

Unlv, 6 & Baronne(Manny Fresh Style) Awk Awk

Chorus

I say boot up or shut up
Nigga get yo life lit up
Yeah yeah yeah wootay
I say boot up or shut up or
Get yo f**kin' life lit up
Yeah yeah yeah wootay

First Verse

{Tec-9}

Chillin' on the set with the fully automatic tec
Never was caught slippin' that's how I got my respect
I pop 'em up pop 'em up watchin' bleed to death
Ya played with the Tec-9 now ya takin' yo last breath
Now everybody comin' up to be the rulers and gangsters
Now everybody comin' up to be the rulers and gangsters
Now everybody comin' up to be the rulers and gangsters
But I'm a tell you who the real f**kin' killer is
It's an third ward nigga it's an third ward nigga
Yes it's an third ward nigga got the bitches and money
While I'm chillin' on the corner I'm a get f**ked up
My nigga T got a forty and brought two cups
Lil' Ya is chillin' Yella is thuggin' and talkin' on the phone
And I'm chillin' on 6th and Baronne they call us
U.N.L.V. U.N.L.V. we comin straight out the
F**kin' one two three let a bitch rub up on us
I'm a load my chrome fat gangster lil' somethin'
Bout 6th and Baronne

Second Verse

{Lil' Ya}

I was chillin' on the corner of 6th and Baronne
With a forty in my hand and about to get tore
I got my dope stash and a tec on my side
For them jokin' mutherf**kers who be doin' drivebys
For them pussy ass niggas I've been try'na kill
I got a bullet proof vest and it's made of steel
For you sissy ass niggas thinkin' they hard
I get my tec and my nine and bout to pull yo car
When a nigga's on the set we makin' money again
Drinkin' forty red bullets smokin' boo-koo weed
It's f**ked up gettin' drunk makin' money havin' fun
Five-0 come but our dirt is all ready done
This is the place I call my mutherf**kin' home
'cause I'm chillin' on 6th and Baronne

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Third Verse

{Yella Boy}

Here come's an hard head rapper bout to crush yo phone
My name is Yella Boy no not Sylvester Stallion
Born and raised in third because that's my home

There's not another gangster set like 6th and Baronne
Because the bitches peepin' out seven days a week
I wait for the first and third to get paid ya see
My boys in rumors creepin' up but I just don't care
This is live or die sucker no not you thug there
I ride on other gangsters turf and need a gangsta's fit
Cash Money means ya got to stay legit
Throwin' paper in the air a quarter now an ounce
Then I call my dog bitch take her to Wall Street and make her bow
All the gangsters in the hood be up to no good
Pack the mutherf**kin' chrome smoke boo-koo weed now ya feel good
I'm down for a gangster strap can't you tell
I know a buildin' down with me of the Melph a Mene and Del a Rell
Tec-9, Lil' Ya me myself Yella Boy we all third ward soldiers
Not no child or little boys I'm makin' big bank and packin' the chrome
(Why) Because I'm a gangster from 6th and Baronne

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Forth Verse {Tec-9}

Growin' up was hard but it all paid off well
I was only eleven when I started to sell
6th and Baronne was the set that I sold rocks
Drinks done went crazy because I'm servin' the block
Now I'm on the run I guess I got to go
I slipped and sold to an undercover five-o
They say they got a reward if ya know where I'm at
But I'm gonna make it hard for 'em because I'm packin' a gat
Now I never was the type to run away from my home (why)
Because I'm a nigga from 6th and Baronne

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Fifth Verse {Lil' Ya}

I was chillin' on the corner strapped with the f**kin' chrome
Makin' boo-koo money on 6th and Baronne
All the junkies gather around and come see the man
I got big twenty flippers and za peter in my other hand
B 3 by my side he got dope to in a long f**kin' Lincoln
Yes he strapped with a twenty two
Tec is in the house chillin' with Moe
While Kerri on the floor doggin' doggin'
Doggin' a ho Chella's in the house chillin'
With Lamb while Ronda with Keisha
With them bitches they don't give a damn
Gettin' her haircut from Sue Tyra got a bitch
You know what to do Baby is on there other end

Stun'n on the pay phone and I'm chillin' on
6th and Baronne

Chorus

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Sixth Verse
{Yella Boy}

I got to watch my damn back
For the robbers and the gangsters
Like in the f**kin' pin I draw my knife
Then I shank ya because I know I got to handle that
Because some niggas try'na creep up bests believe I got my gat
You will never catch me slippin' 'cause the leather keep flippin'
Try to play and my product man ya must be trippin'
'cause a gangster out that third pushin' to much pain
Comin' weak that ho shit bitch you a rookie at the game
There's a dollar to made so best believe a playa call it
Disrespect my damn set watch yo back against the puppet
I'm takin' no shorts in the game of dope ya better come correct
Sucker 'cause this shit ain't no joke that boo-koo money in land
I got to have it in my hand got to make a hundred gee's
Just to be then nigga again because I'm makin' big bank
and packin' the chrome (why Yella) because I'm a gangster
From 6th and Baronne

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