

Tonite

Uncle Murda

We don't care if they strapped up, we got the drop tonight
We don't miss when we shoot, niggas getting shot tonight
It's summer time but we the ones making it hot tonight
Bet them old folks be callin' the cops tonight
[*gun shots*] That's all you gon' hear, nigga
Little kids gon' wake up outta their sleep all scared, nigga
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Want to see a dead body? Come with me over here, nigga

It's MAC-11 and .40 Cals for the opposition
On the news or in the newspaper, you might see him get mentioned
Like two men gunned down last night in Brooklyn
As far as knowing who might of did it, police still looking
Homicide askin' questions, my name getting mentioned
They got me under surveillance, paying me close attention
I shot at police before so they feeling the tension
I'm Larry Davis, this ain't going to be a easy apprehension
(Bang, bang)
They ain't got no evidence, it's all speculation
They think I'm out here killin' niggas for recreation
I kill niggas and laugh when I saw they momma cryin'
That's how it is in the jungle when you a fucking lion
If niggas get the drop on me, you think they gonna feel bad
Like, "Damn, Murda's kids gonna grown up without they dad"
They ain't gon' give two fucks and they shouldn't, nigga
If my finger was on the trigger, I'd pull it, nigga
I'd make sure I hit me with every bullet, nigga
If you ain't on it like that, don't even pull it, nigga
Shoot to kill is what I'm saying if you know like I know
I know Carlito wishin' he would've killed Benny Blanco
'Shoot them before they shoot me' is my mentality
Never back down from a nigga that challenge me
Shit you see in gangsta movies is my reality
I be talking that shit, niggas that locked up be proud of me

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Cough up your blood just to see what it taste like
It look better lettin' it go when it's broad daylight
Yo, Uncle Murda, we can't find a nigga, "Get his uncle murder'd"
Bundle serving body for body
That's just another person
We got sticks like we tryin' to build a tree house
Indictments left my name out
Certain shit I won't speak about
You ever seen a body flip?
Headshot splash like water as I Dasani sip
The feds will never find the grip
I'm parked in front your son's school trying to line your kid
He's gonna tell me where your momma live

While I'm just polishin' M1
Scope came with it, don't make no quick run
Leave it up to me to go handle it, I'm gonna get it done
Money on your head, type of shit we consider fun
Never breathe the same, they hit his lung, go get a gun (Gunshot)
Still got my GemStar, eat a nigga face up
My lawyer handle business now, go beat a nigga case up
You don't really want the morgue havin' to do your make up
Havin' to get your suit fit, tailor made, we shoot shit
Woodgrain coffin, we cook 'caine often
Never took chains off him, my crooks ain't talking
Interrogations, got my mental racin'
I ain't trying to be in Bellevue as no mental patient
We spin the block, a hundred shot, pray for whoever make it
And left 'em without all they paper, they just left 'em naked
It's murder

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