

# Unlv, Things Got Wild

## Chorus

Tell ya bout this time things they got wild  
They got wild they got wild they got rowdy  
So let me tell you about this time things they got wild  
They got wild they got wild they got rowdy

## Verse 1

{yella boy}

I was creepin' through newtons gave my boy some f\*\*kin' dap  
I looked to my right and lil' hurt was about to strap  
I rocked upon the mic I made the whole crowd clap  
Tec-9 was in the back with boo-koo bitches on his lap  
Bigge de bouncin' through the pot hos was on my j  
I'm givin' eye to eye to this lil' freak named renee  
Spittin' much game and my game be cold  
Now why them hos be sweatin' me  
Because of the vibes of the kangol

## Chorus

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## Verse two

{tec-9}

Everybody buck wild because it's sunday night  
Music got it goin' on and it's kind of hype  
Lil' ya is on the mutherf\*\*kin' mic tonight  
Got the bitches pussy poppin' so we keepin' it tight  
My nigga pee wee in the back rippin' shit up  
He asked me would I grab the mic I said wusup  
Ya know I slowly approach the mic wit my hand  
Everybody was clappin' to what I was sayin'  
Till that nigga from the other side shouted out  
Mutherf\*\*k that third put a boot in yo mouth!  
Got damn nigga trippin' must be on that shit  
'cause before the bitch knew I was gettin' dat lick  
As I knocked out the big mouth who f\*\*ked up my show  
I told him it was sent around so it's time to go

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## Third verse

{lil' ya}

Sittin' in the club lookin' real sharp gee  
Niggas break out fightin' uh oh it's gettin' rowdy  
Hos in the front try'na break it up I'm chillin' in the back  
Try'na get my f\*\*kin' dick sucked  
Ya see they distracted about wards  
They servin' them hos come up drivin' and shoppin' in fancy cars  
But me I'm just chillin' like a f\*\*kin' villain  
Step against the chrome and there will be another killin'  
Somebody's on the mic rockin' the bitches

Lil' slim my nigga pimp they shit was tight  
Nigga lit up a blunt the hos was nothin' nice

The big man started to make fight  
Chairs started flyin' in the air  
But when you at newtons nobody don't care  
Then ms. tee popped up on the scene  
With that I don't give a ( I don't give a)  
You know what that mean bitches weigh tires  
With the f\*\*k me yella they was straight eddie bowin'  
Who the f\*\*k is tec-9 a nigga with a lot of dog bitches  
On his mutherf\*\*kin' mind then I head of juvie of valence street  
Down wit playa they call him lil' gangsta dee  
Newton was wild that night gee that's the same night  
Every f\*\*kin' thing got wild

Chorus

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Verse four  
{yella boy}

I slowly moved to the bar to get another slow gin  
I turned back around hands was goin' in the wind  
A nigga can't walk straight he full of that f\*\*kin' dank  
Walked up to another nigga that was drunk and waist his drink  
He said ya blow my f\*\*kin' high so nigga don't apologize  
I feel ya about to play me like a ho suddenly ya bout to die

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Fifth verse  
{tec-9}

Now I can't understand how a nigga sweat a bitch  
Gettin' all pumped because yo ho in my shit  
If ya tell her in her face ya f\*\*ked her  
Then that uptown bitch wouldn't disrespect ya  
You don't went and got yo whole posse for me  
Ya tried to test my nine to see if I was a gee  
Mutherf\*\*ker as I pop my trunk let me see dat ass run  
But the bullets from my gage put ya on front page  
All the shit that went down didn't even make since  
When they put you in the bag I was diggin' up in yo bitch  
As I left the scene everybody started to watch me  
I got to get the f\*\*k before them people try to rob me

Chorus

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Everything is wild yo that's not my style

I like to keep my game smooth like the water in the Nile  
Why shits always startin' while a nigga is try'na chill  
Every f\*\*kin' night ya hear somebody's gettin' killed