

## Candy Yams

Uncle Murda

This is bananas, I'm goin ham  
These niggas is sweet, candy yams  
Bunch of beloneys, cast they mood like  
Man they ain't bustin a grape in the food fight  
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I'm in the hood where they all doing day yo  
Who really run brooklyn, uncle murda or maino  
Certain people don't wanna hear nothing  
Like fuck all them niggas, pigs still runnin  
I go extra hard whenever the beat's on  
I sound like Nas when he had the fatigues on  
Me and NYPD don't get along  
I'm on the radio, they kids is singing my songs  
I don't care if she a model, a stripper or an actress  
I'm tryina get it poppin with all my mattress  
I've been back in the still out  
I was 15 in the tellie before flexin tuck chill out  
You can learn something from me  
I can teach you how to man up, not how to dougie  
See everybody lives but not everybody dies  
Look at Michael Jackson, Biggie and Pac, we still keep em alive

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I'm in the hood where they all doing day  
Who really run brooklyn, uncle murda, fab or café?  
Certain people don't wanna hear nothing  
Like fuck all them niggas, pigs still runnin  
I'm mason he was dancing with diddy  
All eyes on me now I'm runnin the city  
These rappers had they chance but they ain't get busy  
Tell the east coast, we back, we found the new biggie  
Chris Lighty don't dance but that's my diddy  
He say he gonn mark at me like the old 50  
This sound like a dre beat for my lil man did it  
This shit not make you do the gwap  
I smoked one these lil rappers don't play with me  
I'm feelin like dmx, I need y'all to pray for me  
Look, these rappers can't see me maine  
I'm the new version of krs one mc shane

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I'm in the hood, where they all doin day yo  
Who the realest nigga in the game, uncle murda or maino  
Rap niggas still tryina be what they ain't go  
Fuck with me, I smack the tube socks off his ankles  
The realest nigga in it, in a minute, shoots out in broad day  
Me and murda gonn finish  
No matter how I move, they gonn still say I'm troublesome  
Rappers just soft, chew em up, bubble gum  
Like cookies in a bag, crumble them  
The last time I got mad, they saw the devil come  
Black benz, white porsche, I been willim lately  
I be rollin so hard making mama hate me  
One drama lately, but niggas petrified  
Scared to death, hold they breath while I'm comin by  
Niggas french fry, food off 1 dollar menu  
They ain't about that life, we've been tryina tell you!

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