

# Three 6 Mafia, Nine To Yo Dome

Nine to your  
Nine to your  
Nine to your  
Nine to your  
Nine to your dome hoe  
Nine to your dome hoe  
Nine to your  
Nine to your  
Nine to your  
Nine to your  
Nine to your  
Nine to your

(Chorus)

Nine to your dome hoe whatcha gonna do bitch  
Nine to your dome whatcha whatcha gona do bitch  
Nine to your dome hoe whatcha gonna do bitch  
Nine to your dome whatcha whatcha gona do bitch  
Nine to your dome hoe whatcha gonna do bitch  
Nine to your dome whatcha whatcha gona do bitch  
Nine to your dome hoe whatcha gonna do bitch  
Nine to your dome whatcha whatcha gona do bitch

The motherfuckin south is in the house foe the nine fo  
Memphis niggaz, nigga and we killas who gon run the floor  
One of you hoes step  
One of you hoes gonna die bitch  
Aint no thang  
Civil and plain bang  
In your eye bitch  
Tricky type ass niggaz  
Always wanna flex they nuts  
But they gonna get fucked  
With this nine  
Stuck up they butt  
Unload this whole damn clip up in your ass hoe  
Naw, its to late to squash the shit  
I'm gonna blast hoe  
Fuck the five O  
And the motherfuckin jumpin grass  
Searching a real nigga in his draws  
Like they ass a fag  
Get yo god damn hands of a real one  
Just before I make you feel the bullets from my steal some  
Big ass cop think I'm playin  
But I'm from tha hood  
North Memphis hoe  
Yeah rank it bitch Hollywood  
Ready and prepared  
That's the exit que to  
With my tone  
Whatcha gonna do  
When my nine crones at your dome  
Bitches

(Chorus)

Nine motherfuckin millimeter  
Aint no tradin hoe  
This some real shit  
Street shit  
Lettin sucker know

If yo ass step  
Go head make me pull the trigger  
Fuckin with me dawg  
You gonna make me catch a charge nigga  
Figga out a way  
With these holla points (?) tips  
Slip, trip, cock back, quick  
Then I shoot a bitch  
Aint no damn fuckin around  
13 rounds at your head  
Aim point blank  
At your face  
Makin sure your dead  
Headed to my motherfuckn ride  
Dichin evidence  
Mask on, lotces on  
Headed to my residence  
Consequences  
They accur when you talkin smack  
Thinkin you the big man  
But you betta watch your back  
Rat tat tat tat  
With the sound of the tech nine  
Take this trick bitch ass nigga tryin to take mine  
(Oh naw man I aint gonna take yours)  
(Aint nothing like that dog you know what I'm sayin)  
Nine to yo fuckin dome bitch

(Chorus) Till fade