

Live From Romania

Uncle Murda

A hundred thousand people screaming while we up on stage
I done seen every kind of pussy that God ever made
I know niggas salty, I can read their demeanor
They performin' in lil' clubs, nigga, we in arenas

Look, I know they ain't there to see me, but I'm there, nigga
I'm cool with that, fifty payin' me to be here, nigga
Shit, my grandkids gon' get to spin this paper
Got rich off Get Rich Or Die Tryin', twenty years later

I sleep in the best hotels, eat complimentary breakfast
Groupie bitches overseas infatuated with my necklace
My life is a movie, they should put this shit on cable
Doin' better than niggas that signed to a major label

I was on the world tour, felt like a paid vacation
Just bought a new house, most of my neighbors is Caucasian
Safe to say I came a long way from the trenches
I smile a lot now like I just came from seein' the dentist

So relentless (Goddamn)
Give me my flowers now, fuck waitin', you feel me? (Fuck waitin')
Don't tell the world how dope I was after niggas that killed me (Don't do that)
Nas wrote, I remind 'em of Biggie on Twitter (Salute)

Can't imagine what that shit right there did for a nigga
High goat comparin' me to another goat (Damn)
I met the nigga Nas, he spit lyrics for me that I wrote (Jungle, what up?)
Gave me my flowers, well, I can still smell it

Plug callin' me, he got bricks, he know I can still sell it (Popeye)
That's my man Julio
I'm from Brooklyn, we get rappers raw at that Quar Studios (Uh)
Tell 'em get it back in blood like that nigga Pusaisi said

I'm hot, any day I can get invited by the feds (Damn)
Hopin' they don't snatch me up and try to take my freedom (Uh-huh)
They be in the club with niggas thinkin' we don't see 'em (We see 'em)
Jay Reed tryin' to stop me from bein' God

My lawyer ain't gon' take my money if he can't beat the charge
Or at least give me five years if they tryin' to give me twenty
So what you gon' do, cop out and go to trial, Lenny? (Hold up)
Or do the gingerbread man shit on the run eatin'?

Or they gon' put your picture up in New York and they ain't freeze it?
I'm just tellin' you your options, let's be very clear
Statute of limitation on this case hold seven years
These is conversations me and my lawyer used to have

Before I rapped, when I was trappin', gettin' money on the ad (Damn)
Ah, five-hundred grams, ready to flip
Open the bag, dope smell like salt and vinegar chips
And them niggas salty 'cause we gettin' them chips

Gossip about afternoon tea like a bitch

My haters confused on who we hit next
'Bout to play in your muse in depth
Nigga got caught slippin', movin' left

Homie almost lost his head for some pounds of coke, yeah
And I ain't scared to die 'cause I died already
And I'm all in a trap with my jewels all heavy
And got a super hitter like Pablo got Blackie

And he stay with a chop, broke boy, get at me
Yeah, black on black crime, another black nigga dead
Lawyer money up, playin' cat and mouse with the feds
My eyes filled to the brim when I heard my homie passed

Internet, cellphone, life movin' so fast
Politics and revolution, they up in assault rifles
In two weekends in New Zealand
They got cancer in the food, everybody vegan

And stay woke, everybody dreamin', everybody schemin'
And it's fast life, fast cars, internet stars trip
Clout chasin' niggas ridin' dick, man, I'm sick of this
Dumpin' out the Jag with some drum shit

Nigga, don't be a hashtag over dumb shit
Smokin' on opps with a little bit of Runtz mixed
John Wick with the FN to make your back flip
Niggas get turned to a strain, you get smoked, bitch

MD-500 in a 600S, six blunts, body with big breasts
Hellcat or demon, choose your pick
My diamonds is sick, they got the COVID
Chocolate bitch, like the Feds, the bitch holdin'

My Crip niggas rollin', my blood niggas GF
They active in the streets, they make the feds top chart list
AR-15 with the scope, a nigga won't miss
African warlord, we gang testin' out

We gon' each eat a piece of his heart
My enemies bring the worst out me
Cycle of success, niggas plottin' on me
Watch that I'm rockin' on me, light up Vegas for a week

Cal takin' hundred shots, wake the neighbors out, they sleep
I ain't a civilian, my lil' niggas drillin', baby
Four, five, hope, six like LeBron spinnin'
Niggas spit hitters top gang shit

Now it's R.I.P's on this block, everyday shit
His money is his only object
Behind his money, there's a trail of bodies that's behind it
I bench press and I super sidestep

Smokin' Sprinkles, that's as good as exotic
Niggas know my body, niggas know my guap
I'm Bird Off, you K-Mart, lil' nigga, stop
In my strapper, wound a buffalo, now you a pack

You on the wrong side of the grass, I ordered that
Be merciless with my praise, Hercules with the K's
Clout chasin', suck a dick, bitch nigga died today
Water on my new Rollie face

My bitch bad, your bitch is a puke emoji face
Niggas bleed just like us and God we trust
Nipsey died on my birthday, every year fucked up