

Uncle Murda

"Murdera"

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[Intro: Uncle Murda]
EAST NEW YORK!!!!!!!!!!!!

[singer] (Uncle Murda):
I'm smokin that la, la la la la, la la la la la la la la la
La, la, la, la (CARTER!!!!!!!!!!)
I'm smokin that la, la la la la, la la la la la la la la la
La, la, la, la (BROOKLYN!!!!!!!!!!)

[Chorus: Uncle Murda] (singer)
They call me Uncle (MURDERA!!!)
I'm a Gettin Money Gangsta (MURDERA!!!)
Them girls be all on me (MURDERA!!!)
Yeah they love me like thaaaaaaaat!!!!
(MURDERA!!!)

[Verse One: Uncle Murda] (*Sample from Taana Gardener's "Heartbeat")
OH!!! If you know me you know I'm so, street
And I ain't got no love for the po-lice
It's a recession I still get it for so, cheap
Niggas that's gettin them bricks off know, me
Look I be on the grind gettin mo-ney
If you broke you get no love from the ho-neys
Shorty that nigga you with, ain't, street
He shook baby I can hear his (*Heart-beat)
His friends said, I don't want no pro-blems
Tell duke relax we ain't gonna rob, him
Look I don't know is it me or the bi-ma
Or is she just a freak like Adi-na
But she all over me like ba-by
I just met her and she said I drive her cra-zy
You know I got the nine, tucked
Like whatever I'm on point like the line-up

[Chorus: Uncle Murda] (?)
They call me Uncle (MURDERA!!!)
I'm a Gettin Money Gangsta (MURDERA!!!)
Them girls be all on me (MURDERA!!!)
Yeah they love me like thaaaaaaaat!!!!
(MURDERA!!!)

(I'm smokin that la, la la la la, la la la la la la la la la,
la, la, la, la)
(Yeaaaahhhhhhhhhhh!!!!!!!)

[Bridge: singer] {*Sample from Taana Gardener's
"Heartbeat"}
Oh, I don't know..he told me thats he was alright (was
alright?)
Well, all I know, she creepin with me tonight (she comin
with me!)
It's all your fault, she said you ain't treat her right
No hands nor belt, but I'm about to beat tonight
{*Now you know this just don't make NO kind of sense}

[Verse Two: Uncle Murda]
Broke nigga, get OUT, my face
I'm on the pa-per chase
If you ain't talkin 'bout money, don't be talkin to
meeeeeee!!!!
(Okay, don't waste no time)
You better get on, the grind
If you broke, you're NO, friend of mine
I don't want your bail-up rubbin out off on
meeeeeeee!!!! (OHH!!!)
I, I, I, can't die
I got shot in my head, and survived
Man, I know I'm here for a r-eal rea-soooooon (I'm
special!)
Dem bullets wasn't hurt-in me
I felt like Her-cules
Man, ask the doctor I was barely bleed-innnn
(A good doctor!)

[Chorus: Uncle Murda] (?)
They call me Uncle (MURDERA!!!)
I'm a Gettin Money Gangsta (MURDERA!!!)
Them girls be all on me (MURDERA!!!)
Yeah they love me like thaaaaaaaat!!!!
(MURDERA!!!)
(I'm smokin that la, la la la la, la la la la la la la la la,
la, la, la, la)
(I'm smokin that la, la la la la, la la la la la la la la la,
la, la, la, la)
(Yeaaaahhhhhhhhhhh!!!!!!!)
They call me Uncle (MURDERA!!!)
I'm a Gettin Money Gangsta (MURDERA!!!)
Them girls be all on me (MURDERA!!!)
Yeah they love me like thaaaaaaaat!!!!
(MURDERA!!!)
(I'm smokin that)

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