

M People

"UNLV Style"

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{Lil' Ya}

It ain't but one U.N.L.V. nigga, so stop
Rap, huntin', stuntin', frontin' to make yo name bigger
It ain't but one U.N.L.V. nigga, so stop
Rap, huntin', stuntin', frontin' to make yo name bigger
Everybody's jockin' U.N.L.V. Style why is everybody
Jockin' U.N.L.V. Style

{Tec-9}

You got to know how to roll, you got to know what to do
You got to make them stanky hoes pop that pussy for
you
Cuz every time I throw down Uptown, the people gather
round
To them bitches on the side they keep jockin' my sound
That's how it is, that's how it goes
To them nigga's on the side they ain't nothin' but hoes
I keep makin' 'em think I business but I'm still comin'
at'cha
Take it to Slim, and wrestle ya I'm a have to pimp slap
ya

Chorus: {Tec-9}

Everybody's jockin' U.N.L.V. Style
Why is everybody
Jockin' U.N.L.V. Style

{Yella Boy}

When I thinkin' of a motherfucker right I'm gettin'
pissed
Talkin' about the Dissy Dance how they had that bitch
Who I'm talkin' to, yes you not the Allah Hand's
Sweatin' so hard you need three or four towels
Nigga get yo mind right, or get beat up
You better be yo fuckin' self, before ya
Find yo self stumped

Chorus: {Yella Boy and Lil' Ya}

Everybody's jockin' U.N.L.V. Style
Why is everybody
Jockin' U.N.L.V. Style

{Lil' Ya}

How can I kick it off, or should I kick the new shit or
Maybe I can talk about a another bitch always
Suckin' a nigga dick, well I'm a kick it like this
Cuz I'm kinda mad, that make us feel like
We a king so I'm kinda glad
You know them nigga's that be bitin' another
Nigga shit you ain't respectin' bitch so get yo own shit
The capital Y-A is from the Three U.N.L.V.
This some shit that you bit from me
Toss a dog bitch to yo motherfuckin' boy
I orginated that, cuz I'm the real McCoy
I say a doggin' doggin' doggin' hoe
You got it from me I'm from the Third Ward nigga and
I love to "G" you's a stupid motherfucker cuz you
jockin'
My style I got to send a fuckin' shout out to my boy
Juvenile
You's a stupid bitch, cuz you not one of the fella's
Every thing you say you got it from Tec, Ya, Yella

Chorus: {Tec-9}

{Tec-9}

Wusup nigga, why ya wanna still my rhymes
Cuz you know fuckin' well there's only one Tec-9
I'm kickin' it loud, so fuck the job, I make 'em clap to
this
Play yo self for a beatin' cuz I'm gettin' pissed
I say ya shakin' it washin' it dizzy
It ain't about that, you got to know how to keep
Yo pocket's fat

Chorus: {Tec-9 and Lil' Ya}

{Yella Boy}

You bitin' and you snipin' and I don't like that
Keep sweatin' my style and I'm a go get my gat
For all you rappin' ass nigga's talkin' bout the
Trues and Bauds I got my nigga Tec-9
Kickin' it and shakin' it bout them hoes
Bitch stop talkin' that shit
Cuz my boy Lil' Ya talkin' shit about another bitch
The Eddie Eddie Bow Dance you got it from me
I'm from the Third Ward sucker's that 1-2-3

Chorus: {Yella Boy and Lil' Ya}

{Lil' Ya}

I'm takin' a bitch to the Roshambeau

Then to the Sugar Bowl, doin' a show
Makin' the whole crowd roar
Ya see my name is Lil' Ya and I'm down for my crown
I hope you know that the "U" is for Uptown
My boy Tee is the type, that love's to pull the trigger
I hope you know that the motherfuckin' "N" is for
Nigga's
My boy Gary love to fight, he not down with killin'
I hope you know the motherfuckin' "L" is for Livin'
Tec is kickin' a kickin' kickin' it so you know he not
stylin'
I hope you know that motherfuckin' "V" is for Violent
My boy Moe is in the house, you know I can't forget
Hey Shaw, peep the gat and always reach yo dick
I gotta holla at some real old gee's
My nigga Baby and Slim and my motherfuckin' boy
Shorty

Chorus: {Yella Boy}

{Yella Boy}
As I grew up to leaches on a lurk
But a nigga heard was shit while I was doin' them a
drink
I remember the next night, I should because it was long
I got loaded of that Gin, I looked around and heard my
song
A nigga be sweatin' but I got to learn to let it
I'm the one gettin' paid them sucker's still try'na get it

Chorus: {Lil' Ya}{2x}

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{5x}

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