

Uncle Murda

"Bullet Bullet"

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("Elephant Man is on the sample hook saying "Bullet Bullet")

Intro: "Elephant Man Sample" (Uncle Murda)
BULLET!!! BULLET!!! BULLET!!! East New York!!!!
BULLET!!! BULLET!!! BULLET!!! BULLET!!!
(Brooklyn!!!) BULLET!!! BULLET!!! BULLET!!!
BULLET!!! BULLET!!! BULLET!!! BULLET!!! (Uncle
Murda!!!)

[Chorus: Uncle Murda] (Elephant Man Sample)
You can run but can't hide from the (BULLET!!!
BULLET!!!)
Don't worry about the gun it's the (BULLET!!!
BULLET!!!)
If you a snitch you get a clip full of (BULLET!!!
BULLET!!!)
Hit in the head with a (BULLET!!! BULLET!!! BULLET!!!
BULLET!!!)
You can run but can't hide from the (BULLET!!!
BULLET!!!)
Don't worry about the gun it's the (BULLET!!!
BULLET!!!)
If you a snitch you get a clip full of (BULLET!!!
BULLET!!!)
Hit in the head with a (BULLET!!! BULLET!!! BULLET!!!
BULLET!!!)

[Verse 1: Uncle Murda] (Elephant Man Sample)
East New York you know I rep Brooklyn Brooklyn
Got my finger on the trigger I'm a pull it, pull it
Dread got pounds of weed so I took it, took it
He ain't wanna get hit with a (BULLET!!! BULLET!!!)
I'm grindin, I move from block to block
Start grippin up when they say the cops the cops
Everybody starts to screamin out it's hot it's hot
There they go my thang go pop, pop
Battyboy!!! Now you a body boy
He got shot once but that was a shotty boy
Now his wifey like oh my boo dead, dead
That bullet damn near to off his own, head

Uh, Now I'm puffin on my chronic, chronic
First time I caught a body it made me vomit
Uh, but now it ain't nothin I love it
You don't wanna romp with me when my gun get the
bussin

[Chorus: Uncle Murda] (Elephant Man Sample)
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BULLET!!!)

[Verse 2: Uncle Murda]
Shorty got her mouth open like she yawnin, yawnin
I put my pipe in it that's all she wanted, wanted
I heard she's messin with a famous rapper
I ain't 'gon say his name he might go home and smack
her
She told me he in love he be lovin her
Once I heard that out of spite I start crushin her
Brown hair homey handcuffin her
You know me one night with the chick then I'm dumpin
her
I was gettin gettin gettin some head
Then I'm back on the block gettin gettin that bread
My fo' fifth fully loaded loaded
Man wherever I go I tote it tote it
These little chumps don't want no drama
I valet your baby mama and your mama
Then hit yo' ass up with the llama
Have you screamin out yo I need a doctor doctor

[Chorus: Uncle Murda] (Elephant Man Sample)
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[Bridge: Jabba]

Uncle Murda!!! Jabba seh pull up!!! pull up pull up!!!!!!!
WhEEEEEEEE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! BULLET!!! BULLET!!!
BULLET!!! BULLET!!!
And play that tune again

[Verse 3: Uncle Murda]

Hey look at homeboy talkin to the po' po'
Didn't I tell everybody that's a no, no
He thought he was on the low, low
He was surprised when I hit him with the fo' fo'
He was chillin puffin on the co-coa
Turned around saw me he was like uh, oh
He said Murda don't shoot don't shoot
I got money, I'll give you the loot, give you the loot

[Chorus: Uncle Murda] (Elephant Man Sample)

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