Devils Rejects

Nines

(Zino Records)

Boom
I made a fortune selling portions
I'm moving like Gordon in the kitchen
Me and bro be like Jordan and Pippin
I've been missing for a minute, now I'm getting back to business
I put my family first and my money over bitches
Shout my brother Inches 'cause he was there with man in the trenches
When all them other niggas was against us
Remember me and Nina with the Nina with the nina and the spinner
Free my nigga *****, won't find a nigga realer (Free him up)
I was caught up in the trap until I saw the bigger picture (Boom)
Now I'm getting richer, I might cop the Richard
I'll always be a gangster, it was written in the scripture
I was bad in school, but I was always good at literature
I'm notorious, first name's Christopher
Rise up the MAC and make things get wickeder
Strapped up regular
If niggas come for me, man will hit up everything, I'll probably even shoot the messenger
Applying pressure on the game
'Cause the streets being calling out my name
So I'm back like, "Here we go again"
And I don't care who, what, and when
That was then, this is now
That was them, this is us (CSB)
Get you rushed off to hospital
Grab my duffle bag, book a flight somewhere tropical
My life's an assault course, I ran through the obstacles
When they gonna realise I'm unstoppable?
Boom

Come on, my bro
You know we been running through these obstacles
Coming like we're running a marathon
We're tryna have the maddest run, but we ain't running from Babylon
Nah, nah, this operation put the mandem on
It's like my vision got clearer after me and Sandra had a son
And now that bro's home after seven birthdays
It's back to doing what we was tryna do in the first place
Let's get this money

For all them critics that like to chat shit
For a decade, I dropped classic after classic
I used to shop for cocaine
I don't need to sell tops now, I got my own strain
Told them niggas on the block, I'm 'bout to lock the whole game
But they're still hating like they ain't rocked my old chains
Now I pull up on the block, I see niggas cry tears
Telling me 'bout their problems, pitching ideas
Break these niggas off, they go and literally buy beers
It's fucked up they gave my niggas fifty-five years
It's still hurts that my nigga Stylie died
Pappy got guilty, I ain't shed a tear, but inside I cried
We ain't like the rest of these niggas
Where I'm from, we really rest in peace niggas

Still remember when them hoes made fun of me
And now I'm Boston George when it comes to weed
If it ain't Zushi, then I order Runtz
Bitches always fall in love, I can't fuck them more than once
I fucked up a lot crops, had to get it right
Now I get like six zeds off of every light
All over the opps' TVs, they must hate it
Niggas on the block blame me 'cause they ain't make it
I was the man way before the 'Gram
My greatest highlights wasn't caught on cam
It's Nines

R.I.P. Likkle Stretch, we some certified Northwest G's
We pray the Lord bless these Northwest streets
And we pray for forgiveness
For everything that's bad for the spirit, but it's great for the business
Pray you save the next generation from crisis
Yeah, we pray, but and also we make compromises
Me? I just pray the streets don't take the next Lumumba
Or the next Nkrumah
Just cool, you know?

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