

# Cartier Frames

Uncle Murda

Oh-oh-oh-oh-oh, oh-oh-oh-oh-oh, oh-oh-oh-oh, oh-oh-oh-oh  
(Groove Chone on the beat, by the way)  
Oh-oh-oh-oh-oh  
The late night with it, lookin' for stains  
And we was an all black niggas, we pointin' in pain  
Yeah, I see the hate, yeah, I see the fake through the Cartier frames (frames, frames)  
Bro, pass the chop up into his top, aim it at his brain (oh)  
We the niggas that started that (we the niggas that started that)  
They know where the party at (they know where the party at)  
I'm postin' my moves, I keep a tool, yeah, we into all of that  
Look, yeah, I see the hate, yeah, I see the fake through the Cartier frames (frames, yeah)  
Bro, pass the chop up into his top, aim it at his brain and bing (look, look, look, look)

We off in the jungle, just a different part, we the lions, yeah, the hyenas  
We catch felonies, pay George Lawrence for them cases and the misdemeanors  
When we spin the block and let shots fly, hollow tips comin' out the anus  
We be drillin' shit while Chef G is sleepin', hollow comin' out the speakers  
Just caught a stain, got the nigga that I hit blood all on my sneakers  
He was gripped up but froze up when he seen niggas backin' out the meters  
Let's admit, old Somme' lookin' bad like when A was still workin' at the cleaners  
I can play cruel breeds, hit you with a bullet like you was one of my receivers

Respect the drugs and get your head tapped if you don't follow the procedures  
We superseded niggas' expectations, we overachievers  
Dropped out of school, came up, now we make more money than them teachers  
See the hate through the Cartier frames, niggas hatin' 'cause they wanna be us

Late night with it, lookin' for stains  
And we was an all black niggas, we fightin' in pain  
Yeah, I see the hate, yeah, I see the fate through the Cartier frames  
Broke past the chop, up and to its top, aiming at his brain  
We the niggas that started that, they know where the party at  
I'm bossin' my moves, I keep a tool, yeah, we in all of that  
Look, yeah, I see the hate, yeah, I see the fate through the Cartier frames  
Broke past the chop, up and to its top, aiming at his brain and bang

They know what we do to the opps  
Spinnin' a foreign, removin' his top, I know how to move when it's hot  
If a nigga move, walk, a nigga get dropped, yeah, you can get paid for stains  
Brodie back out, up and bang, my niggas puttin' in pain

Look, I probably been buildin' blocks for a week  
Lookin' for my opps in the streets, keep a grip of the beam  
For any stepper tryna step on the scene  
Niggas be too much with the foolery  
I ain't into that usually, we get to burnin' niggas up  
Don't give a fuck, ain't too much you can do with me

Can't slip, gotta move tactic

Run up on 'em in the party like what's your jacket?  
Tryna run, get hit, tall tag 'em  
All them shots out the clip, made a close casket

Fell in love with the frames, that's tough fashion  
Cartier frames, that's tough fashion  
Piss me off in the party, spin his head backwards  
QB toss bullets like he play Madden

The late night with it, lookin' for stains  
And we was an all black niggas, we puttin' in pain  
Yeah, I see the hate, yeah, I see the fake through the Cartier frames  
Bro pass the chop up and to his top, aim it at his brain  
We the niggas that started that, they know where the party at  
I bust my moves, I keep it tool, yeah, we in all of that  
Look, yeah, I see the hate, yeah, I see the fake through the Cartier frames  
Bro pass the chop up and to his top, aim it at his brain and bang

Love (love, love, love, love, love)  
(Love, love, love, love)  
(Love, love, love, love)  
(Love, love, love, love)