

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

## 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 going to slang it  
When I got that drama on my mind I'm going to bring it  
I ain't backing down from no nigga that's hatin  
If the nigga say I ain't bout my buisness look here he hatin Comin uptown playboy we gonna slang it  
If I catch down nigga bad we gonna leave ya stainin  
Fuckin 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 cant shake it  
Picture this my brother Cash Money done went nation  
That come's from 7 hard years of dedication Fuckin wit my B.G. nigga  
I'm puttin?? and I'm a?? me nigga  
That's believing worth six niggas  
We call hard hitters  
We uptown riders and we real with this nigga (nigga)  
Police can investigate but they ain't gonna find shit  
But a 100 bullet shells without a fucking fingerprint  
This Hot Boy click laid back and spy on niggas  
We see them working on something look here we riders  
Ain't like working 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  
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 nineNa, Na, Na, Na  
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 wit my dog we get crazy like alcholics  
Plus we ballers  
So whatever we spin the Lex or Benz  
Its gonna be on twenny, twen, twensGet off the block when we come nigga (nigga)  
To the lane  
Shots that close shop when the bullets start sparying  
Run your mouth too much, better watch what cha sayin  
Like a nigga on the sideline, nigga we ain't playinNa, Na, Na, Na  
Now why O why Lord  
The nigga wanna try and die LordNiggaz wanna learn hard way  
Give it to 'em like that  
Make 'em suffer  
Put that bitch wit a bagI guess you probably standin there sayin, "Who's the muthafucka?"  
Nigga Juv's the muthafucka, thata bruise a muthafucka  
Either there's been a lot of cross-firing in the bricks  
And I'm gonna?? 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 but Cash Money going broke  
Even if it means creepin up slow  
Busting 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 camoufadge, 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 wodie  
You better leave that 45 at your house cause you gonna need it wodie  
I told you boy, I'm a souljah boy  
U.T.P up on my stomach from the Nolia boySlangin 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 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.G.'s 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 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 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  
Nigga ain't got no words for ya  
It's all about the fetti  
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