

Warning Skit

Uncle Murda

I get money, I get money
Uhh I'm getting paper
I ain't playin', I ain't playin'
I smack the shit out of haters

Come to bumping murder, uhh I make 'em sick
It's a warning, I'm tired of warning
Martini murder and you know we run the stakes
She shorty acting boujie but uhh her bag fake
I say it's snow in the convertible bitch
Call me cousin chopper
See the one ain't call you that
'Cause I let the chopper go
Uncle Murda gave you a warning, I ain't giving you shit
I come in and get started, fully extended clip
And better clap it if I'm drowning
Talk to me in the morning
Next time if shots fire
This is the only warning