Pop 'Em Up

U.N.L.V.

{u. n. l. v. talking}
Wusup! to my nigga kel, third ward is the motherfuckin' house
Mac melph calio, r.i.p. pimp daddy, kilo ya with me, wusup bryce hahahahaChorus: {tec-9}
Pop 'em up, pop 'em up
Watch 'em bleed to death
Ya played with the tec-9 now ya takin' yo last breathChorus: {lil' ya}
Pop 'em up, pop 'em up
Watch 'em bleed to death
Ya played with the lil' ya now ya takin' yo last breathChorus: {yella boy}
Pop 'em up, pop 'em up
Watch 'em bleed to death
Ya played with the yella boy now ya takin' yo last breath{tec-9}
I got to get my dash on my back window is startin' to rumble
I look back I see nigga's bustin' I'm out numbered
Try'na take my head off, but I was kind of lucky
These nigga's slipped, and they bustin', but couldn't get me
Had to put my monte carlo away got myself an forty-five
>from my nigga, who live close around the way
Now I got to find that nigga, I'm gonna stalk that nigga
I'm gonna show yo ass, how to keep the finger on the trigger
Like john wayne, I'm handy with the steel when it's time to kill
Man I handle my business strickly on the realChorus{lil' ya}
Pop 'em up, pop 'em up, spttin' bullets at yo ass
Now it's time to make a third ward dash
But first hear me out motherfuckers and indorse yo word's
You makin' me sick with all that hoe shit you got on
My last nerves, I had to get my strap and go bam!
You say I'm insane, now it's time to let my
Motherfuckin' nut's hang and spit on you nigga's
I don't need star's on my chest to make my fuckin' name bigger
I'm the capital y-a from the three u.n.l.v.
You repped on me, now I got to serve ya "g"
I can feel ya, look in my eyes guaranteed you won't
See no disguise, 'cause I'm real ain't no fuckin' boy in me
I was an hustler, and now I'm a "g"
I got real nigga's by my side, don't fuck with the fake kind
This is for you disser's now I know I'm on yo mindChorus{yella boy}
Money in the power brand new eddie bauer
Off up into this day, I don't know why that shit was sour

You was supposed to be my hommie from the old school
Another good guy gone bad in the game, that shit ain't cool
We used to play ball, back up in the park when we was small
He saw me hustlin' on the set, he told me to give him a call
I hit him all alone eight o'clock we supposed to meet
Claim he had dope, cliental in the fuckin' street
He said for three g's he hook me up real swell
I told him it was on the bin and I didn't know how I felt
We meet by the old dump, 'cause them people hot
Glad I had my pistol, when I left I dropped my glock
When I got there, he was ready to make the switch
Raise out my car, I hear some noise from the fuckin' ditch
It was a nigger, try'na kill me, I'm smooth like a canon
I jetted off bustin', I'm a show 'em I'll be backChorus{tec-9}
Fool I grew here, not flew here and y'all bitches new here
You pulled out yo gun and didn't use it, you lost yo self
I'm a take this nine, and empty the whole clip bitch
Sixteen up in that ass, one more when ya hit the door
How many you know, somebody rappin' fire up in luger
I haven't seen a nigga like this cry before
You best's to run when ya hear the sound of my gun go
Bluka! bluka! like lil' g, y'all can't stop a killer
A drug dealer, a bitch stealer cap pillar
I'm known uptown for bein' realer then a
Twenty dollar bill with skills to make a peal
Don't slip up, don't fuck up 'cause i'ma have to
Pop you upChorus{lil' ya}
Boom boom boom, it's the sound that you dead
With a bullet in yo motherfuckin' head
I'm comin' hard out the motherfuckin' 1-2-3 and yes
I'm poppin' these motherfuckers up constantly and
Motherfuckers know they can't handle me
Them nigga's bein' labeled as a third ward "g"
Leave a nigga dead in a ditch, I leave you stankin'
Go to yo house and fuck yo bitch and have yo family
With them tear's in they eye's how did he die?
As they cry, as they cry{yella boy}
Slicky grease I'm back, with my nigga's and they gat's 'cause
You tried to take my life, just to make yo fuckin' meal's stack
Seven guy's told me, yo first mind never leads you wrong
Face to face motherfucker, now you know it's on
The first time, I went out like a fuckin' soldier
A sloppy job on yo car, I'm back just like I told'cha
Yo eye's buck, as you was talkin' on a pay phone
You tried to reach, it's to late buckshot's in yo dome

Yo boy's froze in the car in a state of shock
Tec got the tec and got to poppin' till he empty the glock
I'm not the one, we fuck shit up and outie see
'cause we violatin' out of our territory
But when we come, we gonna come and get the job done
Fuck all that figurin' and frontin' and twerk up if ya want some
We left 'em bleedin', start to greetin' back stabbin' bitch
The war is on, so bring it on 'cause next's on the list
The rest of you worker's stand down with that funny shitChorus

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