

## Kid Frost

### "Uptown Thang"

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It's an uptown Thang nigga  
From the 3 to the 13th

As I proceed to hit the muthafuckin' weed  
I be givin' you exactly what you need  
To bob your head, cuz I know you likes to bob it  
Back and forward to what that nigga Fresh droppin'  
Music that's non-stoppin'  
P-poppin' for the hoes  
Gangsta ass shit, for the nigga smokin' ophthalmals  
You know we gets busy Uptown is the clique  
Big Boy can't fuck wit us, cuz Ca\$h Money is the shit  
I represent, real ass niggas fa sho  
From the Mac to the Melph to the Calio  
Up in the Clara, V.L., the shit in between  
Bout green can't forget about Josephine  
Know what I mean? Don't get caught in none of those  
areas  
Or six people will carry ya, niggas'll bury ya  
Bitch, I thought you knew? You can't fuck with me  
The B.G., you want me find me  
In the U.P.T., with the 2-2-3, ready to bust back nigga  
feel me  
Here's the fuckin' deal, gotta keep it real  
Gotta holla at gangsta Hot boy hard to kill  
Magnolia in effect, six co fa sho  
My girl Shavonda in effect smoke somethin' fa sho  
I'ma let my nutts hang, bang or get banged  
For life, I thought you knew that it's an uptown thang  
pussy!

Chorus:

Uptown got'cha catchin' up the guard quicker  
They got a T-shirt waitin' on yo fuckin' picture  
Uptown got'cha catchin' up the guard quicker  
They got a T-shirt waitin' on yo fuckin' picture

I represent to the fullest, Uptown's the shit  
And the clique I'm in with nigga 2-2-6  
I keep it real for the real  
So the real could feel what I feel about my grill

Them raps, is worth a mil  
You get killed if you get caught up with me in gangsta  
shit  
When I say Uptown brings it you experience  
Commence upon the drama that I present clown  
I'm uncomfortable, if in a town that's not Uptown  
Get down with all that huntin', my trigga finga glad  
To wrap around the K, and put some fire on that ass  
My nigga Yella bad but Baby G. even worse  
You ridin' in a hearse, if I grab and start clickin' first  
Headbusta Big Mo out that CP3  
Calliope, home of that dope, nigga U.P.T.  
St. Thomas got that torture, bad since '25  
That Fuji powered niggas just do it a Worldwide  
I'm high til' I die, think I'm fake nigga try  
I'm off of Texas cheddar wit U.G.K. smokin' fry  
Them Lite Riders, you run up, I told 'ja I let'em hang  
Bang or get banged nigga it's an uptown thang

Chorus

Once again it's me representin', comin' straight from  
the streets  
Of the U.P.T., it's me, the Cash money B.G.  
Lettin' you know make it relate, fuck you up with the  
flows  
Tell her how it goes, niggas slip see how fast I show we  
ain't hoes  
So recognize, I keep it real, for my niggas  
Most niggas who feel us is real Uptown niggas  
You figure, because I'm younger, that you harder  
Well keep ya head up or busta it's man slaughter  
Is you ready? To come swim in the water with the  
sharks  
In the dark? You not bitch I can see it in your heart  
YOU'Z A HOE  
So stay on your side of the field  
On tha real slip on tha banana peel get killed  
Stop playin', before I start sprayin' I done told ya  
I'll take it off ya shoulder I'm a Uptown solja  
So what's happenin'? I'm fuckin' wit that S.T.P.  
So what's happenin'? I'm fuckin' wit that 1-2-3  
So what's happenin'? I'm fuckin' wit that 17  
It's understood that I'll die for that wild 13  
So keep it real, I'm chillin' wit that World War 2  
Representin', I'm gone wit that 11th ward crew  
I smoke weed put a little dope and let my nutts hang  
To the end, I'm here to tell ya it's an Uptown thang

Chorus

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