

# Who Got Dem 9's

## Three 6 Mafia

(Juicy J)

Yeah Juicy J in the house with my nigga Project motherfuckin' Pat

Lettin' you niggas know about respect

You know what I'm sayin

We gets respect off in these motherfuckin' streets

Yeah right

Yeah motherfuckin' respect Chorus x4

Who got dem 9's (Who got dem 9's)

Who got dem tech's (Who dot dem techs)

Throw yo motherfuckin' sett

To show you know you got respect (Juicy J)

We's creepin' through your hood

Makin' you hoe ass niggas jump

With them doubts somebody hear shots

Got you shakin'

Call the cops

When the cops got on the scene all they heard was cries and screams

Triple 6 niggas are mean

When they blast them triple beams

Seem to me you never learn

So we have to demonstrate

Motherfuck a murder case

Shot the bitch off in his face

Face it hoe and be a man

Play the game until the end

You was out there claimin' killa

So to hell, with your friends

All your foes, I suppose

You think I'ma let you live

No love words never show

So not love is what I give

Get respect off in these streets

Stayin' real, packin' heat

Some don't wanna see me have

Always out tryin' to creep

On the next, do I flex

With them techs, Let em' kill

Those with anna on your chest

We gon' make your blood spill

We for reall off in this shit  
If you jump we gon' clown  
Put a bullet in your head  
And lay your body in the ground Chorus x4 (Project Pat)  
It's gangsta it's gangsta  
Everybody wanna be a deals, a killa  
Fire ya'll let and you gon' be a body  
In lobby  
Ghetto life is ghetto past the blastin'  
And askin', for that fuckin' loot  
And then I'm dashin', harrassin'  
If you real  
then you respect the real one  
I feel some  
Niggas need to have a chat with Nina, the enforcer  
187 soldiers in this motha  
I'll smother those who think they bolder than no other  
A buster gon' lose his fuckin' life up in the gizame  
I'll dusta gets right upside your head  
And blow your brizain's to pieces  
And even if it's your time to clock those glocks down  
So watch out  
Wasn't raised to be no hoe, I'm takin' my glock down  
And motherfuck police  
Cause when it's on  
Bitch it's murder  
So go and get your toes and your click  
And I'ma serve ya  
I urge ya, don't be lookin' at my face dog  
Watch the 9 r-e-s-p-e-c-t  
Oh, you gon' give me mine Chorus...till fade

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