

Uncle Murda

"My Way"

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(Verse 1: Maino & Uncle Murda)

Yeah Muthafuckas Hate What They Can't Be
Fear What They Can't Beat
No Matter How They Try, They Can't Touch What They
Can't See
You Ready Dawg?
Im Ready Dawg, Murda Let That Semi Off,
Have His Mama Like What The Fuck They Had To Kill
Him For?
But That Was Her Only Child
But He Never Made Her Proud
Finally She Wanted The Knucklehead To Get Gunned
Down
It Is What It Is
We Aint Rappers, We Shooters Man
This The Rebirth Of ???????
Got These Niggaz Shook To Death
To Da Death
Back To Back
Tec For Tec
Mac To Mac
Extra Clip
These Niggaz Is Scared Of That
Pop Em Up
Hit Em Up
That's Blood He Spittin Up
Im The Hand Of God
He Going To Need Jesus To Pick Him Up
Murda, What You Tryna To Do?
Maino, What You Tryna To Do?
Im Tryna Catch A Body Son
Im Tryna Catch A Body Too
We All Coke Offenders
Call The Cops To Come Get Us
Stand In Front Of The Judge Like Fuck It Give Us Our
Sentence

(Chorus)

We Send Them To The Wars Cause You Don't Really
Want No Problems With Us,
{We Hit Em Like...}

We Drag Em To The Back Of The Alley For Even
Uttering Words About Us.
(We Hit Em Like...)
So Sorry's Out Your Face, We Leanin But This Aint A
Dance We Do,
{We Hit Em Like...}

{You Get Em} (Yeah)
(I Split Em) {Yeah}
{I Twist Em} (Yeah)
(I Flip Em) {Yeah}
{You Lift Em} (Yeah)
{We Hit Em Like...}

(Verse 2: Maino & Uncle Murda)
Oh Imma Shoot Him In His Head
And Imma Hit Him In His Neck
We Got The Kinda Name
That You Niggaz Gon Respect
Imma Take That Nigga Chain
All I Need Is The Watch
Before We Take His Life
We Take Everything He Got
Imma Movement By Myself
And Imma Movement By Myself
But Together We A Force
Niggaz Lives Gon Get Lost
You Fuckin With A G
Imma Mufuckin Ryder
Im Mr. Shoot-You-Up
And Im The Getaway Driver
Look Man I Does What The Killers Do
You Know How These Killers Do
Got Some Real Niggaz Out In Philly, That Some Killers
Too

(Verse 3: Cassidy)
Im A Pro, So The Flow So Beautiful,
If I Aint The Truth In The Booth Then You
You Delusional
I Fuck Wit Men That Be Hustlin Like I Used To Do
But I Don't Move Pharmaceuticals, Im More Musical
I Be Rhymin Cause Findin A Job Is Unusual
And Workin A 9 To 5 Aint Cool To Do
The Pay They Pay You Today Is Unsuitable
That's Why Workin At A Job, I Refuse To Do
For Real, But The Media Be Confusin You
They Said I Had Price On My Head
Them Niggaz Foolin You
If I Had A Price On My Head
I'd Put Up Twice The Bread & They'll Be Dead

They Gon Shoot At Who?
I Got The Loot To Get Plenty Niggaz To Shoot At You
And I'll Shoot It Too, But You Know Them Lil Dudes'll Do
They Aint Sparkin They Barkin Just Like A Poodle Do
And I Could Prove It Too That The Problem Is
Unsolotional

(Chorus)

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