

# Unlv, Uptown 4 Life

(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 muthaf\*\*ka 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  
F\*\*k 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 f\*\*kin' with that furl  
And I can't stop, because it's my way of survivin'  
Doin' what I gotta do to make a f\*\*kin' 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  
F\*\*k 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!