

Statute Of Limitations

Uncle Murda

Oh yeah, this the Lanny Grant Story nigga
Oh, if you a real nigga, you need to roll up some' to this, nigga
Drink some Hennessey, nigga
See one of your man just locked up somebody, nigga
Are we on real nigga time, nigga ?
(Whoa)

We done killed a few live niggas
A whole bunch of lame niggas
If it wasn't for that statute of limitation, I'd say them niggas names, nigg
a
My niggas like you crazy (I know)
You talkin' real crazy
Don't let that rap shit go to your head
They would throw yo' black ass right in the feds

Fuck them niggas be killed, they supposed to be dead (Fuck 'em)
It was them or us, so we them in the head
Fuck being broke, we supposed to get bread
You know what I do, if I get caught I'ma go to the feds
You think I give a fuck about a rap nigga?
Being mad 'cause I dissed 'em on a track nigga
From where if he ain't from 'round here, get him gat, nigga
Don't call me to get it back nigga
Like Sean Kingston, you ain't gonna get it back nigga
We ain't doin' it here how Meech was doin' it, but we doin' it (BMF)
We don't pull out guns unless we shootin' it (Bang Bang)
Shoot to kill no play shit, broke Mac don't spray right when we spray shit
Kids outside, broad day shit
Only ones dying, thats the niggas we came to hit

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Niggas said they with this shit, don't know what this shit about
Dope boy in a drought, aye nigga, go a different route
Like them gold fronts, nigga, spit 'em out
You gon' make me hit you right here in this Waffle House
Fear is a option, danger is real
Go ahead, play tough guy and get your ass killed
Niggas was talking 'bout Boo Boo, sayin' "My man dropped him"
The party was jumpin' when I pop them
Next day, niggas was talkin' with a different tone (shit)
Why niggas ain't telling I get my name known
Fuck you thought, when a nigga got a bone to pick
Hit ya with that hollowtip, better corner cheap
I'm a hustler my nigga, I get to the bread
I don't know none 'bout no nigga been shot in the head
Niggas sayin' I hit him, that's not what I did
Do me a solid
Say that if you talk to the feds

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God don't care 'bout them niggas we kill, they in hell, nigga
But police want throw us in the jail, nigga
Mad 'cause nobody won't tell, nigga
No witnesses, no fingerprints on the shells, nigga (haha)
So they lock us up with no bail, nigga
Barely write letters, they reading through niggas mail, nigga
My man like, "What the fuck is you doin'
In the studio writin' song about niggas we shootin'
Can't make this up, it's 3 in the morning B
My man stopped my engenieur from recordin' me
"Fuck what they think they know, they can't prove shit"
He like: "I hear you my nigga, but this ain't how we do shit"
I know he right, but I don't want to hear it
I'm spittin' in police face and I'm hopin' they're hearin'
Black lives matter, I've done took that nigga
Before I said a nigga name, bring the hook back, nigga

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