

Bernard Butler

"Yella's Revenge"

Visit "[Yella's Revenge](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

{Jamaican Talkin}

Original dan-da-da mi say boy, uh boy (it aint over yet)

Original dan-da-da mi say boy

(Tec-9 talkin)

(All right yall, all right yall)

Return of UNLV nigga (all right yall), Trend Setters (all right yall)

Get at me, (all right yall) what (All right yall)

Trend setter fa ya ass

(Jamaican)

Lil Ya run the beat now boy one time

{Verse 1: Lil Ya}

Peep it, It aint over ya'll I got some shit on my chest

These niggaz bitin our beats givin me reasons to flex

You know they know, when we catch em we gon rag em

Tie them clowns up 3rd ward style, commits to drag 'em

Through the fuckin river, shit is realer than it ever been

Them sucka's playin knowin how the "U" spin the bin

And when I'm mad aint no tellin what Lil Ya do

Run in yo crib, kill yo kids and ya Mama too

Then find you and make you pay fa what you done to my dog

30, 30 gettin dirty ready to take ya wig off

I fuck with Marlbaro to try to keep my self stable

Loadin guns at the brown table

Now I'm able, capable to take another one out

Loose lips, sank ships shouldnt of been runnin ya mouth

now I'ma ride out after I kill and destroy

This is revenge fa my lil nigga...

{Tec-9}

Bad Ass Yella Boy

{Hook 2x}

[Tec-9]

Now you could copy all ya wanna, you could even try to

sing it
But none of yall niggaz can bring it like we bring it
[Lil Ya]
This aint no remake horsenapper we the real MCcoys
This is revenge fa my lil nigga...
[Tec-9]
Bad Ass Yella Boy

{Verse 2: Tec-9}
Cliques tight with my group and I'm lettin them guns
rang
Matched up, dressed in black and I'm throwin them
things
Kept it low and on the tuck for about 4 years
But now you niggaz gotta pay there's, no more tears
Now a rumor done got out that UNLV's comin again
Motha fucka that means that nobody sells tapes again
Took a blow to the group, but we troops: We never die
I told ya'll motha fuckers time after time
We Uptown Niggaz Livin Violent, violent
Now I'ma ride for the sake of just ridin
The Hood Mac and Flexis hit the block and now they
hidin
Revenge fa what ya'll did to one of my friends
I got my money right so we could go to war, spin the
bin
All that yappin but I'll get loaded again
Dont make me shoot a bag and go to cave ya bitches
chest in
Now I'ma ride after I kill and destroy
This is revenge fa my lil nigga Bad Ass Yella Boy
Call shots like yall get blood clots, dont try nigga

{Hook 2x}

{Verse 3: Lil Ya & Tec-9}
[Ya]
We come to drag 'em once again spin the bin with the
4-10
Leavin a note around his neck that reads:

[Tec]
Yella revenge

[Ya]
I caught him slippin at the liquor store
Cock the four, kick the door, he scream like a hoe
"Ya dont shoot me no more" (fa sho)

[Tec]
You betta be lookin for some bullet proof head gear

Fuck the dumb shit I'm takin dome shots this year
Knock ya down like they did the St. Thomas
Leave bitches in shock and niggaz next to comas

[Ya]

Look, I wait behind the mailbox, my disguise is smooth
Fitted like a business man rockin Timberland boots
Smokin the Gru that I told ya put the evil on my mind
While I wait to buck this nigga with this nine, so stop
cryin

[Tec]

Which one of you motha fuckers got the nuts to run up
on us?
Get sliced up by us, when I get to use the Mac ninety
Get real grimey, skedatle to the West where you cant
find me
I can mother fucker do a 90

[Ya]

I got these niggaz hostage, this bitin gotta stop bitch
Everything we make you bitches jockin tryna copy it

[Tec]

Ride on out, I dont want no mother fuckin dap
Now who killed my boy Yella aka Fella?
Hard head rapper crushin ya bone

[Ya]

I be eager to kill a nigga dump his body in the river
On the realla boy I'ma familiar Guerrilla

[Tec]

Ya'll know I'm steady thuggin
Huffin and puffin you niggaz buggin
The Hood Mac and Flexis hit the block and start the
bustin
3 Gun Shots

{Hook 2x}

{Lil Ya Talkin}

Jeah, jeah UNLV nigga, Trend Setters
Representin fa life
We do our thing nigga, we brang it
Jeah my nigga Sinista fiyah ass nigga on the trizzack
Ya Hooooorrrd Me?
Uh huh, and um, and um
Rest In Peace Yella, jeah

