

Directors Cut

Uncle Murda

Hehe, it feels good being back on my bullshit, nigga
I Bullshit You Not
Let's make a movie 'bout it now
Yeah!
I think y'all gon' need to get some popcorn and some nachos and cheese, and
French fries for this one
Heh!

Look

See, if I was Scarface, I'd act a fool, nigga
I probably kill Manny if he fucked my sister too, nigga
Real live gangsta shit, no gimmicks
I repeat, and he told a nigga "family was off limits"
Back in the days, when I would let a nigga in my houses and
Would have killed Mickey Bond if I knew he'd snitch on all the council men
If I was Wayne Perry I'd put your body in a cooler
'Specially if you gave me up after being your main shooter
Frank Lucas ran a enterprise, engineering was structural
Hundred millions a year, the profit margin was wonderful
Swimmin' in that bread, see the diamonds we had was colourful
They should've killed his cousin for snitching
He knew he was dysfunctional
Aw, man, I tell niggas every time
And I'm so grateful that none of them situations is mines
'Cause after I finish killin' them niggas, then bounce in the hooptie
I write about them niggas and put they ass in a movie

Nah, nah-nah (Yeah!)
Nah, nah, nah, nah (Uncle Murda, Busta Rhymes)
(And we got a lot of shit for streets, Murda!)
Nah, nah, nah, nah (Yeah, Bus, I like how this thing sound)
(And I like to see how you back on your bullshit too, nigga)
Nah, nah, nah, nah (Hahaha, ohh! You know a lot of situations transpire
here, we need to get this right, them shits in a movie script, and make movies out of this shit)
Nah, nah, nah, nah

I be feelin' like Marlo when I get a nigga hit up
When I hit a nigga myself, I feel like Bishop
Old Dogs that killed Kane, that's how I feel
He was actin' like a bitch when the China man got killed (He was shook!)
Earhead wanna ride for his cousin
If niggas ain't make him he wouldn't have did nothin' (Wouldn't, though)
He be havin' flashbacks of lookin' down a barrel
In the crib, like, "damn, niggas killed my cousin Avril" (Cryin' to Jacob)
He ain't paid in full, ayy, he was a sucker
I don't respect him, he ain't love miss like a brother (And he was soft)
In the [?], why he ain't killed Rego?
And steady lyin', [?], he gave him up to the people (Sucker move)
And I'ma fresh the little Spanish nigga who wouldn't shut up
I knew he was gon' get killed, he talk to much (Knew it)
Been in my life, the movies is average
Make a movie on me, guaranteed street classic (Buss a mansion)

Nah, nah-nah (Oh yeah!)
Nah, nah, nah, nah (I always liked goin' to the movies when I was small
)

Nah, nah, nah, nah, nah-nah (I like makin' movies out of some of you, funny
motherfuckers out here, too, hehe)

Nah, nah, nah, nah, nah-nah

(Back on my bullshit)

Nah, nah, nah

Better get back on your bullshit

Hehehehe...

'Cause I'll make a movie out yo' ass if you ain't back on your bullshit, nig
ga