

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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