

Unlv "Uptown 4 Life"

Visit "[Uptown 4 Life](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Lil Ya]

MAAAAAAAAAAAN!!!!!!! We need to run that....U.P.T.
FOR LIFE!!!!!!!

[Yella]

Damn nigga!

[Chorus-Yella, Lil Ya, & Tec-9]

Get Into It With A Nigga Gotta Tote My Gun
(WE LIVE BY THE GUN, WE DIE BY THE GUN)
Get Into It With A Nigga Gotta Tote My Gun,
It's plain to see, you can't change me I'm a Uptown
nigga for life! (2X)

[1st Verse-Tec-9]

Nigga it's judgment day, can you face these 3 niggas
actin' reckless
Jack ya for your necklace, the rhyme specialists
Sportier than the sport itself, droppin' these bustas like
flies, I despise
As I shoot ya down look me in my eyes,
AND YOU WILL KNOW, you wouldn't have to think ya
bigger
BECAUSE YOU KNOW, that I'm the one who pulled the
trigger
BLOODY BODIES 226 hit nigga
BLOODY BODIES I'm wettin' up your Hilfiger
Step aside nigga Uptown is on the way
>From the Mac Melph Calio all strapped with K's
Catch a muthafucka sleep and I'll wet ya down
When I creep the last thing you remember is my frown
Suckas fakin' it 'cause a nigga from the U be makin' it
You can call me the 9-6 pissy bomb,
You can call me the 9-7 Deion
This clique this clique be fully equipped, equipped
Disrespect the 2-2-6 and you get whipped, flipped,
chipped
Back to Bustaland,
I know you see the semi-automatic that I'm holdin' in

my right hand
I got a closet full of T-shirts with homies on em
Wonderin' when my face is gonna be on one
I find myself gettin' off into alot of drama
Protect the cocaine, protect my Mama
Fuck chasin', I'm waitin' patient in your daughter
You underestimated me, but I'm rock hard
The game's the same, you disrespect you lose your
brain
(WHY TEC????)
'cause I'm an Uptown nigga for life!

[Chorus]

[2nd Verse-Lil Ya]

Nigga I just touched ground I gotta get Uptown
I'm strapped and yeah I'm trapped, pushin' weight and
fuckin' with that furl
And I can't stop, because it's my way of survivin'
Doin' what I gotta do to make a fuckin' living
I'm doin' my own thing
Born to let my nuts hang
I got a fresh bundle full of dimes and now it's time to
slang
I hit the set BET CHECK I'M IN EFFECT!
And if ya fall short, BITCH YA BODY I GOTS TO WET!
I gotta have it, I gots to have it silly rabbit
I'm like fork diggin' in your heart trigger smart
Street smart, aimin' at your head in the dark
Don't make me start pluckin' at'cha bitch
They gone read my raps and say I'm straight and I
never miss
Shit, I represent, that U.P.T.
I'm givin' shots to my homies off of Valence street
Much love to them niggas with the 2-23's
And all the ballas, playas, and gangstas that run with
me
My dog Sloop, my nigga Nu-Nu, Tony, Fat, Shorty
Wee, Lil Tee, Wild Jack and my Uncle Hardy
Tee, that nigga B.G., Herc, and Nico
I had rights done to say the gangstas rest in peace
though
Gary, Lil Wallace, Fred, Nookie, and Lil' Tyron
Jamie, Laurie, Pops, P, and my homie Byron
Levi, Ty, Mike, Jake, and my people Snake
Uptown's the shit for the 9-6 bitch!

[Chorus]

[3rd Verse-Yella]

I'm so wild, that I think I oughtta hang with Niggas
And start bustin' at them boys in blue who playa hatin'
The Southern niena bursts ain't nothin' but a death
circle
Lil' children gettin' sliced while they watchin' Urkel
It's five o'clock, nigga you bouts to loose your knees
It's snaps boys who be totin' them 2-23's
Or watch me ball on the heat back in '83
On top of that here come the po-po's rest in peace they
will be
Don't try to dodge us, chances slim as Roger
I bucks Roger's, pourin' hits like the Dodgers
I'm all about survival, and dead on arrival
Blowin' shit to my rivals under accounts from the
assault rifle
I'm here to dismantle and cause a defect in your life
I'm on a rampage, time to gather all the GATS
'cause I'll come through, and I'ma leave you haters on
the flats
And you'd wish me, that I'm a nigga who don't handle
biz
We live by the trig, we die by the trig
Evidently, you done made a weak, freak move
I break crews goin' chop hittin' non-stop
And I was taught to make your heart stop, body drop
Now tears drop, nigga you done picked him off my
block
And that's why you got served, nigga you must learn
You fall short, the desert Eagle's gonna make you burn
The shit is real, now do you feel me?
'cause if you don't your bodies gonna get tied
For a long ride,
In my trunk, I wonder, if Harriet Tubman had the
chance
Would she have learned to do the Eddie Bauer dance?
Wow, how, quickly would we have got in that water for
her?
Sellin' quarters
Fuck sittin' in the back of the bus, bitch gimme this bus
I woulda did more than fuss
I would have upped a big pistol, guns from the 2-2-6
Black Connection you bitch you

[Chorus] (2X)

[Lil Ya]

SAY THAT SAY THAT SAY THAT!

