

Happy To Be Here

Uncle Murda

Ayo [?], tell 'em blanco sent you
GMGATM its the unit
We ain't even 'posed to be here
Woah

Oh I'm just happy to be here, woah
I'm just happy to be here, woah
Got the sauce, a nigga drippin'
I'm just happy to be here (gang)
I'm just happy to be here, woah
Oh I'm just happy to be here, woah
Pretty face, big but, oh I'm happy that she here (yeah)
Oh I'm just happy to be here, woah
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Could be dead, or in jail, doin' like twenty-five years (gang)
I'm just happy to be here, woah
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Always shining, shit is lit, niggas mad that we here (woah)

From the bottom but I'm up now (I'm up), everybody wanna say what's up now (what's up)
Chicks that said they'd never let me hit it wanna let me fuck now (woah)
Old crib had roaches in it (ew), motivating me to go and get it
Back then I was so embarrassed I didn't even wanna bring the hoes up in it (I didn't)
I ain't grow up with a silver spoon, in the projects around goons
I was young watching gangsta movies, wasn't really into watching cartoons (S carface)
Father figure never had that, used to wonder where my dad at (where he at)
I was always upset as a kid, maybe that's what I was mad at (damn)
[?] that, where the bag at, attitude fuck bein' broke (fuck that)
I was sellin' that same shit that the nigga Bobby Brown used to smoke (Bobby)
Last night I made the block hot, saw an opp and I got him shot (bang bang)
I'ma fuck his lil chick too, like the Migos said, she a thot thot (haha)
Head shots when I squeeze that, caught cases and beat that
Got away with a lot of shit I'm lucky I ain't where Big Meech at (Free Meech)
Went from ashy to classy, I'm a skinny Biggie if you ask me
I was in the passenger seat but I didn't get shot when niggas tried to clap me (woah)

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Thieves they be lurking (bang), they tryna end me (word)

Ain't talkin' money, then me no comprende, hold up
[?] on my side is the semi, hold up
Play on the block like Dikembe, ball out
Stashing the work in the chimney
Talk about money you know I got plenty (yeah)
Smoking loud my oxygen
Moving weight call it out the gym (yeah)
Killers ask if the opp with him
Got the lawn and the drop with him
Sour smokin' that's the sticky (yeah)
Shooters back up like he Ricky (boom)
Stash the dirty in the sofa (whip it)
Hop out the back with a chauffeur (skrt)
I'm on it screw the law (yeah)
Early mornin' out here movin' raw
If it ain't 'bout the fam then who'd you do it for
If you ain't tryna kill why'd you shoot it for
If you do the crime gotta do the time (yeah)
Bullets in his chest, went through his spine (boom)
From the bottom all we do is climb
See what's on my neck all I do is shine (bling)
Cookin' work like it chemistry (whip it)
Blunts sour, cups Hennessy (yeah)
Nah I don't smoke I'm on papers (haha)
[?] me smokin' like a chimney
Niggas not who they pretend to be (yeah)
Fake niggas ain't no friend of me
Fuck with the gang that's a penalty
Family dyin' like the Kennedys

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