

Uncle Kracker, Who's Your Uncle

I laid with Joy and rocked rhymes with Run
A couple mill in the bank and I ain't even done
I got platinum plaques, I write platinum tracks
I got it all from raps and that's the platinum facts ...uhh

All that and there ain't nothing I fear yet
Sippin' champagne up in company leer jets
5 star meals, Caribbean vacations
Everything's plush deluxe accommodations

Nationwide the stations vibe
To the car who covers tracks like the lace on thighs
My ace is high there ain't gonna be no guessin'
And I'm the illest f**ker on the block no question

I ain't destined I don't f**k with fate
Self made millionaire while your bussin' plates
You see I've already done everything you wanna do
So what makes you think I give a f**k about you

CHORUS

Detroit to Texas, Texas to LA
Who brings it to you, who ooh ooh ooh,
Who's your Uncle?

Brooklyn to the bayou, across the southern plains

Who brings it to you, who ooh ooh ooh,
Who's your Uncle?

I shot dice with the devil on many occasion
Drank shots with God in an old gas station
A couple accountants that count my statements
Cribbs all paid for, no car payments

Rocked in basements for gas and beer
And now I get all that and big loot to appear
I couldn't steer so I got a chauffeur
Hired a chef 'cause I was tired of Stouffers

I got over and people showed envy
'cause I couldn't choose between a Lincoln and a Benz
Fendi shades and topless maids
I don't worry about clothes 'cause their custom made

I drink crushed up grapes that have been aged for years
Your smokin' OP's drinkin' 3 2 beers
I've already done everything you wanna do
So what makes you think I give a f**k about you

REPEAT CHORUS