

Bernard Butler

"Return of U.N.L.V"

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{Tec-9 and [Lil Ya] talkin}
Yeah, yeah, yeah
[Return of the Trend Setters]
UNLV [Trend Setters]
How the fuck yall forget about UNLV?
[Trend Setters] What you stupid or something?
We created this shit
All the rest of you niggaz need to get the fuck
Suck a dick beeotch

{Hook: Tec-9 and Lil Ya}
Do you remember "Oh he want some?"
You bitches thought we was through
But now we back its the return of the "U"
Remember "Chillin on the set with the fully automatic
Tec
Pop em up watch em bleed to death"
"From the Mac to the Melph to the Calioooo
"Parle is cool and okay but I rather chill and hustle"
"Its a Uptown Thing and we bout it"
We been bout it, you know we bout it

{Verse 1: Tec-9}
I'm bout to line all you bitches up in single file
Commence to punishin you niggaz off of GP ya feel
me?
Hennessey makes me think wicked
This is for you bitch ass niggaz, I got you terrified to
kick it
Yeah I know yall think I'm bout to click out and shoot
something
I'm from that Group cousin and Trend Setters dont
start nothing
I opened doors and some of you niggaz snuck right in
Takin credit fa what I created with the bin
And then I let you holla like its all gravy
Smilin in my face knowin that ya hate me
And maybe I'ma let the bigons be bigons
Speed up the process and let the hollow sink through
ya chest
Confess, we them niggaz that put the 3rd on the map

Ride on out I dont want no mother fuckin dap
Fuck rap I'm ready to split you mother fuckers cap
Poppin mother fuckers ya'll niggaz hear that?

{Hook}

{Verse 2: Lil Ya}

Check, how could a nigga flip the script and say the "U"
aint the shit?

We keep it crunk, representin non stop ya bitch
Trend Setters, settin trends boo you know how we do
Create the slang, slang the tracks and we feed it to you
To make you love it is our goal
Our pockets still dont swole
So it dont matter if you bite what we write (Aint that
cold?)

I aint mad but I dont like whats goin on
I'm hearin rumors talkin bout the "U" is dead and gone
Them niggaz wrong fa even thinkin we was breakin up
Two thugs hit the club straight shakin stuff
Rest in peace mister Chucks a.k.a. YELLA BOY
Until we meet you say uh uh send us a praise to the
Lord

Me and Atrice still grip tight
And for the record we went Plat on "Uptown 4 Life"
You better believe them niggaz door opened up shop
But yet and still they refuse to give the "U" or props
They got it twisted

{Hook}

{Verse 3: Lil Ya}

Look, niggaz say that I was broke steady fuckin they
hoes

Niggaz say Tec couldnt fuck cause he was fulla that
dope

Niggaz say Yella was dirty he deserved what he got
Niggaz say my nigga slipt and started smokin them
rocks

Niggaz say one of them hoes straight makin my drank

Niggaz say a nigga puff a El to higher my day

Niggaz say Tec was in jail and had the double L

Nigga say whatever they want but we gon show and tell

Grip tight is what we like, yall know the Trend Setters

But the dumbest rumor that I heard is that Tec
murdered Yella

{Tec-9}

Now some of yall gon hate some a yall gon
congradulate

And to my fans yeah I know you cant wait

Until the next release
Cut me loose and speak my peace
And maybe I'ma give you the inside scoop bout that
nigga Baby
How he hate me, owe me money but its all gravy
Be a man and give the whole world the real scoop
The reason you got that deal was because of the "U"
And I dont see whats the big old fuss
The only reason Uptown like you is because of us
Uptown Mother fucker

{Hook}

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