

Unlv "Don't U Be Greedy"

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{yella talkin'}

My dog gonna be home with a story to tell

Ya see, y'all know what I'm 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 one's who mean it

Won't 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 won't some nine seven lincoln's

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

around

It's best ya get the right kind of disk to listen to me

I want means and tina marie

It's best you get a built in alarm 'cause I got me a gat

and

I'm 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 roux's 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

I'm always jumpin' shop never dressin' like a champ

I'm up early in the mornin' on the breakfast smokin'

weed

I'm bout to go to regal scoop, fresh pair of arena's

I went on deli shake and dressed mighty gentle

I said look at my snaps and bout another rental

I brought my nigga to nickel's 'cause that was a school

Tellin' all them ninth ward nigga's 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

Nigga's came out the buildin' and they was bootin' me

up
I grabbed the clip out my pockets and made them
coward's duck
I told my o'l 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, ak's, mac's pump's 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 one's who mean it
Won't 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 gun's in the grass
You can see the rep smoke poppin' out they ass
See we caught seven nigga's slippin' in the class room
Try'na jump out the window but they couldn't and
I don't mind dyin' I see that shit
Five nigga's got killed let's go hop the fence quick

Chorus:

{yella boy}

On the real like a man you got's to be real
If you hangin' in that third, you best's be out to kill
'cause 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 got's to take a piss
I'm a magnolia man, a calio king
I'm 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 caÃ,ÂiÃfÃ-h money clown, twerk all right
Getty up eddie bow, I'm a serve ya body up when
I get in the shower, I'm a good lookin' rapper
I ain't try'na front, I'm a good lookin' rapper I ain't
Try'na stunt, next week I'm gettin' the rental and

The royal blue, with the white interior and gold dayton's
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' wive's, we fuckin' daugher's, and even
niece's
These hoes like mosquitos suckin' dick and lickin' nut's
Fuckin', doggin', leavin', makin' 'em run behind that
dick
I be servin' 'em puttin' 'em up 'cause I'm 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 bullet's 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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