

## Uncle Murda "Warning Remix"

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[mariah carey]

this is a warning  
this is a warning, it's been a warning  
warned you the last time, warning you once again

[verse 1 " uncle murda]

me and mariah gettin' money, ooh we gettin' paper  
i ain't playin' i ain't playin, i'll smack the shit outta hater  
i'm the streets, i'm the gutter, ooh i'm so hood  
my main chick caught me cheatin', ooh i'm tiger woods  
remix after remix, ooh i got a hit  
in the club feelin' myself like ooh i'm the shit  
i got brooklyn on my back, watch how i hold it down  
i got biggie up in heaven like, ooh he makin' me proud  
i run new york right now, ooh this my town  
i just woke up one mornin', like ooh i'm wearin' the  
crown  
oh they shook, oh they nervous, ooh i got 'em scared  
i'm 50 when he first came out, ending rapper careers  
(yeah)

[hook - mariah carey]

this, this is a warning (this is a warning)  
warned you one last time, warning you once again

[verse 2 " 50 cent]

e'rything cool 'till i blackout, ooh you gone get it  
run, your back'll be my target ooh i'm gone hit it  
niggas see me with the strap out, ooh they start  
snitchin'  
fuck the wrong bitch raw, then it's oowoh when you're  
pissin'  
all i do is blow paper, ooh i gotta get it  
back to back, my two ferrari's, ooh i just shitted  
come through bumpin' murda, ooh i make 'em sick  
it's a warning, i'm tired of warning 'em kid  
i tell the homies to drop 'em, not even the d's could  
stop them  
bottles and bottles we pop 'em  
they scheme, we sit there and watch 'em  
trust me they move, or we got 'em  
got them gym stars in the chopper

my niggas pull 'em and pop 'em, click clack now back  
your ass back

[hook]

[verse 3 " young jeezy]

(lets go. yeah. look)

i said it's snow and uncle murda bitch (murda bitch),

call me cousin chopper hoe

jizzle why they call you that?

'cause i let the chopper go (boom, boom, boom)

goin' down my shooting list, send a couple warnin'

shots (yeah)

summers mine too bitch, i make a nigga mornin' (lets

go)

i gets money, i gets money, ooh i'm havin' paper

man i'm sayin fuck the plan, ooh these niggas haters

(yeah)

man they thought that i was over, i'm like ooh you

niggas trippin'

i'm with wink, loc, and brooklyn like, ooh these niggas

crippin' (haha)

catch me out in harlem like, ooh these niggas bloodin'

man them bitches see the roley like, whose your

country cousin? (damn)

on the phone with the game i'm like, ooh too many

fakers

keep blowin' all this purp, they might ooh, think we the

lakers (yeah)

what's wrong with the streets? i'm like, ooh too many

snitches

all around me in the club, i'm like who? too many

bitches (yeah)

i'm just sayin, why they hatin'? i'm like ooh, they wanna

be this

snow mizzle, uncle murda i'm like ooh this is the remix

(what's up)

[hook]

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