Next Up

Ugk

Gawddayum, I don't know what y'all been thinkin' 'bout
But I think this right here is about to shut dem damn haters down
I'm from the streets that make niggaz walk slow, talk low
With white chalk-o, mi casa be siete uno ocho
Brooklyn motherfucker, handle this
Pardon my Spanish and French
Okay, I stay clever like Mayweather with lay leather
Till your face sever, one of the greatest ever
Beyond ringin' bells, my name's so demandin'
Shit, I got the swagger that'll leave Dakota Fanning
I hope you niggaz over standin', I stay sucker-free
The next king of in the game, you ain't got enough to be
Your career last a week, that'll be luckily
Fuck with me, the rap game'll need protective custody
I'm the same thug that be surrounded with women
Gave the game true religion before you found it in denim
Feel the Wrath of Kane and you could not escape
The hip hop version of ?The Ring? and you just watched the tape
And keep your eyes on the niggas in Ward
Triple black in the candy painted car is the color of board
Me or my brother on pall with n'am nigga
We trill, workin' the wheel, understand nigga?
I smother and split a bitch down to the tendon
High pressure, if you don't break your ass bendin'
I'm way past endin' in my series of warnin'
You flex with me tonight, playa, you dead by the mornin'
Bun Beater, the best ever breathin' or deceased
From the South to Midwest, Cali to the East
Go to any city nigga and bring my name up
I bet I eat the best rapper they got in the game up
Call a nigga up, email him or chirp him
Make a meal out his motherfuckin' ass and then burp him
Don't fuck around, I'm not your lil' homey
I'm the King of the Underground, so act like you know me
Homie, we big steppin', big reppin'
We givin' kids Smith & Wesson's lessons, you get left with a sketchin'
Left with the Midwest, clique Texans
G. and Daddy Kane, the click Texas, pop you to death
I put private planes on swift Jetsons, niggaz know what it is

When you see the ball cap and a slick Thessons
Till you strip vexin? to a movie clip from the Westerns
Shit from the Uzi clip lift up your midsection
He will introduce you to the nose on the Glock fam
Give you metal jackets like clothes from a rock band
Multiple holes, you get those on your top, man
High roller dose some hoes on the cock plan
Froze but never coldly rolls with a hot hand
We stackin' cheese till the rubber bands pop scrams
And I ain't breakdancin' when I'm in the pop stance
Bank pounds like James Brown give 'em ?Hot Pants?
I make your girl get down and open it up
Put my dick up in they jaws and go in they butt
I'm a young hot street flame, they call me Sweet James
Or call me Sir Jones, two hundred dollar cologne
Board Nine or Issey Miyaki
I got your girl mine, meat strong like saki
I ain't Rocky but I keep her rockin'
Fuck around, I'll knock your tuna fish out of socket
Your bitch out of pocket, she under pimpery
She reckless eyeballin' watchin' my top fall in
On my Lamborghini with the quick scream
Fettucini, linguine, shrimp and a bowl of lean
What you know about gettin' cross country?
Nigga, your piece big but your diamond look monkey
You need to take that shit back
That ain't no Emmy diamonds what the fuck you done to that
Bitch, what the fuck you done to that?
Now, damn, somebody need to beat Jacob ass over that

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