

Rule Ja

"Murda 4 Life"

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Memphis Bleek]

Yeah, What y'all niggaz want street shit,

Memph Bleek shit, Ja Rule shit

[Ja Rule]

You heard nigga It's all real in the field nigga

Niggaz live wit it, money drugs and murdah for life

Bitches deal with it, only lovin them hoes for the night

If your feeling it, get high its alright

but you can't get it, until the day of our demise

Niggaz live wit it, money drugs and murdah for life

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[Memphis Bleek]

You can holler at the dog haters wanna see me fall

Bithces wanna too see me ball killers they don't wanna
see me at all

If I wasn't rolling with the rock

Will you niggaz pass rock share birds or flash glocks

I walk around wit two Mac's, razors and icepicks

Just cause you niggaz want to see me hurtin like them

Its all about the benjamins money cash hoe's livin
through this shit

I'm in nigga stack doe Street scholar, eight figure
nugga white collar cat

ain't the M-E-M-P-H man, bitch holla back

I'm a creature smoking on hay since it was reefer

Drug ass flow like I was cut wit either

Mark ass nigga don't want a part of this nigga

spark with this nigga blaze bark wit this nigga

Me and Ja Rule fuckin you hoe's is what these guys do

Ain't the type to buy you, mommy how you,

slide cock inside you supply you

with ten bitches times two, I'm a motherfuckin animal

[Ja Rule]

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[Ja Rule]

Fuck the world cause it ain't quite ready for me

I'm living my life niggaz take a look at these eyes

Witness what it is to be real niggaz guns,

drugs, hot slugs, coke runs, want some, get some

Bad enough buy some nigga

Fucking around with Ja and Bleek and get hit up

Tearing your whole clique then we clip up

Nigga that's what these Murderers nigga that's us

What the fuck, is you ready to die right now nigga?

Know you feelin my style nigga

Run wit nothing but wild Brooknam and Queens Isle
niggaz

Hit em any nigga that breath rule riddel em wit hot one

Ain't nigga like me, who you riding wit?

Rolling nothing but hot shit your bitch my bitch

Only difference is bitches on my dick blow dick

How I cock spread hit ho's love that shit, you celibate

I'll turn you into the freakiest bitch

Have you topless dancing in bars naked for dollars

y'all bitches know what my style is

Always on some foul shit, Rule bitch

Let the world know

When I spit nothing but that murderous

live wit it

[Ja Rule]

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[Memphis Bleek]

Hol-!a!

What you think of that,

bitch where we freakin at

Bum chick don't speak to that, fly momma creep wit
that

Live with it nigga hit it, don't stop get it

Don't tricking bitching, would you fuck with it

Brooknam and Queens Yo, it means more killin,

more guns, more drugs, more real ass niggaz

HOLLA don't give a fuck,

Dollas niggaz what you want

get it Crump blaze skunk,

what the fuck y'all want nigga!

[Ja Rule]

None of me cause,

I hit em wit to much style

And my energy got these niggaz creatin lil me's

I'm a lock and squeeze know that its my time

It I leave air breath niggaz haten on mines

I'm a nightmare niggas better prepare to die

And deal wit Ja hollerin Murda 4 life!

[Ja Rule]

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but you can't get it, until the day of our demise
[Ja Rule]
Uhh yeah,
Ja Rule. Memphis Bleek
Holla back,
Roc-A-Fella
Its Mur-da, Its Mur-da uh uh

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