do many other things  
But just invest in suttin' else B  
There you have it, your boy a revolutionist ya know