

# Intro (feat. Speshill)

## Nines

It's lookin like I might blow, but the streets need me  
Lick certain man down and I can sleep easy  
'Member back in pen, was like livin in hell  
Skyping niggas in jail (how you do that?)  
I held a mirror out a cell  
Still out 'ere, wholesellin'  
But my pen's gonna take me out this trap like 007  
It's funny how times goes quick  
My guy was on the wing for so long  
When he came out he was homesick  
All these niggas do is showboat and they don't own shit  
Thought I made it the first time I copped a whole brick  
He says he's movin Os of the white  
So hows his creps look lean like codeine and Sprite?  
Them pies come over water  
So if labour wins the next election  
I just pray they don't tighten up the borders  
Shit was slow, they try style on a nigga  
Now they claim they don't remember  
They're in denial like the river  
Oh well, if my CD only were in the charts  
Cuh when I re-up they ain't seen this much white since the EDL march  
Just got a whole shot  
Got the stash in the whip  
Press a button see a bird pop out like an old clock  
She never wanna know me when I had a dead line  
If she don't fuck me tonight there won't be a next time  
Me and Keyz made a killin off the trap phones  
These old niggas actin young  
Little niggas act grown  
I started this rap ting on my Jack Jones  
So fuck the industry  
They can't kick me out the game like Smash Bros  
My guy said where's the ting, there's paigons in the zone  
Told him link me at the bando don't say that on the phone  
I told my connect I ain't an amateur  
Drop me keys big man I always pay my debt like a Lannister  
Why am I still in the hood?  
I'm trapped in this baby  
Movin packs on the daily til my stacks lookin crazy  
It's Nines...

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