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Unlv "6 & Baronne(Manny Fresh Style) Awk Awk"

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Chorus

I say boot up or shut up Nigga get yo life lit up Yeah yeah yeah wootay I say boot up or shut up or Get yo fuckin' life lit up Yeah yeah yeah wootay

First Verse {Tec-9}

Chillin' on the set with the fully automatic tec Never was caught slippin' that's how I got my respect I pop 'em up pop 'em up watchin' bleed to death Ya played with the Tec-9 now ya takin' yo last breath Now everybody comin' up to be the rulers and gangsters Now everybody comin' up to be the rulers and gangsters Now everybody comin' up to be the rulers and gangsters But I'm a tell you who the real fuckin' killer is It's an third ward nigga it's an third ward nigga Yes it's an third ward nigga got the bitches and money While I'm chillin' on the corner I'm a get fucked up My nigga T got a forty and brought two cups Lil' Ya is chillin' Yella is thuggin' and talkin' on the phone And I'm chillin' on 6th and Baronne they call us U.N.L.V. U.N.L.V. we comin straight out the Fuckin' one two three let a bitch rub up on us I'm a load my chrome fat gangster lil' somethin'

Bout 6th and Baronne

Second Verse {Lil' Ya}

I was chillin' on the corner of 6th and Baronne With a forty in my hand and about to get tore I got my dope stash and a tec on my side For them jokin' mutherfuckers who be doin' drivebys For them pussy ass niggas I've been try'na kill I got a bullet proof vest and it's made of steel For you sissy ass niggas thinkin' they hard I get my tec and my nine and bout to pull yo car When a nigga's on the set we makin' money again Drinkin' forty red bullets smokin' boo-koo weed It's fucked up gettin' drunk makin' money havin' fun Five-0 come but our dirt is all ready done This is the place I call my mutherfuckin' home 'cause I'm chillin' on 6th and Baronne

Chorus

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Third Verse {Yella Boy}

Here come's an hard head rapper bout to crush yo phone

My name is Yella Boy no not Sylvester Stallion Born and raised in third because that's my home There's not another gangster set like 6th and Baronne Because the bitches peepin' out seven days a week I wait for the first and third to get paid ya see My boys in rumors creepin' up but I just don't care This is live or die sucker no not you thug there I ride on other gangsters turf and need a gangsta's fit Cash Money means ya got to stay legit Throwin' paper in the air a quarter now an ounce Then I call my dog bitch take her to Wall Street and make her bow All the gangsters in the hood be up to no good Pack the mutherfuckin' chrome smoke boo-koo weed now ya feel good I'm down for a gangster strap can't you tell I know a buildin' down with me of the Melph a Mene and Del a Rell Tec-9, Lil' Ya me myself Yella Boy we all third ward soldiers Not no child or little boys I'm makin' big bank and packin' the chrome

(Why) Because I'm a gangster from 6th and Baronne

Chorus

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Yeah yeah yeah wootay

Forth Verse {Tec-9}

Growin' up was hard but it all paid off well I was only eleven when I started to sell 6th and Baronne was the set that I sold rocks Drinks done went crazy because I'm servin' the block Now I'm on the run I guess I got to go I slipped and sold to an undercover five-o They say they got a reward if ya know where I'm at But I'm gonna make it hard for 'em because I'm packin' a gat Now I never was the type to run away from my home (why) Because I'm a nigga from 6th and Baronne

Chorus

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Fifth Verse {Lil' Ya}

I was chillin' on the corner strapped with the fuckin' chrome Makin' boo-koo money on 6th and Baronne All the junkies gather around and come see the man I got big twenty flippers and za peter in my other hand B 3 by my side he got dope to in a long fuckin' Lincoln Yes he strapped with a twenty two Tec is in the house chillin' with Moe While Kerri on the floor doggin' doggin' Doggin' a ho Chella's in the house chillin' With Lamb while Ronda with Keisha With them bitches they don't give a damn Gettin' her haircut from Sue Tyra got a bitch You know what to do Baby is on there other end Stun'n on the pay phone and I'm chillin' on 6th and Baronne

Chorus

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Sixth Verse {Yella Boy}

I got to watch my damn back For the robbers and the gangsters Like in the fuckin' pin I draw my knife Then I shank ya because I know I got to handle that Because some niggas try'na creep up bests believe I got my gat You will never catch me slippin' 'cause the leather keep flippin' Try to play and my product man ya must be trippin' 'cause a gangster out that third pushin' to much pain Comin' weak that ho shit bitch you a rookie at the game There's a dollar to made so best believe a playa call it Disrespect my damn set watch yo back against the puppet I'm takin' no shorts in the game of dope ya better come correct Sucker 'cause this shit ain't no joke that boo-koo money in land I got to have it in my hand got to make a hundred gee's Just to be then nigga again because I'm makin' big bank and packin' the chrome (why Yella) because I'm a gangster From 6th and Baronne Chorus

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