

# Young Turk, Uptown

(Turk)

Can ya picture a lil nigga like me straight thug'n  
Hotter than fire, hotter than somethin that's in tha oven  
Tha G-Code I live by everyday  
Bitch nigga outta line, bitch nigga get erased  
Like chalkboards  
Look here my nigga I mean what I speak  
Nigga want beef I rip both sides of tha street  
I got niggas like Big Woe who would ride wit me (ride wit me)  
Tre, Duck and Waldo would ride wit me (ride wit me)  
I'm bout beefin, creepin whatever  
In any kind of weather act a fool wit the diseal  
Brotha and Bear look my niggas be thugged out  
Quick to run up in yo house and clear everybody out  
Know what I'm talkin bout  
You don't better find out  
Cause I leave yo folks in all black cryin and whined out  
I don't play cousin I give niggas head shots  
Not one, a couple of em makin sure that he drop  
Look here nigga

(Hook) (BG)

You must don't know his background (background)  
He been a lil donkey straight from Uptown  
Nigga you must don't know his background (back ground)  
He been a lil donkey nigga from Uptown  
Nigga you must not know his backgorund (background)  
He been a lil donkey straight from that Nolia Uptown

(Turk)

I'm tried of tellin you niggas bout f\*\*kin wit me  
What you think I'm bitch made keep on and you'll see  
You could make me go off if u want and get ya issuse  
Face be on a picture, relatives gone miss ya  
Nigga I never talk twice  
If a nigga get down bad wit me, imma show em i ain't nothin nice

I ain't gone buck

Imma keep it on tha tuck  
Catch cha wit yo head down then I'm jammin you up  
You could under-estimate me if you want  
And watch how fast yo bitch ass whine up gettin funk  
You gone make me pop tha trunk  
You gone wish you never did  
F\*\*k givin body shots I'm hittin you in yo wig  
Ya under dig  
I'm a mutherf\*\*kin murder man (murder man)  
Wit tha K in my hand nigga you think that i'm playin  
It ain't nothin for me to start sprayin  
Cause it's in my blood line I'll leave where you standin

(Hook)

(Turk)

When it come down to that guerilla shit nigga I'm bout it  
Spinnin corners, Splittin fades wodie it gets me rowdy  
I don't just rap about it my nigga I live it  
You could get it twisted if you want you gone get it  
Let me burn yea  
If you haven't been taught nigga you gone learn yea  
Hard head make a soft ass  
Didn't yo momma tell u that young nigga  
You gotta gun so what nigga my gun bigger

If I'm up wit no stuntin I pull tha trigga  
Aim for yo chest or head you die quicker  
Nigga this young nigga here don't play  
Thug'n everyday and I roll wit a K  
Don't hesitate I'll blow you away  
Have yo family plannin yo funeral in tha way  
If you don't want my trouble you betta chill  
Learnt this along time I kill or be killed

(Hook)