

# KRS-One, My 9mm goes bang

La la-la la-la la-la la...la...la...la  
La la-la la-la la-la la...la...la...la  
Buck! Buck!

Chorus:

Wa da da dang

Wa da da da dang (Ay!)

Listen to my 9 millimeter go bang

Wa da da dang

Wa da da da dang (Ay!)

This is KRS-One...

Verse 1:

Me knew a crack dealer by the name of Peter

Had to buck him down with my 9 millimeter

He said I had his girl, I said "Now what are you? Stupid?"

But he tried to play me out and KRS-One knew it

He reached for his pistol but it was just a waste

Cos my 9 millimeter was up against his face

He pulled his pistol anyway and I filled him full of lead

But just before he fell to the ground this is what I said...

Repeat chorus

La la-la la-la la-la la...la...la...la

La la-la la-la la-la la...la...la...la x2

Verse 2:

Seven days later I was chillin in the herb gate

But seven days too much when the gossip has to circulate

Puffin sensemilla I heard "knock knock knock"

But the way that they knocked it did not sound like any cop

And if it were a customer they'd ask me for a nick

So suddenly I realized it had to be a trick

I dropped down to the floor and they did not waste no time

They shot right through the door so I had to go for mine

They pumped and shot again but the suckas kept on missin

Cos I was on the floor by now, I crawled into the kitchen

Thirty seconds later, boy, they bust the door down

The money and the sensemi' was lyin all around

But just as they put their pistols down to take a cut

Me jumped out the kitchen, went "buck! buck! buck!"

They fall down to the floor but one was still alive

So I put my 9 millimeter right between his eyes

Looked at his potnah and both of them were dead-a