

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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