

# Breathing

Nines

Can't believe that I'm still breathing  
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I can't believe my brother died, the way my mother cried (RIP Zino)  
Guaranteed I kill them niggas from the other side  
I'm just a cool kid that grew up with the best of them  
Most hated so I'm shootin at the rest of them  
Them niggas all posed, I swear the Lord knows  
If I blow I'll be strapped at the award shows  
Cah these niggas wanna take my life  
They wanna catch me slippin at the traffic lights  
Me and Fats on the roof like a satellite  
And these niggas come through I gotta clap on sight  
They wanna stop me from breathin  
Ps on my head you niggas gotta be dreaming  
I'm washing up my dough  
It's a bonus if I blow  
This life is all I know  
Just wanna see my daughter grow  
I was only 15 when they yakked my chain  
That's why I'm anti and I don't act the same

Can't believe that I'm still breathing  
Can't believe that I'm still here  
Can't believe that I'm still breathing  
All these feds snitches and shoot outs  
Can't believe that I'm still breathing  
Ps on my head but its nuttem doe  
Can't believe that I'm still breathing  
Cause I'll be still in the hood if I move out

And Zino's gone so I'm grieving  
Can't believe these pagans are still breathing  
Cause I been bunnin niggas like a [?]  
Left more holes in these niggas than Connect-4  
And I ain't bussin shells out the window  
Close range when I let the ting go  
Olders tell me stop running with the streets  
Heard its Ps on my head I hope it come with a receipt  
I'm overseas sippin yak from umbrella straws  
My workers on the front line sellin draws  
I stay strapped when I'm chillin on the block  
I expect payback amount of niggas that I shot  
I been on the front line since a young age  
They wanna see me RIP face on the front page  
Got a call that them clowns is about  
When I pull up on the block them niggas out like a drought

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Cause I'll be still in the hood if I move out

Caught up in the trap

I don't walk without a strap

Niggas smile up in my face but talk behind my back

I live in hell where it's hard to tell who's a Stringer Bell

I don't know who was shooting at us

Could've been the other side or them dudes that we rushed

I just know I'm bout to increase the murder rate

Niggas that I used to roll with turned to snakes

If I pull up on your block I make your crew sprint

True stories, I'm givin you my blue print

I'm just tryna reach the top

Niggas wanna beat a shot make my breathing stop

I know these niggas heard about my coke game

If I bring the 8 out I'm murdering the whole lane

Picture me rollin in a 500 Benz

Fuck what you heard me and Jazzy run the ends

It's Nines

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