

Unlord

"Black Connection!! 226"

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First verse [kilo-g]:

Now if I step up on you with two nine millimeters,
Nigga you best to up and feel the heat from my niener
Or you gone be the, next unsolved murder case,
No damned description nigga cuz only you saw my
face
But it's far too late for snitch and flatline time,
Got caught in my hood slippin, flatline time bitch,
Optimals and fried pita and shit,
Only enhances the chances of cowards gettin they
dome split,
I roll with, killas who that reside and blunt fillas,
And in our midst is this thug ass nigga tryin to get
bigger
>from quarters to keys I be runnin in and out,
Every muthafuckin house, in the cut, goin for the green
Protected by the tec, nuts, guts, and heart in the city
where it's all death
In the hood where niggas can't trust they own crew,
But I got doggs worldwide I thought you knew

Second verse [lil ya]:

I wanna take a trip to cuba and parle in the bay,
Play with the bitches in havana and come back with the
yay
Front all my niggas nothin left but qbs,
Sit back like a fat cat and count nothin but gs
The first mill that I make-uh, buy a lot of acres,
Plant all my weed, nigga whatcha need?
Can you picture just predict how to stunt a lick,
I done drove to hammon and came back with some
shit,
Call it yayo, and the other shit just call it brown,
Some fools lay it down, then act a clown,
Call me sousa, I toss a, bird in a matter of minutes,
You want an ounce? gimme your number and then hit
me
I got them raw, bricks bigger than you ever saw,
I even got flip a dime for them rock stars,

Im the richest, infamous, and they can feel this,
Commander of them soljas out the melph, lio, and
nolia,
You can't stop us, fuck them choppers,
We got grenades, drop one then our work will be done,
Now we done handled that, lets get some herb out the
mac,
And fuck parlen, lets find somebody else to jack

Third verse [b.g.]:

Niggas in trouble cuz the b.g. behind the trigger,
Stompin like a savage I split yo muthafuckin cabbage,
Its a habit to grab it, when I see it I gotta get it,
Don't deny me nigga or your wig Im gone have to split
it,
My name ring a bell, cuz Im as real as they come,
Im young and I act a donkey, uptown is where Im from,
Im full of that monkey, you want some? I spit arrows
like cupid,
But mine aint comin out barrels or that dope, nigga I
get stupid
I get upset, I leave a nigga wet,
I left two bodies on macnester that them people aint
found yet,
If you beefin with me, say your prayers,
I been in gangsta shit four years,
Huntin niggas down like reindeers,
Oh lord I got my muthafuckin hands on a cannon,
So ima open a nigga up like the grand canyon,
Niggas amazed, I hit the block with a.ks,
I spray, get out the block or get grazed, muthafucka
You got the yay? I gots to have it, give it up nigga,
You play the role like you so hard and you get plucked
nigga
I got a k, but with two q.p.s, Im goin in,
Through the front door on clarence go through the
back with the mack 10
Lay it down, hand it over,
I told ya, don't be stingy nigga or death is gettin closer,
Baby gangsta comin for a bitch,
Uptowns the shit, b.c. two two six is the clique!
V.l. nigga, philip & clara, is where you can find us,
Eatin that raw a.p., with two stolen pathfinders,

Fourth verse [tec-9]:

I move much boyd to increase the leave,
You bitches can't fuck with me,
Cuz I repeatedly, fed my peoples, somethin devious,
Even the unfortunate, Im leavin behind no one,

Scored five birds fronted two, kept three for myself,
Lookin out for my niggas on the ramp and the melph,
Since I was a shorty, hangin out with the bigger niggas
Sittin on corners, pullin triggers,
Now whos next to catch this reckless nigga out of
order?
Lookin for my next way to come up,
Nigga don't run up, you see how fast I throw my fuckin
gun up,
For the fun of it, cuz Im lovin this game,
That brings me money and power, Im never leavin the
game,
Gimme a reason, my attitude changes like a season,
Im slowly, but surely slowin up for southern reasons,
The heat is comin, it's comin to getcha,
I catchcha slippin in my hood somebodys gonna
wetcha
Hold up, that three is only bout that paper,
If you got it better hide it cuz we bout some capers,
I take a ride straight philip & clara,
See nothin but lexus, landcruisers, and camaros,
And I be fuckin with the rico suave,
Now why they, wanna playa hate on me?
Cuz Im nothin but a g,
Wingkit hits and rims,
The effects of the blue leaks side by side as we roll by,
Sound and a/c now maybe I'll scoop you up,
You shoot back at the two two six, and I'll shoot you up,
Boot you up, let the mortuary suit you up,
You dead and gone, no more problems Im the problem
solver

Fifth verse [ms. tee]

I don't want no drug dealers out there gettin robbed
and killed,
I want niggas and niggas and niggas to be real,
I got a shop, and we stay in good health,
So nigga keep your business to your fuckin self,
Fuck a dopemans bit, fuck that dumb shit,
Im not droppin off of regals and Im sure not high off
dope,
So keep that shit from round my child,
If somethin happen to her, ima have to go buck wild
And Im gonna go crazy,
Because this nigga gone have us pushin up daisies,
So nigga keep it fuckin real,
That's why half of you muthafuckas always gettin
killed,
All you care about is your kilos and your hoes,
And what a bomb Im gonna drop on them kilos,

Aint that a trip? and don't be sellin nigga, and aint hittin
on shit,
That's why I got your ass in insurance bitch

Sixth verse [yella]:

I pulls up in my newly,
Painted blue nee
Completely out of my own mind,
Determined, to be a legend in my own time,
And that's why, you gots to watch the drive-by,
My trigga finger moves quickly, constantly atcha body,
Im here to make you bleed indeed,
Eyes closed, so I flee to my destiny,
Collectin cheese on his head which is twenty gs,
See, I takes have and invests in some coke,
I flip the sack just twice, hit the money then I go and
choke,
Im on a come up, still comin as Im runnin as Im gunnin,
Niggas down with that frontin
Or that's the look, of the crooked gangsta on the block,
I wont stop, livin lavish, makin hoe ass niggas vanish,
If the snaps are over your scalp, then I come to bust
your fuckin cabbage,
Like j.y.d., I'll thump ya, bust your rump,
Im comin twerkin with the fat fully automatic
Don't panic when it's time for you to hit the canvas,
The fellas back bringin the blues to you fools,
I call a shot, then I plot nigga got dropped,
I chopem dead and make em dead white folks,
Like c-loc, I will, split yo ass up for real,
Upsettin your nerves, makin sure your ass never rests,
Watch them clockers bitch Im due at any given time,
Im a dog behind the fatty, so somebodys dyin,
Famillys cryin, I don't give a fuck,
Cuz have a conscience,
Dump your body between homer and hammon,
Just to confuse the crime lab as if it were a game of
backgammon
Yeah, I'll come and stomp ya if the price is right,
So wont you come on down?
And meet this clown with over a hundred rounds,
Its horror son, make ya lose more blood than jim mora
lost period.

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