

## **Maino f/ Busta Rhymes, Red Cafe, Uncle Murda "Murdergram 2009"**

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[Intro: Maino] Uh! Niggas is dead!!! Dead I tell you!  
Can't be serious! Know what'll happen when you take  
three of the realest niggas in Brooklyn! Street niggas  
and such, mix 'em all up in one track, It's Brooklyn!!!  
Uh! Heh heh! Can't be serious! Yeah! Yeah! [Verse  
One: Maino] Motherfuckers wanna kill me but don't got  
the heart To look me in the eyes with the nine that  
spark Cause whether you for or against us my  
murderous henchmen Leave shots in the same hoodie  
you dressed in No it's not a miracle baby I'm that  
incredible Street certified come on salute a general  
Your outta my league I refuse to war with you Simply I  
got more guns than you Keep the tek where my son live  
the llama at the other house Shotty in the car  
streetsweeper at my mama's house No sense I lost my  
damn mind now One shot'll leave abd gun powder  
around your eyebrows I'm the realest you niggas better  
comply now Make way for the king the streets is mine  
now I'm G and shit stripes like Adidas's Chris Brown  
damn right I beat a bitch!!!!!! This year the game 'gon  
let the crooks in Till the day that I die it's Brooklyn!  
[Verse Two: Red Cafe] It's R... I hope y'all, know I'm  
comin for that crown And my niggas hungry, don't  
bring your jewelry around 'Cause we eat food, and I got  
some broads to squeeze too In the +Boiler Room+  
supplyin "Vin Diesel" Dressed in the ice, it's dark, dim  
the lights in the jails and I reach you, it's nothin to send  
a kite And my dogs all bite, we be right in the hood  
Down for anything, even knockin down Suge I'm  
necessary, see the ghetto need Red They know I got  
the juice like A-Rodriguez (WHAT ELSE?) And I'ma  
come clean with the bump-bump thing Extended clips,  
like I'm on somethin And if you pickin out Gs' in a line-  
up (yep) It's only a matter of time 'fore you get lined up  
(yep) And you get bucked down, I'm from Bucktown  
Shakedown, ready for war, wassup now?! [Verse  
Three: Uncle Murda] I'm from where dudes they got  
shit Where dudes'll kill they man like 'Pone killed Rich  
Or they'll sell drugs to they own mamas Long as she  
come correct, with them motherfuckin dollars (What  
you want, mommy?) Or they might let her go for a

dollar, black If she two dollars short, they gon' tell her  
to holla back (Can't help you mommy) You know me,  
I'm right where the trail m when the club like where  
duke I'm beefin wit baby mom at (Baby!) My lil' brother  
locked up for a shooting He remind me of me, I was a  
bad influence (Sorry grandma!) Man, I had so many  
guns in the crib Saw so many people who wanted to be  
like me when they got big (f'real!) I'm cocky, AIN'T a  
emcee iller than me And I know for sure ain't none of  
these dudes realer than me! (They not!) I'm the future,  
I'll shoot ya, ain't hard to tell If I ain't the hottest, it got  
to be snow in the L I'm tired of these sucka ass niggas  
They get record deals to start frontin like they killas (It  
ain't snowin down there) Now, buck buck, before all this  
rap shit they was goody-two shoes in the hood - They  
ain't never clapped SHIT!!! (OH!) [Verse Four: Busta  
Rhymes] Cock back and and watch the Mac push Your  
fuckin head off, now buss a shot for East  
Flatbush!!!!!!!!!! Only time we pull it and party And  
waste bullets without hurtin somebody it's the fourth of  
July!!!!!! Fireworks pop in the air Takin them chances  
rinsin the cartridge cuttin the tree branches (IN  
BROOKLYN!!!!!!!!!!) Even the children will catch it That's  
why when we was younger we borrow and trade  
ratchets And get it like Omar from The Wire from a  
young bastard And when the police come run up in  
Pancho deli and stash it (IN BROOKLYN!!!!!!!!!!) Rust  
niggas will start to dig in them Pockets as if my name  
was Drac, Hawk and Pig and 'em Drop it, I commend  
my niggas that's in the dirt And, go 'head and where  
the crown cause my niggas puttin the work in You know  
I be the God of the street The people say so I relinquish  
wearin the crown cause Gods wears a halo

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