

# Nine, We Play 4 Keeps

Now the streets I run  
Is the streets I'm from  
And the streets you run  
Is the streets you from  
And this is for the borough

Verse 1:

I roam in the jungle and rumble with thugs and hoods that rob for goods  
Weed smokers and murderers and relations  
My daily operation caucasions hit me wit persuasions  
Be all you can be, fuck that  
Be on the block, sell rocks, stay strapped  
Ready to cock back and blast for my respect  
Never neglect and watch out for my Tech  
I got trouble, mad trouble  
I drink too much, that's when I don't give a fuck who I buck  
I get sideways and take it to the highways  
Killin' liars twistin' niggers like pliar  
Day to day strugglein' jugglein'  
Wonderin' where the next meal comin from  
Never happen, nay mean  
I'm playin' for keeps that means I'm keepin' my cream

We play for keeps  
Me and my peeps we run these streets  
We play for keeps  
Don't sleep when we creep  
Lose your head piece chief  
Bring beef lose teeth  
We play for keeps x2

Verse 2:

Brand new apparel on my ass on the regular  
Skypager new ride equipped wit a cellular  
Big ass piece of the pie till I die  
Play for keeps no lie, wonderin' why  
Niggas aint got no opportunity  
Niggas aint got no fuckin unity  
Every man for himself and kill a man wit the ball  
Drink a little Hennessy and go A-wall  
Fuck the bullshit, glock shots spit where I rest at  
Got me asking niggers where you buy that vest at  
Leave my front door like I'm ready for war  
I'm ready to die sometimes, I can't take it no more  
My mantality is twisted  
I'm forever blunted forever wishin' to get lifted and splifted  
I love these streets  
That's why a nigga like Nine play for keeps

We play for keeps  
Me and my peeps we run these streets  
We play for keeps  
Don't sleep when we creep  
Lose your head piece chief  
Bring beef lose teeth  
We play for keeps x2

Verse 3:

Dark mass forever until the day I'm gone  
I'm gonna put in on my people  
Save it for the sequel, the root of all evil  
Is fillin' up my pocket makin' me lethal  
Only the good die young so I'm bad as fuck  
Pass the buck and be shit out of luck

Niggas know the routine, we got it down pat  
You ain't getting jack if your pocket ain't fat  
So phat out the realness, you could feel this  
Goin' insane me can't deal wit diss  
I'm under pressure  
The ghetto got my mind in a daze  
Duckin' strays, knowin' that crime pays  
Always and forever picture perfect  
Not the Mona Lisa, cuttin' up niggas like pizza  
In slices devices of war make me hardcore  
Over rough beats I play for keeps

We play for keeps  
Me and my peeps we run these streets  
We play for keeps  
Don't sleep when we creep  
Lose your head piece chief  
Bring beef lose teeth  
We play for keeps x2