[Chorus x2: Silkk & Mo B Dick]

Pop, pop, pop goes my nine (TRU niggas ride dirty an stay strapped) Every time I think about the times you did me wrong (Pop goes the nine) [Verse 1: Silkk] See me an my click We be hoppin outta Range Rover Everyday Taz test, sober Fightin fellon convictions, barely missin Angola On the run, it's hell Fresh outta jail That's no life, carry me a nine, cops chase away the 4-5 My girl ask me why I carry the nine, with the clip in I said niggas blast me if they catch a nigga slippin Yall trippin Yall gave my hommie 25 with a "L" But the nigga that killed my cousin, yall let that nigga out on bail So I say, fuck this And I hit the corner on the streets Keep my nine up on the seat And hold my nine like a G Cuz I'ma hustle 'til I fall I'ma have it all ball Fuck them niggas I have nine up in my draws No time to pause, as I smash off in the dust like what Keep my nine, cuz it's the only thing I can trust An every since Ice Cube said, it's really been a trip I'd rather be Judged by 12 than be carried by 6. That's why its... [Chorus x2] [Verse 2: Master P] Picture me rollin, rest in peace Pac I'm ridin in my 500 S-E-L strapped with my plastic glock Me an my bitch, we be hella tight Fit in the palm of my hand But I ain' t trustin a nigga tonight I ain't walkin out the door unless I got my bitch My American Express, nigga, this will be it Seven-teen kids to tag along Hollow tips, black jack, call me Al Capone But I'm dirty like Harry I keep a 9 Millimeter cuz I ain't gettin buried My glock be special like Ed All yall nigga ain't strapped Might end up in the body-bag... [Chorus x2] [Verse 3: Kane & Abel]

Pop, pop, goes the ruger out the Lexus LandCruiser

Best of slow ya roll hoe 'Fore I put some holes through ya Boo-Yah, my fifty Calliber got niggas runnin back to Africa Bitch banged up my passport so I'm swervin in my Acura Grabbin on my dick Smokin the shit Momma kicked me out the house I smack that bitch Now I'm skandelous and rich Mia-X said we got it tweekin Them niggas tweekin No Limit got some gangsta shit for the Mexicans and Puerto Ricans New York to L.A., Miami to Atlanta Black talons from my nine got them dancing the Macereca Little kids in my hood slang dope an talk shit By some violence, brah Pass the silencer, pop that bitch... I'm in my Navy Blue Beamer suckin on weed Holdin the streets As we brain off that vodka We're still in the nigga chopper Gun slangin with pussy juice on my trigger finger It's Kane an Abel, now who da bitch-made nigga banger...

[Chorus x2]

[Master P]

Check it out playa
Nigga gotta protect ya motha-fuckin self fa the 9-skrilla
Nigga ya need to grab ya motha-fuckin nine 'fore ya grab ya shoes
Cuz nigga only got 1 life to lose
An a nigga gotta protect his own, playa
Nigga, live eye 4 an eye that's how TRU Niggas live
An if yall real bout the situation
Nigga, trust no mutha-fuckin body
Let cha mutha-fuckin gun be ya friend, nigga
Cuz ya enemy might be right next to remember that playa...
Pop-Pop goes the nine, nigga
But TRU Niggas ride dirty an stay strapped
An we Bout It

[Chorus Fades]