

# Why You Mad

Uncle Murda

When you getting money  
These girls be running to you  
Mama let my money, oh ye I'm running to you  
What you hating for, what you frontin for  
And tell me, why you mad  
They mad, they mad

They mad at my beamer, they mad in my porsche  
They mad I beat all them charges when I went to court  
They mad at my lawyer, he keep beatin them bodies  
They mad at my broad, she's so pretty with her body  
They mad at my money, they all actin I spending  
They mad at my phantom, 'cause it's mine not rent it  
They mad at my bracelet, they mad at my rollie  
They mad that I'm ballin' like LeBron and Kobe  
They mad at my chopper, it be laying them down  
Mother married the doctor, 'cause she ain't saving the child  
They mad 'cause I'm the last nigga out nigga  
They got shine for selling like the new gawp nigga

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They mad at my jag, they mad at my 'rarri  
They mad that I mill em till I got one to the army  
They mad at them bottles, that I got at my tables  
And they mad at them fifty bust that I got on my table  
They mad at my paper, they don't like how I stack it  
Mad I ain't concerns, 'cause they know that I'm packing  
They mad at my ill blow, they mad at my new O  
I get it for the love, they mad at papichulo  
They mad at my Louie, they mad at my Gucci  
They mad at my H belt that be holding my toulie  
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They mad I know and that's no lie, no lie  
I'm mad at myself, 'cause I'm so fly  
Murder all the polo do it I'm so high  
Got hennesy in my cup, your main bitch wanna fuck with me  
Ain't going nowhere, boy you stuck to me  
And the bang is on my hip ye boy it's stuck to me  
Cracks wraps around my wrist ye my wrist is a whole key  
Niggas tell me what you see, I know you see that  
No blood, but I be where them fucking B's at  
No crip, but I be where them fucking C's at

And man to me, it's just money and diamonds  
I gotta stay shining, show knicks perfect timing

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