

Unlv, Drag Em N Tha River

YELLA:

You fake cheerleadin' bitch!
You want a nigga like me to beware, ha?
I'ma show you some spokes right now..
Ya' bitch'you...

TEC-9:

Take them braids out his hair, Yella...

(CHORUS)

YELLA & TEC-9:

I'ma drag him from the river, dump his body in junkyard,
Leavin' a note around his neck readin' "BAD ASS YELLA BOY..""
Ooooooh, he wants some? Ain't that cold, ya'll?
YOU A HO! MYSTIKAL! YOU A HO, MYSTIKAL!
I'm from the three, and I don't give a fuck..
And I know you thought I wouldn't be back, but you can't keep me down,
Don't forget about the "U" and the Cash Money Clowns...

YELLA:

I'm from the the and I don't give a fuck, off the record,
Once again it's Mystikal with the Chuck's,
I'm back up on the scene with the two like a Viper,
Been in so much war, I think I straighter than a sniper..
Mystikal, you bitch, are you ready for the drama?
Told your ho' ass people, "Ho don't run, I'll kill Mama..""
If I catch ya' wit'cha draws down, I'ma do ya,
Once upon a time, I up'd the rugga, gimme the cruiser..

(CHORUS)

YELLA:

I be the Jack of all Trades, don't make me spl-iz-it, ya' fuckin' head,
The Queen I mean the King, I mean he learn't many trades,
Comin' to get'cha round the bend, I'm ready to unwrap your braids,
Get played, now what'cha wanna do? My nuts you can chew,
Because they told me you wanted to battle, Time for you to sca-dattle,
You ain't 'bout to be one doctor show, don't make me bust you up..
Gra'ze the left, the uppercut, the roundhouse, sidestep, roll'o
Let go of my shirt you ho, blood's up on my Polo,

(CHORUS)

YELLA:

Stop playin' with me, stop playin' with me bitch, stop playin' with me..
I'm like the BG's I'm gat totin, but this time, it's the Bulldog barrel smokin,
I hope they catch and chop ya down, tear ya ass apart..
Thrash all the swine, touch down, your brains on the ground..
I got's the gat spell it backwards,
That's what I do up on that ass, ya bitch, I'm not an actor..
I'm comin' dumpin' on ya fake punk wannabe,
I warned ya too many times, so watch the bloody tragedy,
I got the diamonds and the 'Bauds, twinkle up your golds,
I spin the bin, in the turtleneck Polo, cause I don't care..
Fuck what you sayin' about "Beware""
I'm tired of tellin' you that I'm a donkey, nigga, stop playin...

(CHORUS)

YELLA:

Up in the front room, in the whirl-around, the brown table,
Are you able? Capable? All of a sudden, um...
I had to pop em, I had to pop em.. I top em...
Authority, respect is what I need,

Hollow tips in the clips just to make your ass bleed,
It's time drop this pussy, rip the braids off, see..
I'ma dump his body in Chuck's yard, UNLV..
I'm bout'ta teach the cheerleader not to fuck with me,
I told y'a to keep my fuckin' name out ya fuckin' mouth,
You didn't do it now it's time to take your ass out..

(CHORUS)

YELLA:

I get's lowdown and dirty with the thirty-thirty,
Because I'm in your neighborhood, plus my nose dirty,
I'm into Chuck's house, off deliverin' the bad luck,
As I spin the bin with speed, it's too late to duck,
I'm like Jim Harbaugh, puffin' on a hot Marlboro,
I'm strictly with that asshole and comin' to down ya far,
Why did I ask would I please leave ya alone ya see?
I caught my enemies slippin' gettin' groceries
I waits behind the mailbox, like an old drunkard,
As Archie Bunker, comfortable? Ya bitch'you,
You see I walk by, I ride by, I drive by too,
I got's to hang a .45 and a AP-9 too...

(CHORUS) (4X)