

# Juvenile

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

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B.g. & (baby)

Cash money slangin nine nigga

(off top playboy)

H.bs and the b.g.s

(whats happing little b.g. bring it to these niggas)

(b.g.)

When I got that iron in my hand Im going to slang it

When I got that drama on my mind Im going to bring it

I aint backing down from no nigga thats hatin

If the nigga say I aint 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.bs nigga Im 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 cant shake it

Picture this my brother cash money done went nation

That comes from 7 hard years of dedication

(manny fresh)

Fuckin wit my b.g. nigga

Im puttin ? ? ? ? and Im a ? ? ? ? me nigga

Thats believing worth six niggas

We call hard hitters

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

(b.g.)

Police can investigate but they aint gonna find shit

But a 100 bullet shells without a fucking fingerprint

This hot boy click laid back and ? ? ? ? nigga

We see them working on something look here we riders

Aint like working niggas

Any block with a flussy

That goes for the boss too

We aint got no picks to choose it  
We get cha if we gotta  
Wig split cha if we gotta  
I know you aint got word that b.g.s a rider  
So keep it on the d.l  
If you got keys dont serve nobody but off v.l  
cause they play for keeps  
A one way ticket to hizell  
6 ft. deep  
Its 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 dont want us  
They know me and turk dont 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, 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 sidelines  
Nigga wearing ? ? ? ?

(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  
Whos the muthafucka

Nigga yous the muthafucka  
That ? ? ? ? is a muthafucka  
Either theres been a lot of cross-firing in the bricks  
And Im gonna ? ? ? ? me nigga  
If they put me in that shit  
Look Im 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 aint nobody gonna run me  
I dont want nobody going to tell my mama when  
somebody done me  
She aint bring me in the world for that  
She aint raise no hos  
She could have had a girl for that  
I been realized, Im all in  
Surrounded by the camoufalge, in ballin  
Make a nigga recognize, Im starvin  
Go in and do a homicide, you fallin, stop callin  
Cause aint no ? ? ? ?  
You better leave that 45 at your house  
Cause you gonna need it woodie  
I told you boy  
Im a souljah boy  
U.t.p up on my stomach from the nolia boy

(b.g. talking)  
Slangin nine  
Fo sho nigga  
Thats 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 aint 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?  
Whats up now nigga?  
Talk that shit now  
What, whats 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 aint no beef nigga  
Its bout money  
Nigga if you aint making no money I cant talk

(b.g. talking)  
Shut the fuck  
Nigga aint got no words for ya  
Its all about the fetti

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