

## 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, nah (Uncle Murda, Busta Rhymes)

(And we got a lot of shit for streets, Murda!)

Nah, 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, 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, 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, nigga