

Unlord

"Pop 'em Up"

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{u. n. l. v. talking }

Wusup! to my nigga kel, third ward is the motherfuckin house

Mac melph calio, r.i.p. pimp daddy, kilo ya with me, wusup bryce hahahaha

Chorus: {tec-9}

Pop em up, pop em up

Watch em bleed to death

Ya played with the tec-9 now ya takin yo last breath

Chorus: {lil ya }

Pop em up, pop em up

Watch em bleed to death

Ya played with the lil ya now ya takin yo last breath

Chorus: {yella boy}

Pop em up, pop em up

Watch em bleed to death

Ya played with the yella boy now ya takin yo last breath

{tec-9}

I got to get my dash on my back window is startin to rumble

I look back I see niggas bustin Im out numbered

Tryna take my head off, but I was kind of lucky

These niggas slipped, and they bustin, but couldnt get me

Had to put my monte carlo away got myself an forty-five

>from my nigga, who live close around the way

Now I got to find that nigga, Im gonna stalk that nigga

Im gonna show yo ass, how to keep the finger on the trigger

Like john wayne, Im handy with the steel when it's time to kill

Man I handle my business strickly on the real

Chorus

{lil ya }

Pop em up, pop em up, spttin bullets at yo ass
Now it's time to make a third ward dash
But first hear me out motherfuckers and indorse yo
words
You makin me sick with all that hoe shit you got on
My last nerves, I had to get my strap and go bam!
You say Im insane, now it's time to let my
Motherfuckin nuts hang and spit on you niggas
I don't need stars on my chest to make my fuckin name
bigger
Im the capital y-a from the three u.n.l.v.
You repped on me, now I got to serve ya g
I can feel ya, look in my eyes guaranteed you wont
See no disguise, cuz Im real aint no fuckin boy in me
I was an hustler, and now Im a g
I got real niggas by my side, don't fuck with the fake
kind
This is for you dissers now I know Im on yo mind

Chorus

{yella boy}
Money in the power brand new eddie bauer
Off up into this day, I don't know why that shit was sour
You was supposed to be my hommie from the old
school
Another good guy gone bad in the game, that shit aint
cool
We used to play ball, back up in the park when we was
small
He saw me hustlin on the set, he told me to give him a
call
I hit him all alone eight oclock we supposed to meet
Claim he had dope, cliental in the fuckin street
He said for three gs he hook me up real swell
I told him it was on the bin and I didn't know how I felt
We meet by the old dump, cuz them people hot
Glad I had my pistol, when I left I dropped my glock
When I got there, he was ready to make the switch
Raise out my car, I hear some noise from the fuckin
ditch
It was a nigger, tryna kill me, Im smooth like a canon
I jetted off bustin, Im a show em I'll be back

Chorus

{tec-9}
Fool I grew here, not flew here and yall bitches new
here
You pulled out yo gun and didn't use it, you lost yo self
Im a take this nine, and empty the whole clip bitch

Sixteen up in that ass, one more when ya hit the door
How many you know, somebody rappin fire up in luger
I haven't seen a nigga like this cry before
You bests to run when ya hear the sound of my gun go
Bluka! bluka! like lil g, yall can't stop a killer
A drug dealer, a bitch stealer cap pillar
Im known uptown for bein realer then a
Twenty dollar bill with skills to make a peal
Don't slip up, don't fuck up cuz ima have to
Pop you up

Chorus

{lil ya}

Boom boom boom, it's the sound that you dead
With a bullet in yo motherfuckin head
Im comin hard out the motherfuckin 1-2-3 and yes
Im poppin these motherfuckers up constantly and
Motherfuckers know they can't handle me
Them niggas bein labeled as a third ward g
Leave a nigga dead in a ditch, I leave you stankin
Go to yo house and fuck yo bitch and have yo family
With them tears in they eyes how did he die?
As they cry, as they cry

{yella boy}

Slicky grease Im back, with my niggas and they gats
cuz
You tried to take my life, just to make yo fuckin meals
stack
Seven guys told me, yo first mind never leads you
wrong
Face to face motherfucker, now you know it's on
The first time, I went out like a fuckin soldier
A sloppy job on yo car, Im back just like I toldcha
Yo eyes buck, as you was talkin on a pay phone
You tried to reach, it's to late buckshots in yo dome
Yo boys froze in the car in a state of shock
Tec got the tec and got to poppin till he empty the glock
Im not the one, we fuck shit up and outie see
Cuz we violatin out of our territory
But when we come, we gonna come and get the job
done
Fuck all that figurin and frontin and twerk up if ya want
some
We left em bleedin, start to greetin back stabbin bitch
The war is on, so bring it on cuz nexts on the list
The rest of you workers stand down with that funny shit

Chorus

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