

Go (Prod by Timbaland) (Unreleased)

Petey Pablo

[Intro]

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 motherfuckerrrr

(WHAT!) 9 (WHAT!) 1 (WHAT!) 9 motherfucker

9-1-9 motherfucker

I'm representin NINE, ONE, NINE motherfucker!

[Petey Pablo]

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 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 - repeat 2X]

[Petey Pablo]

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 - echoes at the end]
"The number you requested, area code 9-1-9,
will be automatically dialed..."
[Petey Pablo]
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 - repeat 2X]

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>