

Intro

Nines

Zino Records!
My nigga Nines
This is like a little warm up yanna
Lets go in

Trapstar lifestyle
Getting dressed in Armani, no more Nike now
Me and Jazz stepping on the cocaine
For the bricks, leave you neckless like my gold chain
I see my competition, it's looking like I'm next to blow
Walk in my room you'd think I was an eskimo
Double-O stash, got the gun by the car door
I shoot a rapper in the face, call it star wars
Soon had a mansion by the lake, Aston on the driveway, private plate
Still pull up on block, give the kids change
Gonna be rich forever cah I flip 'caine
Niggas wanna kill me, so I roll with my nickname
Bitches be staring at the Rolly when I switch lanes
I don't just flip dank
The other day I gave my nigga more pebbles than the bottom of a fish tank

Thinking should I wear the Rolly or the AP
Cut a nigga twice, no cake free
Billin' blue cheese, distribute keys
Most the olders are washed but there's still a few G's
Even before I been the pound, I wouldn't start a new team
I swear I never snitch Wallahi hudeen
I lost a lot of P, but I never give up hope
Now I turn a bills into a mill off of whipping coke
So I ain't gonna have to trap real soon
For my chain in the sky, brighter than a full moon
Never rate a nigga cah they got the latest whip
I'm doing major flips, I need eighty bricks
Too much P's for a Nike box
Pull out the strap, make you freeze like my ice watch
Fuck a freestyle, connect on speed dial, you should see the crop
Looking like a green mile
The smartest trapstars look broke
I don't know how to make dinner but I can cook coke
Decided to rap, they implied I was wack
Now I'm like a train crashing, straight fire on the track
I wasn't intending to spray the Nine
Just before I hit him, he saw my bracelet shine
That nigga Nines got a brave heart
All I do is grind, never been to a skate park

The Church Road Saviour you know!
Niggas act like they don't know
Shout out my nigga AC mains
Productions mad (One Arda)
Mech, Info...