

Unlord

"Don't U Be Greedy"

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{yella talkin}

My dog gonna be home with a story to tell

Ya see, yall know what Im talkin bout

{yella boy}

Me rat a tat, tat tat tat, on you dog hoes

Me rat a tat, tat tat tat, on you dog hoes

Twerk all right getty up eddie bow

Bounce for that outfit twerk for that elflic

Brawl for that polaroid then go get ya two slugs

I don't have nothin if I don't have you

Like whitney even said, I will always love ya to

Bounce for that outfit the ones who mean it

Wont ya bounce for that outfit and don't ya be greedy

Don't don't be greedy, don't don't cha be greedy

Shhh, bout to make me go to far

Unless ya bout the whole third they called

Ya see, ya wont some nine seven lincolns

With boo-koo sound, you can hear us if ya comin
around

Its best ya get the right kind of disk to listen to me

I want means and tina marie

Its best you get a built in alarm cuz I got me a gat and

Im a try to set the whole third on the back

Ya get it, got to get it right nigga, handle ya business

Oops, there they go to rouxs five o

Stash-o left his bundle sittin on the ramp

Stash-o bundle must be dippin out the cut

Stash-o bundle must be sittin on the ramp

Im always jumpin shop never dressin like a champ

Im up early in the mornin on the breakfast smokin weed

Im bout to go to regal scoop, fresh pair of arenas

I went on deli shake and dressed mighty gentle

I said look at my snaps and bout another rental

I brought my nigga to nickels cuz that was a school

Tellin all them ninth ward niggas that the third ward
rules

I walked into the school and standin on the yard

A chick snuck and asked me was I from the third ward

Niggas came out the buildin and they was bootin me up

I grabbed the clip out my pockets and made them

cowards duck
I told my ol lady I'll be back to see
I went to mac melph calio a booker t
So they pilled up in a trooper I was gasin it
Boo-koo, aks, macs pumps and shit and i
Was so darn able goin out st. claud
With my kangol to the back representin the third ward

Chorus:

Don't ya be greedy don't don't be greedy
Don't don't cha be greedy
Me rat a tat, tat tat tat, on you dog hoes
Me rat a tat, tat tat tat, on you dog hoes
Twerk all right getty up eddie bow
Bounce for that outfit twerk for that elflic
Brawl for that polaroid then go get ya two slugs
I don't have nothin if I don't have you
Like whitney even said, I will always love ya to
Bounce for that outfit the ones who mean it
Wont ya bounce for that outfit and don't ya be greedy
Don't don't be greedy, don't don't cha be greedy

{yella boy}

Higgy hop the fence, put the guns in the grass
You can see the rep smoke poppin out they ass
See we caught seven niggas slippin in the class room
Tryna jump out the window but they couldnt and
I don't mind dyin I see that shit
Five niggas got killed lets go hop the fence quick

Chorus:

{yella boy}

On the real like a man you gots to be real
If you hangin in that third, you bests be out to kill
Cuz we walk by, fight by, drive by to
Hang a forty five and a ap medal to
Bounce baby bounce or boot up bitch
Where dey at get the gat first
I gots to take a piss
Im a magnolia man, a calio king
Im servin boo-koo dog hoes out the melpomene
I know ya thought I wouldn't be back
But ya can't keep me down, don't forget about the u
And the cah money clown, twerk all right
Getty up eddie bow, Im a serve ya body up when
I get in the shower, Im a good lookin rapper
I aint tryna front, Im a good lookin rapper I aint
Tryna stunt, next week Im gettin the rental and
The royal blue, with the white interior and gold daytons
to

Go dj, that's my dj, go dj, that's my dj

Chorus:

Me rat a tat, tat tat tat, on you dog hoes

Me rat a tat, tat tat tat, on you dog hoes

Don't ya be greedy don't don't be greedy

Don't don't cha be greedy

{yella boy}

Me and my dj, mannie fresh we done shut the pieces

We fuckin wives, we fuckin daughters, and even nieces

These hoes like mosquitos suckin dick and lickin nuts

Fuckin, doggin, leavin, makin em run behind that dick

I be servin em puttin em up cuz Im a fool from that

three

Yella boy, mannie fresh, we win the contest

I must confess we rank as the best

I spin the bin with hot bullets I hope ya got yo vest

Nigga, on the real in this nine seven area

I be in the n-o-l-i-a area if ya scared

Ya end up in the back of the dumpster

With two to the motherfuckin head

Go dj, go dj, go dj, that's my dj, that's my dj

Chorus: {from last verse}

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