9 Piece

Rick Ross

[Rick Ross - Chorus]I'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
[Rick Ross - Verse 1]Suave house, stil lindependant
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 two seater, me and two women
no Def Jam, went solo
took the custy's prices solo
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[T.I. - Verse 2]Its the king young gunna
hotter thana suana in the summer
nigga think I'm playing round if you wanna
bring the thunder and the lightening
like a sighting if you try me
on that Wrren Buffet shit
that monkey shit behind me
you want me square nigga you know where to find me
don't call me on my cell

yopu tryna send a pimp to jail
if you buying 25 you can get it for the twelve
uncut, rocked up, got hand and pale yeah

hey let me send a little message to my enemies
you nigga get to telling have 'em buried 'fore they sentence me
come to ATL, hit any trap they remember me
billionaire swag witha dope boys energy
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[Rick Ross - Verse 3]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
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
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