

Juvenile

"U. P. T"

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(Baby)

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)

(B.G.)

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

(Baby)

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'

(B.G.)

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 7 hard years of dedication

(Baby)

Fuckin with B.G. nigga

I'm puttin on your viece and I'm a kill me a nigga

That's believing worth 6 figures we call hard hitters

We uptown riders and we real with this nigga (nigga)

(B.G.)

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 nine

(Lil Wayne)

Na, 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 alcoholics
Plus we ballers
So whatever we spin the Lex or Benz
Its gonna be on twenny, twen, twens

(Turk)

Get 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 playin

(Lil Wayne)

Na, Na, Na, Na
Now why O why Lord
The nigga wanna try and die Lord

(Turk)

Niggaz wanna learn hard way
Give it to 'em like that
Make 'em suffer
Put that bitch wit a bag

(Juvenile)

I 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 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 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 camoufalge, 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 boy

(B.G. Talking)

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

(Juvenile Talking)

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

(B.G. Talking)

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

(Juvenile Talking)

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

(B.G. Talking)

Shut the fuck
Nigga ain't got no words for ya
It's all about the fetti

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