U.p.t.

Juvenile

Cash money slangin' nine nigga
Off top playboy
H.B's and the B.G.'s
What's happenin' little B.G. bring it to these niggas
When I got that iron in my hand I'ma sling it
When I got that drama on my mind I'ma bring it
I ain't backin' down from no nigga that's hatin'
If the nigga say I ain't 'bout my business look here he hatin'
Comin' uptown playboy we gonna sling it
I catch down bad nigga we gonna leave ya stainin'
Fuckin' wit my H.B's nigga I'ma bring it
Rollin' uptown stay strap and keep thinkin'
'Cause a nigga get stolen, better yet get takin', paper is burn
They come fast and catch shakin'
Picture this my brother cash money then went nation
But that comes from seven hard years of dedication
Fuckin', with my B.G. nigga
I'm puttin on your viece and I'm a kill me a nigga
That's believin' worth six niggas we call hard hitters
We uptown riders and we real with this nigga
Police can investigate but they ain't gonna find shit
But a 100 bullet shells without a fuckin' fingerprint
This hot boy click laid back and spy on niggas
We see them workin' on somethin' look here we riders
Ain't like workin' niggas any block with a flussy
That goes for the boss too we ain't got no picks to choose it
We getcha if we gotta wig splitcha if we gotta
I know you ain't got word that every G's is a rider
So keep it on the D.L
If you got keys don't serve nobody of V.L
'Cause they play keep
A one way ticket to Hizell 6 ft. deep
It's a filthy dirty rizell on the U.P.T
I was raised in the streets
But I put it on my mind by the time I was nine
I was pushin' nigga, I was slangin' that nine
Nah, nah, nah
Now them them don't want us
They know me and Turk don't fuss in the corners

They already know that we brothers, blood
Or whatever you wanna call it
Click up with my dog we get crazy like alcoholics
Plus we ballers so whatever we spend the Lex or Benz
It's gonna be on twenny, twen, twens
Get off the block when we come nigga to the lane
Shots that close shop when the bullets start sparyin'
Run your mouth too much better watch whatcha sayin'
Like a nigga on the sidelines nigga we ain't playin'
Now why, oh why Lord, did the nigga wanna try and die Lord?
Why, why, why?
Niggaz wanna learn the hard way give it to 'em like that
Make 'em suffer [Incomprehensible] put that bitch with a bag
I guess you probably thinkin' there sayin', "Who's the muthafucka?
Nigga you's the muthafucka that bruise a muthafucka
Either there's been a lot of cross-firin' in the bricks
But I'm gonna kill me nigga if they put me in that shit
Look I'm gonna tell ya like I tell my folks
Play with me if you want cash money going broke
Even if it means creepin' up slow but then bye, bye
Bustin' out shots out my black Volvo
Fo sho, 'cause ain't nobody gonna run me
I don't want nobody going to tell my mama when somebody done me
She ain't bring me in the world for that, she ain't raise no ho's
She could have had a girl for that
I been realized, I'm all in
Surrounded by the camouflage, in ballin'
Make a nigga recognize, I'm starvin'
Go in and do a homicide, you fallin', stop callin'
'Cause ain't no peace treaties woodie
You better leave that 45 at your house
'Cause you gonna need it woodie
I told you boy I'm a souljah boy
U.T.P up on my stomach from the nolia boy
Slangin' nine fo sho nigga
That's how we layin' it down for the '98 all the way to the '99
Worldwide slangin' nine
All you bus pass niggas better recognize
This one here bouncin' all out ya heard me
Ask my nigga Prime nigga, ask my nigga Lac nigga
Ask my nigga B Dog nigga, ask Manny, ask Ruckus
Ask my brother Corey, ask B.G.'s nigga, ask Suga Slim
You ain't got no muthafuckin' heart
Gotta push a knife chillin' the bad guys, do you hear me?
Slicin' throats we doin' it like that nigga, ah ha, ah ha

How you luv that now nigga?
What's up now nigga?
Talk that shit now what, what's up
I thought we was what kind of boys
Nigga what, nigga who what, nigga, ha
I know y'all gonna hear me all over the nation
So this is for the East Coast, the South Coast
The West Coast, over the world
Nigga ain't no beef nigga it's 'bout money
Nigga if you ain't makin' no money I can't talk
Shut the fuck
Nigga ain't got no words for ya
It's all about the fetti

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