

# 9 to 5 (feat. Too \$hort)

## Andre Nickatina

Yeah, yeah, listen to the story I'm about to tell  
Another tale about that yayo  
Little girl once in a city suite  
14 introduced to the streets  
Started from weed, big smoke outs  
before you could exhale, blunt in your mouth  
Sham, Nay, blew you blew  
now you need something else to do  
A new high to try, a new place to go  
introduced to the yay to the yo  
House full of girls, old and young  
playin it the table takin one on ones  
Use dollar bills just to snort the lines  
you see the big girls do it so of  
course it's fine  
Cocaine enforced on your mind  
Now blow, then they blow in ya timeAyo for yayo  
Walk around with yayo, all in my nasal  
I must have been craze yo  
Ayo for yayo  
Walk around with yayo, all in my nasal  
I must have been craze yoChompin and compin kicks some blind people with they fits  
Where you fit?  
Fillmore Street is where you sit  
Don't go in the house till you move a zip  
Worked a day and night shift  
To stay awake, a nigga might sniff  
not too much 'cause you might slip  
Instead of 28, you cookin 26  
Keep a gat in the pack in the sock  
take a couple of tubes, then its back to the block  
Back to the service out the sack  
experimentin with that salt, what about that crack, huh?  
One try, another try without a doubt  
papered out, always at the Potter house  
Day time, night time, nigga part it out  
couldn't been a papered up power houseAyo for yayo  
Walk around with yayo, all in my nasal  
I must have been craze yo

Ayo for yayo  
Walk around with yayo, all in my nasal  
I must have been craze yo Like you and I, super high, like superfly  
one more line, one more rhyme like groovy and fine  
I can keep you down, and get you high  
You like to blow? like boston george,  
you want some more, for you and your whores  
I kick off wars, and get behind walls  
and corporate doors, executive nose sore  
Rich man, high, eight balls and quarters  
they call me, placin they orders  
Bring me across the border, buyin the cake  
before I'm sold, they take the taste  
Snortin, have it, not with affordin  
some use me, strictly out of boredom  
I hooked people before man, I warned them  
I took many people out before them  
Doin my job, connected wit the mob  
got President Bush, Whitney, and Bob  
Many others all walks of life have one on ones with me every night Ayo for yayo  
Walk around with yayo, all in my nasal  
I must have been craze yo  
Ayo for yayo  
Walk around with yayo, all in my nasal  
I must have been craze yo  
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