

# Juvenile, U.P.T

[B.G. & Baby]

Cash Money slangin nine nigga

(Off top playboy)

H.B's and The B.G.'s

(What's happing little B.G. bring it to these niggas)

[B.G.]

When I got that iron in my hand I'm going to slang it

When I got that drama on my mind I'm going to bring it

I ain't backing down from no nigga that's hatin

If the nigga say I ain't bout my buisness look here he hatin

[Baby]

Comin uptown playboy we gonna slang it

If I catch down nigga bad we gonna leave ya stainin

Fuckin wit my H.B's nigga I'm gonna bring it

Rollin uptown stay strap and keep thinkin'

[B.G.]

Cause a nigga get stolen

Better yet get takin

Paper is burn

They come fast, ya cant shake it

Picture this my brother Cash Money done went nation

That come's from 7 hard years of dedication

[Manny Fresh]

Fuckin wit my B.G. nigga

I'm puttin ???? and I'm a ???? me nigga

That's believing worth six niggas

We call hard hitters

We uptown riders and we real with this nigga (nigga)

[B.G.]

Police can investigate but they ain't gonna find shit

But a 100 bullet shells without a fucking fingerprint

This Hot Boy click laid back and spy on niggas

We see them working on something look here we riders

Ain't like working niggas

Any block with a flussy

That goes for the boss too

We ain't got no picks to choose it

We get cha if we gotta

Wig split cha if we gotta

I know you ain't got word that B.G.'s a rider

So keep it on the D.L

If you got keys don't serve nobody but off V.L

'Cause they play for keeps

A one way ticket to hizell

6 ft. deep

It's a filthy dirty rizell

On the U.P.T

I was raised in the streets

But I put it on my mind

By the time I was nine

I was pushin nigga

I was slangin that nine

[Lil Wayne]

Na, Na, Na, Na

Now them them don't want us

They know me and Turk don't fuss in the corners

They already know that we brothers, Blood

Or whatever you wanna call it

Click up wit my dog we get crazy like alcholics

Plus we ballers

So whatever we spin the Lex or Benz

Its gonna be on twenny, twen, twens

[Turk]

Get off the block when we come nigga (nigga)

To the lane  
Shots that close shop when the bullets start sparring  
Run your mouth too much, better watch what cha sayin  
Like a nigga on the sideline, nigga we ain't playin  
[Lil Wayne]  
Na, Na, Na, Na  
Now why O why Lord  
The nigga wanna try and die Lord  
[Turk]  
Niggaz wanna learn hard way  
Give it to 'em like that  
Make 'em suffer  
Put that bitch wit a bag  
[Juvenile]  
I guess you probably standin there sayin, "Who's the muthafucka?"  
Nigga Juv's the muthafucka, thata bruise a muthafucka  
Either there's been a lot of cross-firing in the bricks  
And I'm gonna ???? me nigga  
If they put me in that shit  
Look I'm gonna tell ya like I tell my folks  
Play with me if you want but Cash Money going broke  
Even if it means creepin up slow  
Busting out shots out my black Volvo  
Fo sho, 'cause ain't nobody gonna run me  
I don't want nobody going to tell my mama when somebody done me  
She ain't bring me in the world for that  
She ain't raise no ho's  
She could have had a girl for that  
I been realized, I'm all in  
Surrounded by the camoufalge, in ballin  
Make a nigga recognize, I'm starvin  
Go in and do a homicide, you fallin, stop callin  
Cause ain't no peace treaties wodie  
You better leave that 45 at your house cause you gonna need it wodie  
I told you boy, I'm a souljah boy  
U.T.P up on my stomach from the Nolia boy  
[B.G. Talking]  
Slangin nine  
Fo sho nigga  
That's how we layin it down for the '98 all the way to the '99  
Worldwide  
Slangin nine  
All you bus pass niggas better recognize  
[Juvenile Talking]  
This on here bouncin all out ya heard me  
Ask my nigga Prime nigga  
Ask my nigga Lac nigga  
Ask my nigga B Dog nigga  
Ask Manny  
Ask Ruckus  
Ask my brother Corey  
Ask B.G.'s nigga  
Ask Suga Slimm  
[B.G. Talking]  
You ain't got no muthafuckin heart  
Got the butcha knife chillin  
Slicing throats we doin it like that nigga  
Ah ha, Ah ha  
How You Luv That now nigga?  
What's up now nigga?  
Talk that shit now  
What, What's up  
I thought we was what kind of boys  
Nigga what, nigga who what, nigga ha  
[Juvenile Talking]

I know yall gonna hear me all over the nation  
So this is for the East Coast, the South Coast, the West Coast, over  
the world  
Nigga ain't no beef nigga  
It's bout money  
Nigga if you ain't making no money I can't talk  
[B.G. Talking]  
Shut the fuck  
Nigga ain't got no words for ya  
It's all about the fetti