

## Unlv "211 - 187"

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

211s at night 187s in the day light  
Nigga we just don't give a fuck  
211s at night 187s in the day light  
Nigga we just don't give a fuck

Verse one: {lil' ya}

Nigga's be try'na rep and some fool's  
Be try'na buck but lil' ya that type of  
Nigga that just don't give a fuck  
But nathan and if you hatin' then  
You's a hater but I'm straight out that three  
So how the fuck you gonna fade her  
Soldier with a heart made of steel  
Like my nigga b, I handle business on the real and  
Then I chill make my rounds, pick up my car from  
My bitches 'cause I be hittin' 'em regular like  
Dre be hittin' his switches  
Clockin' my riches as I stroll through my hood  
Puffin' on a blunt givin' love where it's all good and  
For you nigga's who ain't go no love  
I ain't got no love for you chumps  
'cause I'm a smoke 'em and choke 'em  
Like a Philly blunt  
Yeah, I'm gettin' my grove on  
I'm ready to move on  
To another level rob some nigga's or  
Whatever I got big nut's  
I got a big heart like I said it's been that way  
Since fuckin' start, you know me from my  
Fuckin' crew, you know what I'm bound to do  
I got a pit, I'm ready to spit,  
I'm ready to serve to uhh!

Chorus

Verse two: {yella boy}

I even got's the boogy bangin' at'cha  
Grab my zookie if I have to

Daze you up like daz  
I don't give a fuck like krupt  
I'm dismantlin' mc's that come against me  
Me and the tecster in broad day light  
We comin' to do thee fuck it  
Of course, I'm a show no remorse  
Don't mean the boss, I never forget hoes

Verse three: {tec-9}

I'm gettin' skiet like that, I'm slippery like ease wax  
I chop ya down, like a disciple, with my riffle  
As if a white boy you disrespected my a-gender and  
Called me a nigga

Verse four: {yella boy}

I'm dumpin' you bitches out like boss hog  
I don't give a fuck about y'all  
You don't know what I would do to you  
But I know what'cha will do to you  
I would serve you, I would fuck clean over you

Verse five: {tec-9}

Y'all know that I'm back  
Like brand new wax on brand new cadalac's  
I'm mourin' I'm yawnin' plus I just  
Lost my equipment bag

Verse six: {yella boy}

Sweatin' like a zoo-loo to do you  
It's best you fuckin' scam  
I'm a champion I'm dumpin' on 'em  
I'm actin' a motherfuckin' donkey on 'em

Chorus

Verse seven {lil' ya}

I'm bout to do a jack  
I got on all black  
In my hand lies a tool that  
I call my mack  
It's like my best friend 'cause when  
I spin the bin it don't get jammed  
Bullet's chargin' like a ram  
You bet's believe when them hollow's hit'cha  
You goin' in pocket bitch, you better drop it  
One nigga tested my nut's he had the nerve to flex and

On his arm was a rolex, he flinched for  
His gat that was stashed in his suit coat  
I had to show him, I had to fuck over him  
Stunt a fuckin' lick of that hit and it was on  
Then I put the key's on the lab and  
Niggas started pushin' slab's  
My pocket's started gettin' swole  
My knot has thickened  
That's how it is when  
Nigga like ya, is flippin' halves to  
Quickers, quarter bird's, to bird's  
Keep a brew full of rock's  
'cause my bitch need a serve,  
Uploadin' kilt, puttin' in clip's at the  
Same time, beatin' you nigga's down  
With my bat if I ain't got that iron  
Leave yo mama cryin' why you shot my only son  
Gave him three to the head, smoke a blunt now I'm  
done  
Give me a bag of that helllo, and snort it up my nostril  
Drain got me loose as a goose and I wanna shot  
We put in work, doin' dirt everyday  
It's twelve noon, let's go get somebody  
To buy some yae, can't be no miner  
Got to be a big tymer, because i'm down to  
Pill a couple of cap's and get these nigga's out they  
snap's  
'cause i'm

Verse eight: {tec-9}

You bitches don't know the fuckin' size of this shit  
I'm on the rise with this shit  
See tommorow, the fuckin' clip bitch  
2-2-6 my boy's comin'  
Mag-11 hollow tip's nigga  
Better start runnin'  
When I start comin' up the block  
With my glock like a mad man  
In a mad rage face is caught on the front page  
Let them bitches catch me down bad  
With my 12-gage

Verse nine: {yella boy}

You despise, why I'm up in disguise  
Now you paralyzed plus you realize  
To stop playin' with me  
My click is quick to let them bullet's fly  
Click ya fuckin' self ya bitch you  
For you get downed

Chorus

We droppin' 'em stop playin' with me  
Stop playin' with me

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