

# Unlv, Don't U Be Greedy

{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  
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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&quot;  
And the cah 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 f\*\*kin' wive's, we f\*\*kin' daugher's, and even niece's  
These hoes like mosquitos suckin' dick and lickin' nut's  
F\*\*kin', 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 motherf\*\*kin' head  
Go dj, go dj, go dj, that's my dj, that's my dj

Chorus:{from last verse}