

Drug Dealer Poetry

Nines

Yeah Man
It's like end of an era
The streets don't want him to
I know personally he's on to other stuff
But he's always going to be a legend that's for sure

Uh!
Always now I see the world
Back when my TV had a BBL
I should be living somewhere tropical
But life always hits you with obstacles
Save your dough, don't be chasing hoes
Best friends turn to strangers
That's the way it goes
School days feds search my bag
Me and Pyrex should do a merch collab
'Cause I could teach you how to bill a lime
I made a bird disappear like the Twitter sign
My music was mainstream
Same time I was in jail hiding shanks in my face cream
I told my gal I was too old for jail
I had to throw my scale, no more Os to sell
Last time I lost a pallet, I was stressing
Even though I took an L, it was a lesson

My nigga said she wouldn't last, but I thought she was my wife
Up and down for a real nigga, story of my life
Uh!
They always talking about my dough they fixating
It's triple rated, I ain't worried, 'cause bitch I made it
Now I can show my youngens how I run a business
These niggas know nothing about forgiveness
My nigga showed me how to sell a draw
Wish my older told me about credit score
In my cell niggas screaming from next door
Fuck the [?] girls that just made me miss my ex more
Bro died my nightmares came true
Copped a new watch, I was gassed for a day or two
Used to weigh up on my bed, lings in the background
Rocks on the cover, but we weren't playing smackdown
I'm from the churches it's exacerbate
Told the paster to put my album in the collection plate
It's Nines