

Unlv, Low Down Dirty

Verse one: {lil' ya}

Goin' for it all I want to ball fall
So give me some chip's, I got's a
Motherf**kin' nine on my hip,
I'm pissed, ain't nothin' shakin'
Shit's slow like before once again
I'm on the come up bro.
Called yella out his house
Man, we got money to make
Scooped tec off infaret
Then we make shit shake, act a donkey
Dressed like junkies, gettin' word on the bird's
Where they flyin', I'm a kill you if you lyin'
His cousin gave me the urge to want me take
What you got, give me yo yae, give me yo ring's
And yo boulevard watch, why you at take that
Link of yo neck, put it in my bag with the key's
To yo jag, I got to get yo gun's out yo f**kin' attic
Don't try to test my nut's and make me use the automatic
I rat a tat it, on yo ass daddy make ya duck
When you see a nigga pluck, boo-koo
Bullets, at yo motherf**kin' dome,
Bitch, you should have knew you couldn't run from the chrome

Chorus:

It's best ya scram 'cause I'm a champion
I'm dumpin' on 'em
I'm actin' a motherf**kin' donkey on 'em
I'm gettin' low down and dirty with the dirty thirty
Ya see I'm in yo neighbored hood and my nose dirty
{2x}

Verse two: {tec-9}

We be dumpin' on corner's like
Nigga what it be like,
Nigga be hangin' all night to keep they grip tight
Everybody know I'm a fool on the come up move
My baby boy need's new shoes
So what the f**k am I to do
Show a nigga how I act a ass on the trigger
Fully automatic m-11 nigga
So how you figure that I'm the nigga to f**k with
Graduated from slangin' yae to this dope shit
Twenty dollars a bag is what I'm givin'
Ak's, two twenty three's, momma still livin'
Momma tellin' me the rent's due

Big brother doin' five called to tell me
It's all on u, I became a man before my time
It's on my mind, I'm now hustlin'
To pay bill's and still make mine
Now I'm caught up in that game livin' day for day
I got reason's to leave and reason's to stay
To see the finer thing's in life
Maybe get myself a wife, and settle down
But all these dope fiend's keep comin' around
What ya got? could it be they all want to see the
Nigga with the fiyah out that 1-2-3!
Call me the capital, white natural
Bullet lyrical dropper, I run with nigga's

Who don't give a f**k and carry chopper's
I got to have it daddy, I'm on the come up
Label me black connection 2-2-6! we blowin' up
How ya dealin' rock's, keep them snap's in yo pocket
'cause I see the po-po's, y'all know them hoes
Tryin' to keep a nigga down
But I'm a hound, I hate to do it to my own kind
But ain't love, if you takin' mine
Lyin' think and behind, say what's up to
My nine milli settin' of somethin' silly
Now tell me what ya wanna do 'cause
I'm dumpin' on 'em! bitch!

Third verse: {yella boy}

I'm loaded got my double shot now
It's time to rock shop
I'm aimin' for the dome I'm gonna make
Everybody drop the ground
I'm a buck 'em down with them double shot's
I be's after a bitch a nigga de knock's upon the front door
I'm a play it smooth, then wipe the floor
The door cracked, I kicked it in and let both shoot's go
Three nigga's bangin' up all them clown's hit the floor
I found the cah in a glass trash bag stash
I count's the coke and out the back
I made a swift dash
Hopped in my hoptie headed uptown
I ditched the body so it wouldn't let the shell's found
My criminal thought as I got closer to the bus station
No question's ask I call my dog
Let's take a f**kin' vacation
I got to run and the money f**k the city blue's
Ya bitch!

Chorus {till the end}