

# U.P.T. (feat. Big Tymers, Hot Boys & Lil Wayne)

Juvenile

[Intro: B.G. & Baby]

Cash Money slangin nine nigga

(Off top playboy)

H.B's and The B.G.'s

(What's happenin little B.G. bring it to these niggas)

[Verse 1: B.G.]

When I got that iron in my hand I'm goin' to slang it

When I got that drama on my mind I'm goin' to bring it

I ain't backin' down from no nigga that's nathan'

If the nigga say I ain't bout my business look here he hatin'

[Verse 2: Baby]

Coming uptown playboy we gonna slang it

If I catch you down bad nigga leave ya stankin'

Fucking wit my H.B's nigga I'm gonna bring it

Rollin' uptown stay strap and keep thinkin'

[Verse 3: B.G.]

Cause a nigga get stolen

Better yet get takin'

Paper is burn

They come fast, ya can't shake it

Picture this my brother Cash Money done went nation

That come's from seven hard years of dedication

[Verse 4: Baby]

Fuckin' with B.G. nigga

I'm puttin' on your face and I'm a kill me a nigga

That's believin' worth six figures we call hard hitters

We uptown riders and we real with this nigga, nigga

[Verse 5: B.G.]

Police can investigate but they ain't gonna find shit

But a hundred bullet shells without a fucking fingerprint

This Hot Boy click laid back and spy on niggas

We see them workin' on somethin' look here we riders

Ain't like workin' niggas

Any block with a flussy

That goes for the boss too

We ain't got no picks to choose it

We get cha if we gotta

Wig split cha if we gotta

I know you ain't got word that B.G.'s a rider

So keep it on the D.L

If you got keys don't serve nobody but off V.L

Cause they play for keeps

A one way ticket to hizell

Six feet deep

It's a filthy dirty rizell

On the U.P.T

I was raised in the streets

But I put it on my mind

By the time I was nine

I was pushin' nigga

I was slangin' that nine

[Verse 6: Lil Wayne]

Na, Na, Na, Na  
Now them them don't want us  
They know me and Turk don't fuss in the corners  
They already know that we brothers, Blood  
Or whatever you wanna call it  
Click up wit my dog we get crazy like alcoholics  
Plus we ballers  
So whatever we spin the Lex or Benz  
Its gonna be on twenny, twen, twens

[Verse 7: Turk]

Get off the block when we come nigga (nigga)  
To the lane  
Shots that close shop when the bullets start spraying  
Run your mouth too much, better watch what cha sayin'  
Like a nigga on the sideline, nigga we ain't playin'

[Interlude: Lil Wayne]

Na, Na, Na, Na  
Now why O why Lord  
The nigga wanna try and die Lord

[Interlude: Turk]

Niggas wanna learn hard way  
Give it to 'em like that  
Make 'em suffer  
Put that bitch wit a bag

[Verse 8: Juvenile]

I guess you probably standin' there sayin, "Who's the muthafucka?"  
Nigga Juv's the muthafucka, that'll bruise a muthafucka  
Either there's been a lot of cross-firin' in the bricks  
And I'm gonna kill me a nigga  
If they put me in that shit  
Look I'm gonna tell ya like I tell my folks  
Play with me if you want but Cash Money goin' broke  
Even if it means creepin' up slow  
Bustin' out shots out my black Volvo  
Fo sho, cause ain't nobody gonna run me  
I don't want nobody going to tell my mama when somebody done me  
She ain't bring me in the world for that  
She ain't raise no ho's  
She could have had a girl for that  
I been realized, I'm all in  
Surrounded by the camouflage, in ballin'  
Make a nigga recognize, I'm starvin'  
Go in and do a homicide, you fallin', stop callin'  
Cause ain't no peace treaties whodie  
You better not leave that forty-  
five at your house cause you gonna need it whodie  
I told you boy, I'm a soljah boy  
U.T.P up on my stomach from the 'Nolia boy

[Outro: B.G.]

Slangin' nine  
Fo sho nigga  
That's how we layin' it down for the ninety-eight all the way to the ninety-  
nine  
Worldwide  
Slangin' nine  
All you bus pass niggas better recognize

[Outro: Juvenile]  
This on here bezzeled out, ya heard me?  
Ask my nigga Prime nigga  
Ask my nigga Lac nigga  
Ask my nigga B Dog nigga  
Ask Mannie  
Ask Ruckus  
Ask my thug Corey  
Ask B.Geezy nigga  
Ask Soulja Slim

[Outro: B.G.]  
You ain't got no muthafuckin' heart  
Got the butcher knife killin' in the back, ya heard me?  
Slicing throats we doin' it like that, nigga  
Ah ha, Ah ha  
How you love that, nigga?  
What's up now nigga?  
Talk that shit now  
What, What's up  
I thought we was what kind of boys  
Nigga what, nigga who what, nigga ha

[Outro: Juvenile]  
I know yall gonna hear me all over the nation  
So this is for the East Coast, the South Coast, the West Coast, over  
The world  
Nigga ain't no beef nigga  
It's bout money  
Nigga if you ain't making no money I can't talk

[Outro: B.G.]  
Shut the fuck up  
Nigga ain't got no words for ya  
It's all about the fetti