

Unlv "Return Of U.n.l.v"

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[Tec-9 and (Lil Ya): talkin]

Yeah, yeah, yeah

(Return of the Trend Setters)

UNLV (Trend Setters)

How the fuck yall forget about UNLV?

(Trend Setters) What you stupid or something?

We created this shit

All the rest of you niggaz need to get the fuck

Suck a dick beeotch

[Hook: Tec-9 and Lil Ya]

Do you remember "Oh he want some?"

You bitches thought we was through

But now we back it's the return of the "U"

Remember "Chillin on the set with the fully automatic

Tec

Pop em up watch em bleed to death"

"From the Mac to the Melph to the Caliooo

"Parle is cool and okay but I rather chill and hustle"

"Its a Uptown Thing and we bout it"

We been bout it, you know we bout it

[Verse 1: Tec-9]

I'm bout to line all you bitches up in single file

Commence to punishin you niggaz off of GP ya feel me?

Hennessey makes me think wicked

This is for you bitch ass niggaz, I got you terrified to kick it

Yeah I know yall think I'm bout to click out and shoot something

I'm from that Group cousin and Trend Setters don't start nothing

I opened doors and some of you niggaz snuck right in

Takin credit fa what I created with the bin

And then I let you holla like it's all gravy

Smilin in my face knowin that ya hate me

And maybe I'ma let the bigons be bigons

Speed up the process and let the hollow sink through ya chest

Confess, we them niggaz that put the 3rd on the map

Ride on out I don't want no mother fuckin dap
Fuck rap I'm ready to split you mother fuckers cap
Poppin mother fuckers ya'll niggaz hear that?

[Hook]

[Verse 2: Lil Ya]

Check, how could a nigga flip the script and say the "U"
aint the shit?

We keep it crunk, representin non stop ya bitch
Trend Setters, settin trends boo you know how we do
Create the slang, slang the tracks and we feed it to you

To make you love it is our goal
Our pockets still don't swole
So it don't matter if you bite what we write (Aint that cold?)
I aint mad but I don't like what's goin on
I'm hearin rumors talkin bout the "U" is dead and gone
Them niggaz wrong fa even thinkin we was breakin up
Two thugs hit the club straight shakin stuff
Rest in peace mister Chucks a.k.a. YELLA BOY
Until we meet you say uh uh send us a praise to the Lord
Me and Atrice still grip tight
And for the record we went Plat on "Uptown 4 Life"
You better believe them niggaz door opened up shop
But yet and still they refuse to give the "U" or props
They got it twisted

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Lil Ya]

Look, niggaz say that I was broke steady fuckin they hoes
Niggaz say Tec couldnt fuck cause he was fulla that dope
Niggaz say Yella was dirty he deserved what he got
Niggaz say my nigga slipt and started smokin them rocks
Niggaz say one of them hoes straight makin my drank
Niggaz say a nigga puff a El to higher my day
Niggaz say Tec was in jail and had the double L
Nigga say whatever they want but we gon show and tell
Grip tight is what we like, yall know the Trend Setters
But the dumbest rumor that I heard is that Tec murdered Yella

[Tec-9]

Now some of yall gon hate some a yall gon
congradulate

And to my fans yeah I know you can't wait
Until the next release
Cut me loose and speak my peace
And maybe I'ma give you the inside scoop bout that
nigga Baby
How he hate me, owe me money but it's all gravy
Be a man and give the whole world the real scoop
The reason you got that deal was because of the "U"
And I don't see what's the big old fuss
The only reason Uptown like you is because of us
Uptown Mother fucker

[Hook]

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