

Unlord

"Nigga I'm Bout It"

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{talking}

Motherfuckers I got kids, I don't them listenin to that
bullshit

Fuck the niggers! motherfuckers need to stop
How can you call yourself a nigga and be proud of it

Chorus: {u.n.l.v.}

Its an uptown thing and we bout it
Partners-n-crime motherfuckers you aint bout it
Its an uptown thing and we bout it
Now jubilee motherfucker you aint bout it
Its a third ward nigga it's a third ward nigga
Its a third ward nigga and we bout it

Verse one: {lil ya}

Misdemeanor motherfucker you can't face me
Turned out I was fuckin yo boy third ol lady
Got mad bullets on ya they said you wasn't home
Yeah, you pissed on our set up early in the mornin
It had to be about seven or eight cuz if I was there
I would have put the fuckin tec in yo face and
Sent yo bitch ass where you belong
They don't even have a fuckin set called airhorne and
claiborne
So whatcha want to do throw yo shit up
I say you on lafayette yo stupid ass was to piss up
By me or anyone of my boys I bust you in yo mouth and
You still talkin noise tryna get yo rep on knowin that you
fake
Apologzin to you I did it for yo own sake but ya fell back
up on me
Like I told you before cuz you and yo boys at big boy
Aint nothin but hoes I pulled deadly holocaust
You tried to make peace not knowin I was strapped
He tried to give me dap and prime yous a bitch you
weak!
Cuz everytime you see me you know that you speak
But I got love for them fakein ass hustlers
Pussy motherfucka! dick takin busters!

{chorus}

Verse two: {tec-9}

Don't get too close cuz the heat might just scorch ya,
Partners-n-crime, yall bitches mad cuz cah money
didn't wantcha,
Imitatin u.n.l.v.,
I wonder which one of you muthafuckas wanted to be
like me,
The capital t, e, c, from the mighty one, two, three,
You bitches out here like the soldiers choke the
soldiers,
But ima keep it real cuz the real deal is how I feel,
You started out with two, same as my crew,
And now you went out and found yourself another
busta,
Made it even harder, to make the change big boy was
givin ya,
Said you like to fuck with that dope, whatcha talkin
bout?
Lost all respect, now you no longer represent the south,
But try to turn my fans against me,
Fuck it my real fans and all my niggas is ballin with me,
Peanut, dune, fuck it \$lu, and that nigga t,
All my niggas bustin and they sho nuff down with me,
And yall bitches can't see me,
My nigga you makes a false move, you lose,
The deadly game of come up
Bidly bye bye, nigga don't try,
Your crew close shot with every buckshot, cuz ima
hitcha with my four ten,
Double barrel, two trigger, room shaker, you all in,
Hope you muthafuckas really like my shit,
Because you bite my shit,
Switch it around and recite my shit,
And I know you bitches heard about me,
But yall aint sure about me, because Im shootin atcha
head g,
You play the role of a man,
But partners-n-crime, yall aint nothin but pussies in a
can,
Ya try to stop me, but nigga my clip is way too tight,
Its goin down at night,
And you don't see me cuz Im not in sight,
Two of you muthafuckas wasn't around,
But I know each one of you muthafuckas could go
underground,
So I checks him, and then I wet him,
Yeah, I come to your house nigga with thirty shells on

the ground,
So show tec-9 whatcha made of nigga,
You started this shit, now ima finish it off bitch

Verse three: {yella boy}

Now we been gone too long true or false right or wrong
And I know yall been waitin on this God damn hit song
Let me drop some gangster lyrics on this track man
Comin like a dope fiend we caught a nigga scopin
Its about time we close shop for these niggas
Reppin on a nigga tryna make they name bigger
They actin like they bout it knowin they aint bout it
Im a catch em by theyself yeah they heart I got it
But see it all started back in 1993 when a coward out
that ten
He tried to diss them jubilee yo cd forget about
New orleans rap game tryna to drop some lyrics
Boo-koo dress man you know you lame
Nigga you need to quit with that shit that aint it
You almost caught the rape charge bitch you wouldve
been sick
But anyway it go hey, how much would the dope take?
Take ya to the brown, peanut butter and powder
You two motherfuckin hoes tryna run one time
But first, what about the crowd that did that dance
Eddie bow, you thought the twerk would work and
Rock the crowd it's unbelievable, hoe it's a ghetto
Better yet my shop where I go and make my rounds
I aint no joke Im on a real big boy big boy
My only promise was to ask my boy, was he down with
me?
He can't cuz he gay, watch out for the stick
The gangster tried to run up but we dropped em
Like a hoe, fight em like carl lewis in the ring
Then started to get to stabbin leave a trick
Cuz, Im stunn hard you bests get the right tools
Back up on magi noo, prime time you a bitch
I can't let you slide cuz I got that feelin
You lookin like a punk by the eyes
You know that ass hopin that body still movin
Never talk that shit till I get to the stage sooner
You never go huh you never go what
Nigga you aint talkin you better keep my
Motherfuckin name out yo motherfuckin mouth
Before you get yo motherfuckin head bust
Im talkin to you mystikal Im a leave yo ass
Incabale condtion motherfucker I hope you take
This time long
Im sick of tired, Im sick of tired
Of you bitches playin with me

Im free the three so respect u.n.l.v.
I told you once, I told ya twice
We not nice yall first mind lead wrong
You should have thought twice
Tryna diss yall thought we had dismissed
Yall missed like tryna dissin like that
Left yo back, that yo wife is wack
Cuz that's a fact, and we back cuz Im a
Bad a yella boy
Maybe that's why they slip so hard
But fuck it, Im a jump in my car
I told yall once before, Im not no little boy
Shop closed cuz of the third
Motherfuck! a big boy

{chorus}

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