9 Piece (feat. Lil Wayne)

Rick Ross

Huh
YMCMB
Huh
As I look around, we the only niggas with that A1 Perico
HuhI'm smoking dope, I'm on my cell phone
I'm selling dope, straight off the iPhone
He wanna quote, he talking 9 zones
He bought four, I front him 5 more
9 piece, straight 8 balls
MJG bitch I got 8 balls
9 piece, straight 8 balls
MJG bitch I got 8 balls
Suave House, still independent
Distribution Mexican, he still sending
No contract, take my word
Send a hundred packs, bitch, them my birds
Shoe box, no shoes in 'em
In the 2-seater, me and 2 women
No Def Jam, went solo
Took the custy's price so lowIt's Lil Tunechi, what up doe?
I'm talking white girl; Marilyn Monroe
And I can get 'em for the sweet 16
Hard dope, call it HD Flat screen
Fuck outta here, your shit water whipped
You got that tan dope, look like a Florida bitch
Automatic leave 'em dead in the living room
Get it? Leave 'em dead in the living room
Fuck all these niggas and tell them bitches to kiss my ass
I put that pistol to his head and tell the nigga to have a blast
Fuck you mean I'm talking keys like Ray Charles
Rack 'em up, pool table full of 8 balls
Soft white, I got that G-mix
I'm going gold, crumbs to the bricks
I'm on the road, lets buy some new whips
Trick a hundred hoes, spend a few chips
9 piece, straight 8 balls
Bitch I'm blowing up like napalm
Got your bottom bitch going AWOL
Nigga's looking at ya like you fell off
No sir, not me
I'm double platinum just like my Ferrari
Bullet proof nigga Teflon

Why you snorting that, that shit stepped on

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by http://www.1songlyrics.com/