

Unlv, Yella's Revenge

JAMAICAN: (TEC 9):

Origin-al, dem done there, mi say boy..

Wha? (It ain't ova yet...)

Origin-al dem done there, mi say boy..

Alright, ya'll.. Alright ya'll..

Alright, ya'll.. Alright ya'll..

Alright, ya'll.. Alright ya'll..

TEC 9:

Return of UNLV nigga, Trend Setter,

Get at me... Trendsetter fa' ya ass....

JAMAICAN:

Lil Ya' bring the beat, now boy, one time.. Ha..

LIL' YA: (Peep it...)

It ain't over ya'll, I got some shit on my chest,

These niggas bitin' our beats givin' me reasons to flex,

Even though they know, when we catch 'em we gon bag 'em,

Tie them clowns up, 3rd Ward style, commence to drag 'em,

Through the fuckin river, shit is realer than it ever been,

Them sucka's playin, knowin how the "U" spin the bin,

And when I'm mad, ain't no tellin what Lil Ya do,

Run in yo' crib, kill yo' kids and ya Mama too,

Then find you and make you pay for what you done, my dog,

Thirty-Thirty, gettin' dirty ready to take ya wig off,

I puff the Marlboro, to try to keep myself stable,

Loadin' guns at the brown table.. Now I'm able..

Capable to take another one out,

Loose lips sink ships, shouldn't of been runnin' ya mouth,

Now I'ma ride out, after I kill and destroy,

This is revenge fa' my lil nigga...

TEC 9:

Bad Ass Yella Boy..

(CHORUS 2x)

TEC 9: Now you can copy all ya' wanna, you can even try to sing it,

But none of ya'll niggas, can bring it like we bring it,

LIL' YA: This ain't no remake or sample, we the real McCoy's,

This is revenge for my lil ni'gga...

TEC 9: Bad Ass Yella Boy...

TEC 9:

Clicked tight with my group and I'm makin' them guns rang,

Messed up, dressed in black, and I'm throwin them thangs,

Kept it low and on the tuck, for about 4 years..

But now you nigga's got'sta pay dearly, no more tears..

Yea, the rumor done got out that UNLV's comin again,

Muthafucka' that means, nobody sells tapes again..

Took a blow to the group, but we troops, we never die,

I told ya'll muthafucka's time after time...

We "Uptown Niggas Livin' Violent".. violent...

Now I'ma ride for the sake of just ridin...

The hood mack and flexa's hit the block and now they hidin,

Revenge, for what ya'll did to one of my friends,

I got my money right, now we could go to war, spin the bin,

All that yappin' but I'll get loaded again,

Don't make me shoot a bag and go to cave ya' bitches' chest in,

Now I'ma ride after I kill and destroy..

This is revenge fa my lil' nigga.. ((Bad Ass Yella Boy))

Call shots like I get.. (my guns cocked, dont try nigga..)

CHORUS (2x)

LIL' YA: (TEC):

We come to drag 'em once again, spin the bin with a 4-10,
Leavin' a note around his neck that reads.. (Yella's Revenge)
I caught him slippin' at the liquor store,
Cocked the fo', kicked the do', he screamed like a ho,
"Ya'll dont shoot me no more.." Fa sho!

TEC 9:

You betta' be lookin' for some bullet-proof head gear,
Fuck the dumb shit, I'm takin' dome shots this year,
Knock ya' down like they did the St. Thomas,
Leave bitches in shock and nigga's right next to comas..

LIL' YA:

Look, I wait behind the mailbox, my disguise is smooth,
'Fitted like a business man, rockin' Timberland boots,
Smokin' that gook, that Dosai put that evil on my mind,
While I wait to buck this nigga with this nine, so stop cryin..

TEC 9:

Which one of you muthafucka's got's the nuts to run up on us?
Hits like a bonus, when I get to use the Mac'Ninety,
Hit real grimey, ske-datle to the West, where you can't find me,
I-10, muthafucka doin' a 90...

LIL' YA:

I got these nigga's hot, snitches, bitin' gotta stop, bitch,
Everything we make you bitches jock and try to copy it..

TEC 9: Ride on out... I don't want no muthafuckin' dap...

Now who killed my boy Yella a-k-a Fella?
Hard head rapper crushin' ya bone...

LIL' YA: I be eager to kill a nigga, dump his body in the river,
On the realla, boy... I'ma familiar Guerrilla.

TEC 9: Ya'll know I'm steady thuggin, huffin and puffin,
You nigga's buggin, the hood mack and flexa's hit the block
and start the bustin'.. **Gun Shot** **Gun Shot** **Gun Shot**

CHORUS (2x)

LIL' YA:

Yeah.. Yeah..
UNLV nigga, Trend Setters..
Representin' fa life..
We do our thing ni'gga, We brang it..
Yeah!
My nigga Sinista..
Fya ass nigga on the tr-izz-ack..
Ya Hoiiii'rrdd Me?
Uh huh, and um, and um..
Rest In Peace Yella, Yeah!