

9 Piece (Feat. Lil Wayne)

Rick Ross

I'm smoking dope, I'm on my cell phone
I'm selling dope, straight off the iPhone
He wanna quote, he talking nine zones
He bought four, I front him five moreNine piece, straight eight balls
MJG bitch I got eight balls
Nine piece, straight eight balls
MJG bitch I got eight ballsSuave house, still independent
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 your custy's prices so lowI'm smoking dope, I'm on my cell phone
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MJG bitch I got eight balls
Nine piece, straight eight balls
MJG bitch I got eight ballsIt's Lil' Tunechi, what up though?
I'm talking white girl, Marilyn Monroe
And I can get 'em for the sweet 16
Hard dope, call it HD Flat screen
Fuck outta here, your shit water whipped
You got that tan dope, look like a Florida bitch
Automatic leave 'em dead in the living room
Get it? Leave 'em dead in the living room
Fuck all these niggas and them bitches to kiss my ass
I put that pistol to his head and tell the nigga to have a blast
Fuck you mean? I'm talking keys like Ray Charles
Rack 'em up, pool table full of 8 ballsI'm smoking dope, I'm on my cell phone
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MJG bitch I got eight balls
Nine piece, straight eight balls
MJG bitch I got eight ballsSoft 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 (Rozay)
Nine piece, straight eight balls
Bitch I'm blowin' up like napalm
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 onI'm smoking dope, I'm on my cell phone
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Songwriters

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