Who's Your Uncle?

Uncle Kracker

Who bring's it to you Whooooohhh

I laid cuts with Jay and rocked rhymes with Run A couple mil in the bank and I ain't even done I got platinum plaques, I write platnum tracks I got it all from raps and that's the platinum face, Uh All that and there ain't nothing I fear yet Sippin champagne up in company leer jets Five star meals, Caribbean vacations Everything's plush deluxe accomodations Nationwide, the stations vibe To the cat who covers tracks like the lace on thighs My ace is high, there ain't gonna be no guessin And I'm the illest mother fucker on the block no question I ain't destined I don't fuck with fate Self made millionaire while your bussin plates You see I've already done everything you wanna do So what makes you think I give a fuck about you

Detroit to Texas
Texas to LA
Who brings it to you
Whooooohh
Who's your uncle?
Brooklyn to the bayou
Across the southern plains
Who brings it to you
Whooooohh
Who's your uncle?

I shot dice with the devil on many occasion Drank shots with God in an old gas station A couple accountants, that count my statements Cribs all paid for, no car payments Rocked in basements for gas and beer And now I get all that and big loot to appear I couldn't steer so I got me a chauffer Hired a chef cause I was tired of stouffers I got over and people showed envy Cause I couldn't choose between a Lincoln and a Benzy Fendi shades and topless maids I don't worry about clothes cause thier custom made I drink crushed up grapes that have been aged for years Your smokin OP's, drinkin three-two beer I've already done everything you wanna do So what makes you think I give a fuck about you Detroit to Texas Texas to LA Who brings it to you Whooooohh Who's your uncle? Brooklyn to the bayou Across the southern plains Who brings it to you Whooooohh Who's your uncle?

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