

Uncle Murda

"Brooklyn Bullshit"

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I've been Scheming, Duke Right there got it
He holding, He getting all the Dope money in the
Projects
Nah, I ain't Hating, But I'm Saying
Who The Fuck is Duke to be in the Hood Caking
I asked around, nobody ever heard of this nigga
I'm ready to take his spot, Then Murder this nigga
He don't act like no Killer, He look like a sucker
But I ain't gonna start judging no Book by it's Cover
Man, He got four dudes working for him
His Beef is they Beef, So they gonna get murdered for
him
Headshots, We gon' Kill em one by one
They don't know who to look for, they don't know where
it's coming from
Two of em' dead, that's how we do out here
Oh, Dude's pissed off, I heard he brought a crew out
here
He poppin Shit like Ya'll Don't know how I do out here
Come outside lets see who got the realest crew out
here
Oh Ya'll think I ain't built
He killed his other two workers for letting his other two
workers get killed
Oh this Dude on some other shit(he ruthless!!!!!!)
And he telling people to go tell niggaz he said Suck His
Dick!
I respect this kid, got a little heart yo
But it's time to go kill this Fake Ass Marlo!!!
Do him like Niggaz did Kane in Menace
I'm in the Hooptie, but niggaz don't know cuz it's tinted
He shot his peoples for nothing I don't know why he did
that
We did our homework already, we know where his crib
at
Shit, we even know where his mother lives

[Brooklyn Bullshit Lyrics On]

His Aunt's, His Uncles, We know where his whole family
is

Time to run up in his crib with the semi's
We kicked in his door but his fucking crib empty
Damn, something ain't feeling right Kid
It was empty when we kicked in this kats Momma Crib
Now I'm looking at my peoples like Fuck
We got to move our family's, Duke might be watching
us
It's gonna be a little harder than we thought
Whatchu expect, He used to be from East New York
(Brooklyn!!!!)
Shit, we gotta kill this nigga quick, I can't go to sleep
until this kid get hit(gimme a redbull!!!!!!)
The Funny thing is, He ain't hiding
Him and his crew was posted up right in the projects
Yeah, they right there waiting for niggaz, they got they
gunz out, like they ain't playing with niggaz
I got a bitch named Trina, I ain't talking bout' the rapper
My Trina's Light-skinned and her ass fatter
See, I'ma send that bitch to go fuck him
I need him to trust you I don't care if you gotta suck him
Yeah, Shorty understand the plan, Make this Kid fall In
Love So I can go kill him man
She walking up and down they strip, His man's tried to
holla but duke ain't say shit
Damn, This Nigga Real Militant, He remind me of me
and my people's a little bit
I wanna hit him, Shootouts is irrelevant
But his crew walk him to the car like the President
Got my Black Gloves, Black Hoodie, Black Boots on
This Dude Got to Go, This shit taking too long
I think I got him, I don't know for a fact
I don't think he changed where his kids go to school
at!!!!!!
Next Morning Bingo, we got this nigga
As soon as he dropped his kids off, we Rocked This
Nigga
We Celebrating, Getting High like a motherfucka
Then I found out that this kid got five brothers
He the youngest, and they saying he the softest one
This shit ain't over, there's a whole lot more to come!

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