

# U.P.T. (feat. Hot Boys & Big Tymers)

## Juvenile

Cash Money slangin nine nigga  
(Off top playboy)  
H.B's and The B.G.'s  
(What's happing little B.G. bring it to these niggas)When I got that iron in my hand I'm goin' to slang it  
When I got that drama on my mind I'm goin' to bring it  
I ain't backin' down from no nigga that's nathan'  
If the nigga say I ain't bout my business look here he hatin'Coming uptown playboy we gonna slang it  
If I catch down nigga bad we gonna leave ya stankin'  
Fucking wit my H.B's nigga I'm gonna bring it  
Rollin' uptown stay strap and keep thinkin'Cause a nigga get stolen  
Better yet get takin'  
Paper is burn  
They come fast, ya can't shake it  
Picture this my brother Cash Money done went nation  
That come's from seven hard years of dedicationFuckin' with B.G. nigga  
I'm puttin' on your face and I'm a kill me a nigga  
That's believin' worth six figures we call hard hitters  
We uptown riders and we real with this nigga, niggaPolice can investigate but they ain't gonna find shit  
But a hundred bullet shells without a fucking 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 get cha if we gotta  
Wig split cha if we gotta  
I know you ain't got word that B.G.'s a rider  
So keep it on the D.L  
If you got keys don't serve nobody but off V.L  
Cause they play for keeps  
A one way ticket to hizell  
Six feet 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  
Look here nigga I was slangin' that nineNow 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 wit my dog we get crazy like alcoholics  
 Plus we ballers  
 So whatever we spin the Lex or Benz  
 Its gonna be on twenny, twen, twens Get off the block when we come nigga (nigga)  
 To the lane  
 Shots that close shop when the bullets start spraying  
 Run your mouth too much, better watch what cha sayin'  
 Like a nigga on the sideline, nigga we ain't playin' Na, Na, Na, Na  
 Now why O why Lord  
 The nigga wanna try and die Lord Niggas wanna learn hard way  
 Give it to 'em like that  
 Make 'em suffer  
 Put that bitch wit a bag I guess you probably standin' there sayin, "Who's the muthafucka?"  
 Nigga Juv's the muthafucka, that'll bruise a muthafucka  
 Either there's been a lot of cross-firin' in the bricks  
 And I'm gonna kill me a 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 but Cash Money goin' broke  
 Even if it means creepin' up slow  
 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 camouflaje, 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 whodie  
 You better not leave that forty-five at your house cause you gonna need it whodie  
 I told you boy, I'm a soljah 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 ninety-eight  
 All the way to the ninety-nine  
 Worldwide  
 Slangin' nine  
 All you bus pass niggas better recognize This on 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.Geezy nigga  
Ask Suga Slimm You ain't got no muthafuckin' heart  
Got the butcha knife chillin'  
Slicing throats we doin it like that nigga  
Ah ha, Ah ha  
How you love 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 yall 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 making no money I can't talk Shut the fuck up  
Nigga ain't got no words for ya  
It's all about the fetti

Songwriters

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