

Petey Pablo

Ohhhhh (North Carolina)
 On, top (y'all better come on)
 Harvest (y'all bettter come on!)
 Petey Pablo (c'mon!)
 Abnormal, huhhh

[Chorus]
 9-1-9 motherfuckerrrrr
 (WHAT!) 9 (WHAT!) 1 (WHAT!) 9 motherfucker
 9-1-9 motherfucker
 I'm representin NINE, ONE, NINE motherfucker!

Born and raised, precious year '73
 Back then we knew how shit was gon' be, MOTHERFUCKER!
 What you know about this year, my neck of the woods
 My nigga my hood, my God â€“ they good to us Carolina
 Love my liquor house, club, my big girl, my son a thug
 My big, family with fifty-eleven cousins
 Ya heard? Huhhhh, Southern Magnoila belle
 No Limit, 'ouisiana, Dungeon, A-T-L
 It's a chain here, we the nation jump on boats with a load
 Get this Carolina show on the road
 Whodie I want billboards with my face all across the world
 With a outline of my state nigga, puffin it up
 Y'all feelin us, to the point you sloshin shit out your cup
 So the fuck WHAT, they playin a club cut 'bout us
 Slosh out the rest of us, AHHHH, feel the rhyme
 Holla motherfuckin 9-1-9, uhhhhhh

[Chorus: x2]

Look at us baby, on our way to fortune and fame
 Your main man done fucked around and got us a name
 A motherfucker don't really want a train-train
 but it still came and ain't stop the thang, y'knowmsayin?
 Now we in the game, don't know it now, oh you bound to bust down
 Oh it's on now! I put my whole STATE through the door
 Ohhh Lord, how you let them do that folk?
 Like I'm losin control, runnin motherfuckers off the road, one-double-O
 95 South 'til I get home, mannnn

The country had to come there, poppa I love home
And comin home, like I love my momma; pop the champagne partner
Fuck it, drink it straight out the bottle
Fuck work tomorrow, Carolina havin a party
Get drunk as you wanna, get what'll get you tight
Tonight is a nigga night, aight? Nigga get right
Now with all your might, holla like your best friend died
And his help number is 9-1-9, one time

[Chorus]

"The number you requested, area code 9-1-9, will be automatically dialed..."

What, what!
The whole feelin of this 9-1-9 give you the type of
9-1-9 kind of get high
Nigga this the code of the world (people)
You ain't gotta be from the 9, just holla loud, spit the shit out
Man they lovin the South, loved it before but even more now
Later who wants a response from the crowd
Look how my niggaz holdin it down
Screamin like they shit here out (it is how!)
Motherfucker feel the power!
Represent yo' stompin ground
Show 'em how it is at the house, y'all sold the fuck out
All together now, please, I need you so wow
Just the law niggaz turned it down, comin too loud

[Chorus: x2]

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