

## Uncle Murda

### "You Gotta Love It"

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[Intro: Uncle Murda]

East New York! Broklyn!

[Chorus: DV Alias Khrist (Uncle Murda)]

I gotta have that (OH!) Money when I see you where  
your stash at?

(Where that stash at?)

Grindin on the block for the green bags (You got the  
green bags!?)

Run up on you nigga where the cheese at? (Yo where  
that cheese at?)

Don't make me squeeze that

I gotta have that (I gotta have that!) Money when I see  
you where your stash at?

(Yo where that stash at?)

Grindin on the block for the green bags (You got the  
green bags!?)

Run up on you nigga where the cheese at? (Man where  
that cheese at?)

Don't make me squeeze that, I gotta have that

[Verse 1: Uncle Murda]

You gettin money on that block I want in! (I want in)

You make a twenty dollar sale I want ten!

I tried to be nice but, he started riffin

Then he slowed his role up when I start grippin

I gotta get some new shoes for my son

He got twenty pairs so what let's make it twenty one

I'm a get him everything that his daddy never got

Like the new Playstation and the new XBox

So I gotta go and get a couple dudes off the block

Put the mask on pull the thing out let it pop

Run up on a chump like gimme them packs

Man where that cheese at? ! Don't make me squeeze  
that!

[Chorus: DV Alias Khrist (Uncle Murda)]

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that cheese at?)  
Don't make me squeeze that, I gotta have that

[Verse 2: Bun B]

Trill hood cat know when you see me  
Hood chicks wanna love me hood dudes wanna be me  
I give them the heebie geebies when I step on the block  
They know I'm diggin in them pockets front on me and  
get dropped  
See I don't care who name on the streets they know  
that I'm runnin 'em  
Talk loud with his homeys catch him solo I'm sonnin  
him  
Look up the block there go Uncle Murda and Bun and  
'em  
They 'gon pop off homey I don't want none of them  
You talk tough you better be ready to back it up  
Before we get to actin up y'all 'gon get to packin up  
That's real talk cause we ain't playin for the dough  
And you can't put that on the Pimp cause man you  
already know

[Chorus: DV Alias Khrist (Uncle Murda)]

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[Verse 3: Busta Rhymes]

Na na na, na na na, na na na!  
Ain't no mistakin no fakin I be brakin in  
And I be shakin up the buildin because I will be takin in  
Every fuckin thing that I'm on, and if it's yours then I  
want it  
I take it like it was mine, then walk around and then  
flaunt  
Then get to fuckin your aunt, cause now she has an  
obsession  
Because your belongings look better when there in my  
possession  
Now heh heh heh heh gotta laugh at this shit cause it's  
funny  
Whenever it comes to money I'm such an irrational  
think  
The type for runnin your house and I rob the stash  
under sink  
And put the gun in your mouth and I'm frownin like  
somethin was missin  
And give a fuck I ain't leavin a pot to pissin

[Chorus: DV Alias Khrist (Uncle Murda)]  
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