

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