

Rule Ja

"Story To Tell"

Visit "[Story To Tell](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Aiyyo yo yo yo All y'all niggaz C'mon!

Yo gather round Lay it up I got a story to tell

All y'all niggaz gather round Hear this, hear this

Listen up I got a story to tell Huh, listen up I got a story to tell

Yeah, yeah, all y'all niggaz Listen up I got a story to tell

C'mere, c'mere hear this, hear this Listen up I got a story to tell

Yo, the Swatch bred Thoroughbred,

shockingly took two to the head Knowledge me God,

the shit I'm bout to holler is hard

From start, this little nigga had a hell of a heart

His pops, bangin that shit in his arms, broken

A young mind distorted emotions, is there an upside?

His brother got murdered up

North by milletas Ma-ma, battlin, cancer, of the colon

At the tender age of thirteen, watchin his world close in

Blood damn near frozen, from a heart so cold

It ain't pumpin out the love no mo', and I feel that

Where's God when you really need it, where the love at?

That's why a lot of niggaz got more faith in they gat

Freeze that like a photo, take it with you and know

This lil' nigga bout to kill all comers for cash flow

His role model, the heat, cause it runs streets

His motto: 'Nobody eats but me!'

Finally this young thug turned pro

Used to show love now he nuttin but hatred and foes

Five-double-oh's, hoes so deep

He the type of nigga that got it and break down a key

Remember me? J to the A R-U-L-E baby

Smell beef, it continue to uhh, give em hell

Fill they bodies with shells and leave niggaz with a
story to tell,

uh-huh

Listen I got a story to tell

On the streets we got guns and drugs for sale

Cause you hoes know the game that we play is real

Keep your mind on the money and your weapons
concealed

Listen up I got a story to tell I'm prayin to God,

know I'm goin to hell If its out of my hands,

I'll let time prevail, huh

Listen up I got a story to tell

Listen up I got a story to tell

Yeah, uhh, yeah Let me holla at y'all

Son in B'More, we scored more, than ever before

Copped the two door, six-double-oh off a roll

Show no love for loss since big eight be that lucky

number,

we slammed eight of those in Kentucky

Kept the currency comin, mo', diamonds

New clothes L.A. hoes that'll ride us pronto

Once you, lived in luxury, you can't leave it

Find yourself, turnin broke bitches into demons

Can you believe this? In Cleveland we cuttin these
niggaz

Creepin Tie em on every block, til we shut down shop

So keep your glock cocked, one in the head

Push the five series drop just in case we gotta spit and
spread

The alibi be simply,

we was in the Carribean with two of our women

friends sippin Remi and Henny

From there we'll flow, to the Florida

Keys and blow trees Fuck a couple of hoes and spend
some cheese

That's how a boy's life is supposed to be

Make our way to N.O. cause we

Bout It Bout It Then down to D.C. where they,

cock it pop it Listen up life is nuttin

but the hot shit from here to Wisconsin

Y'all niggaz can get it constant

It ain't hard that's like pushin dope in the 5th Ward

And just to get to God,

I'll go through hell and leave the world,

a story to tell, heh

Listen I got a story to tell

On the streets we got guns and drugs for sale

Cause you hoes know the game that we play is real

Keep your mind on the money and your weapons
concealed

Listen up I got a story to tell I'm prayin to God,

know I'm goin to hell If its out of my hands,

I'll let time prevail, huh

Listen up I got a story to tell

Listen up I got a story to tell

Yeah, uhh, yeah Let me holla at y'all

Visit [Rule Ja](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.