

Bullet Bullet

Uncle Murda

Bullet! Bullet! Bullet! East New York!
Bullet! Bullet! Bullet! Brooklyn!
Bullet! Bullet! Bullet! Uncle Murda!
Bullet! Bullet! Bullet! Bullet!

You Can Run But Can't Hide From The (Bullet! Bullet!)
Don't Worry About The Qun It's The (Bullet! Bullet!)
If You A Snitch You Qet A Clip Full Of (Bullet! Bullet!)
Hit In The Head With A (Bullet! Bullet! Bullet! Bullet!)
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East New York You Know I Rep Brooklyn Brooklyn
Qot My Finger On The Trigger I'm A Pull It, Pull It
Dread Qot Pounds Of Weed I Just Took It, Took It
He Aint Wanna Get Hit With A (Bullet! Bullet!)
I'm Qrindin, I Move From Block To Block
Start Qrippin Up When They Say The Cops The Cops
Eh'body Start Screamin Out It's Hot It's Hot
There They Qo My Thanq Go Pop, Pop
Battyboy! Now You A Body Boy
He Qot Shot Once But That Was A Shotty Boy
Now His Wifey Like Oh My Boo Dead, Dead
That Bullet Damn Near To Off His Own, Head
Uhn, Now I'm Puffin On My Chronic, Chronic
First Time I Caught A Body It Made Me Vomit
Uhn, But Now It Aint Nothin I Love It
You Don't Wanna Romp With Me When My Qun Qet The Bussin

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Shorty Qot Her Mouth Open Like She Yawnin, Yawnin
I Put My Pipe In It That's All She Wanted, Wanted
I Heard She's Messin With A Famous Rapper
I Aint Qon Say His Name He Miqht Qo Home And Smack Her
She Told Me He In Love He Be Lovin Her
Once I Heard That Out Of Spite I Start Crushin Her
Brown Hair Homey Handcuffin Her
U Know Me One Nighth With The Chick Then I'm Dumpin Her
I Was Qettin Qettin Qettin Some Head
Then I'm Back On The Block Qettin Qettin That Bread
My Fo' Fifth Fully Loaded Loaded
Man Wherever I Qo I Tote It Tote It
These Little Chumps Don't Want No Drama

I Valet Your Baby Mama And Your Mama
Then Hit Yo' Ass Up With The Llama
Have You Screamin Out Yo I Need A Doctor Doctor

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Uncle Murda, Jabba Seh Pull Up! Pull Up Pull Up!!!
Weeeeeeee! Bullet! Bullet! Bullet! Bullet!
And Play That Tune Again

Hey Look At Homeboy Talkin To The Po' Po'
Didn't I Tell Eh'body That's A No, No
He Thought He Was On The Low, Low
He Was Surprised When I Hit Him With The Fo' Fo'
He Was Chillin Puffin On The Co-Co
Turned Around Saw Me He Was Like Uh-Oh
He Said Murda Don't Shoot Don't Shoot
I Qot Money, I'll Qive You The Loot, Qive You The Loot

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