

## **Rule Ja**

### **"Represent"**

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Ja Rule]

I represent Gangsta Shit

Niggaz that spent time on the brick for keys on the strip

Loadin my clips givin ass niggaz the shits

Life's a bitch gotta murda to get rich

And infamous that's when the game gets deep

Gotta re up cop heat and hit the streets

Now the feds is buggin me D.T. straight fucking me

The whole operation shook bitches ain't loving me

No more see I gotta make a switch

Should I lay low or run wild and stick shit

Ran up a team, that's stricly dedicated to cream

It's time to go outta town and wash niggaz clean

For everything they got, leave nothing to spare

But the shells on the ground when that ass is shot

And once again it's hot, but this time there's a snitch

Thought he was dead when he got hit in state Mich.

Turn states to evidence, we on the run

Reprisentin all illegal drugs and guns

[Chorus]

Where all my gangsta niggaz at?

Supply the town with coke and Hen(Hennesey) and  
cuban contacts

We keep them coming back, plus the one's that copped  
crack

Raw cut, overdose off the feedback, alone

Intoxicated from the Cognac, charge that Al Capone  
suite to Ammex

Valley to Lex, that black hand is on deck

We rollin in, peelin notes off of G stacks, We Murderaz

[Verse2]

This fuckin life's got me feeling like a lefty

It's aight, I'll go hard, make sure this world don't forget  
me

It's like my game's virtual, based on reality

I'm speeding like a bullet at high velocity

You think you stopping me, I think not

Ain't too many who known to do it properly

I'm likely to get so high like Tony be, toasted bein free

And trip out occasionally, you know

Cause it ain't nothing for me to touch you

But for you to touch Ja, yet to been proved, I'm still  
breathing

Current age, those dopes wanna live, gotta get paid to  
do so

The average mind can't elevate and grow, calculate  
the dough

Analyze and invest where it's profitable, marketable

Billboards hot shot debut

Ja Rule Unstopable

[Chorus]

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[Verse3]

Fear, that is my logic, the suit's made a composite  
sketch of this object

Blazing throught the projects, E.S. Lex coach edit, new  
shit

Got a nice connect, 12, five the brick, Heading o.t.

With this chick who like to slay, drink baby, snort coke  
and weed

Half Trinidadian and Vietnamese

She made a habit of calling a nigga daddy

Would die for me gladly, feloniously, I taught her well

Took her heavenly body and showed it hell

I made a lot of dough with her, she was my top nigga

Knew the rules to the game but painted her own picture

She wanted everything black and white

Never paying attention to the gray areas in life

Stayed up half the night, wondering is my dough all  
right

Is she high on the job, or maybe she's getting robbed

Quick picked up the mac milli, ready to get involved

Cause my .44 revolves around this

Fucking with Black Gang, all you get is hot lead

Muthafuckaz, cause you know that shit

[Chorus]

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