

B.G., Uptown Thang (Remix Hot)

B.G.

Miscellaneous

Uptown Thang (Remix Hot)

It's an uptown Thang nigga

From the 3 to the 13th

As I proceed to hit the muthafuckin' weed
I be givin' you exactly what you need
To bob your head, cuz I know you likes to bob it
Back and forward to what that nigga Fresh droppin'
Music that's non-stoppin'
P-poppin' for the hoes
Gangsta ass shit, for the nigga smokin' ophthalmals
You know we gets busy Uptown is the clique
Big Boy can't fuck wit us, cuz Ca\$h Money is the shit
I represent, real ass niggas fa sho
From the Mac to the Melph to the Calio
Up in the Clara, V.L., the shit in between
Bout green can't forget about Josephine
Know what I mean? Don't get caught in none of those areas
Or six people will carry ya, niggas'll bury ya
Bitch, I thought you knew? You can't fuck with me
The B.G., you want me find me
In the U.P.T., with the 2-2-3, ready to bust back nigga feel me
Here's the fuckin' deal, gotta keep it real
Gotta holla at gangsta Hot boy hard to kill
Magnolia in effect, six co fa sho
My girl Shavonda in effect smoke somethin' fa sho
I'ma let my nutts hang, bang or get banged
For life, I thought you knew that it's an uptown thang pussy!

Chorus:

Uptown got'cha catchin' up the guard quicker
They got a T-shirt waitin' on yo fuckin' picture
Uptown got'cha catchin' up the guard quicker
They got a T-shirt waitin' on yo fuckin' picture

I represent to the fullest, Uptown's the shit
And the clique I'm in with nigga 2-2-6
I keep it real for the real
So the real could feel what I feel about my grill
Them raps, is worth a mil
You get killed if you get caught up with me in gangsta shit
When I say Uptown brings it you experience
Commence upon the drama that I present clown
I'm uncomfortable, if in a town that's not Uptown
Get down with all that huntin', my trigga finga glad
To wrap around the K, and put some fire on that ass
My nigga Yella bad but Baby G. even worse
You ridin' in a hearse, if I grab and start clickin' first
Headbusta Big Mo out that CP3
Calliope, home of that dope, nigga U.P.T.
St. Thomas got that torture, bad since '25
That Fuji powered niggas just do it a Worldwide
I'm high til' I die, think I'm fake nigga try
I'm off of Texas cheddar wit U.G.K. smokin' fry
Them Lite Riders, you run up, I told'ja I let'em hang
Bang or get banged nigga it's an uptown thang

Chorus

Once again it's me representin', comin' straight from the streets
Of the U.P.T., it's me, the Cash money B.G.
Lettin' you know make it relate, fuck you up with the flows

Tell her how it goes, niggas slip see how fast I show we ain't hoes
So recognize, I keep it real, for my niggas
Most niggas who feel us is real Uptown niggas
You figure, because I'm younger, that you harder
Well keep ya head up or busta it's man slaughter
Is you ready? To come swim in the water with the sharks
In the dark? You not bitch I can see it in your heart
YOU'Z A HOE
So stay on your side of the field
On tha real slip on tha banana peel get killed
Stop playin', before I start sprayin' I done told ya
I'll take it off ya shoulder I'm a Uptown solja
So what's happenin'? I'm fuckin' wit that S.T.P.
So what's happenin'? I'm fuckin' wit that 1-2-3
So what's happenin'? I'm fuckin' wit that 17
It's understood that I'll die for that wild 13
So keep it real, I'm chillin' wit that World War 2
Representin', I'm gone wit that 11th ward crew
I smoke weed put a little dope and let my nutts hang
To the end, I'm here to tell ya it's an Uptown thang

Chorus