

Uncle Murda f/ Bun B, Busta Rhymes, DV Alias Khrist "Gotta Have That"

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[Intro: Uncle Murda] East New York!!!! Broklyn!!!!
[Chorus: DV Alias Khrist] (Uncle Murda) I gotta have that (OH!) Money when I see you where your stash at? (Where that stash at?) Grindin on the block for the green bags (You got the green bags!?) Run up on you nigga where the cheese at? (Yo where that cheese at?) Don't make me squeeze that I gotta have that (I gotta have that!) Money when I see you where your stash at? (Yo where that stash at?) Grindin on the block for the green bags (You got the green bags!?) Run up on you nigga where the cheese at? (Man where that cheese at?) Don't make me squeeze that, I gotta have that
[Verse One: Uncle Murda] You gettin money on that block I want in! (I want in) You make a twenty dollar sale I want ten! I tried to be nice but, he started riffin Then he slowed his role up when I start grippin I gotta get some new shoes for my son He got twenty pairs so what let's make it twenty one I'm a get him everything that his daddy never got Like the new Playstation and the new XBox So I gotta go and get a couple dudes off the block Put the mask on pull the thing out let it pop Run up on a chump like gimme them packs Man where that cheese at?! Don't make me squeeze that! [Chorus: DV Alias Khrist] (Uncle Murda) I gotta have that (OH!) Money when I see you where your stash at? (Where that stash at?) Grindin on the block for the green bags (You got the green bags!?) Run up on you nigga where the cheese at? (Yo where that cheese at?) Don't make me squeeze that I gotta have that (I gotta have that!) Money when I see you where your stash at? (Yo where that stash at?) Grindin on the block for the green bags (You got the green bags!?) Run up on you nigga where the cheese at? (Man where that cheese at?) Don't make me squeeze that, I gotta have that [Verse Two: Bun B] Trill hood cat know when you see me Hood chicks wanna love me hood dudes wanna be me I give them the heebie geebies when I step on the block They know I'm diggin in them pockets front on me and get dropped See I don't care who name on the streets they know that I'm runnin 'em Talk loud with his homeys catch him solo I'm sonnin him Look up the block there

go Uncle Murda and Bun and 'em They 'gon pop off
homey I don't want none of them You talk tough you
better be ready to back it up Before we get to actin up
y'all 'gon get to packin up That's real talk cause we ain't
playin for the dough And you can't put that on the Pimp
cause man you already know [Chorus: DV Alias Khrist]
(Uncle Murda) I gotta have that (OH!) Money when I see
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Grindin on the block for the green bags (You got the
green bags!?) Run up on you nigga where the cheese
at? (Man where that cheese at?) Don't make me
squeeze that, I gotta have that [Verse Three: Busta
Rhymes] na na na, na na na, na na na!!!! Ain't no
mistakin no fakin I be brakin in And I be shakin up the
buildin because I will be takin in Every fuckin thing that
I'm on, and if it's yours then I want it I take it like it was
mine, then walk around and then flaunt Then get to
fuckin your aunt, cause now she has an obsession
Because your belongings look better when there in my
possession Now heh heh heh heh gotta laugh at this
shit cause it's funny Whenever it comes to money I'm
such an irrational think The type for runnin your house
and I rob the stash under sink And put the gun in your
mouth and I'm frownin like somethin was missin And
give a fuck I ain't leavin a pot to pissin [Chorus: DV
Alias Khrist] (Uncle Murda) I gotta have that (OH!)
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stash at?) Grindin on the block for the green bags (You
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