

## **Rule Ja**

### **"The Murderers"**

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Black Child:

Word to God

Ya know who the fuck this is?

Ya know we would kidnap yo kids?

Ya know what the fuck we do?

Murda bitch niggaz like you

For real all the time

Any place any where

Ya'll niggaz can get it

Act like ya'll don't know

In the world thats ice cold

Blacks die slowly

Cats snag groupies

Gats and leave you lonely

My mama always told me

The streets will slow you down

Daddy neva showed me

How heat will hold me down

So now, I rob and steal

The shit you fill

With a clique that kills

Yeah, my shit that real  
I hustled hard all my life  
Ran the streets all night  
My wife always said everything  
Was gonna be alright  
She was right  
And that's the one reason  
Why I love her  
But everything she said  
Went in one ear and out the other  
Word to Mother  
Look at it from a thug point of view  
When the kids need clothes  
What a thug gonna do?  
Hit the streets and hustle  
Or pick up the heat and bust you  
I'm tryin to eat like Russell  
Murda is my hustle  
you keep chasin yesterday  
You gonna miss tomorrow  
It's murda motherfucka  
We don't bang or rob  
We take shit  
Fuck you and yo fake bitch  
When the eight spit

You can feel the hatred

Taste it

You high right now

You aint ready to die right now

Before five we'll calm you down

You in the charmer now

It's drama how

A child will shut shit down

Killin niggaz for the fuck of it

I'll get you touched for chips

Fuck that shit and fuck yo wips

Fuck you bitch you can just suck my dick

Chorus:

If you keep chasin yesterday

You gonna miss tomorrow

Its murda motherfucka

We don't bang or rob

We take shit

Fuck you and yo fake bitch

When the eight spit

You can feel the hatred

Taste it

Its your blood

When we show love

We murderers ( murderers )

We throw slugs

We hustlers ( hustlers )

We sell drugs

And tell thugs livin it up

That there times up

Tah Murdah:

Yo, Yo

I dont give a fuck if you niggaz hate me

I drop bodies off where the lakes be

But lately, I've been hittin cribs be safe where the cake  
be

I take three to the feds for the love of the dollars

And put that hot shit through you and watch you Holla,  
Holla

The same niggaz I roll wit I'ma brawl wit

Hold my tanks

Run in the bank, and take it all with

Playa we flawless

Wit nothin to loose

Gun buttin and bruisin

Niggaz ya'll cant live

Funny shit about it

Niggaz wanna hit me

Forget about it

Thug-shit I'm livin

Ya'll niggaz spit about it

I rob and extort niggaz

Two-thirds of my life

The other third has been

Swingin on cars

Chasin the birds

If you ever get the urge to come

Try for test

All in one day you'll get none

And lied to rest

It's Murda

The only code of the ghetto

It's Murda

Nigga hand me the bezzle

And dance with the devil

Guns gradually spit

Gangsta shit

Attractin your bitch

Gettin head leaned back in the six

I master the chips

Nigga I'm tryin to tell you

You holdin hammers and nail you

Have you were the dogs couldn't smell you

Chorus:

If you keep chasin yesterday

You gonna miss tommorrow

Its murda motherfucka

We don't bang or rob

We take shit

Fuck you and yo fake bitch

When the eight spit

You can feel the hatred

Taste it

Its your blood

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We murderers ( murderers )

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Ja Rule:

Ja's the motherfuckin problem

Any nigga think not

I'ma pop 'em

Put the lid on niggaz

Demand that I spot 'em

Who gettin it? I got 'em nigga

And go got 'em to the cross in the roads

Show them how the guns blow

I'm a degenerate nigga

Addicted to hydro

Pushin four lanes

Top down with my eyes closed  
Got a death wish  
Money, drugs, and murderin shit  
What you want with this?  
We'll kidnap yo kids  
Clap up yo cribs  
It's the Murderers  
What you know that does  
That kill shit , just because?  
We them hot niggas  
Sell more records then roc niggas  
I'ma lock it down for six months  
And shock niggas  
Whats my name?  
J to A, the R-U-L-E  
With them hoes  
That get through more sheets then  
I's lay, you can't deny me  
I'm the motherfuckin one  
Drugs and bitches, like Heron  
The don be the rule  
If you hot get priced on your jewels  
Cop a benz, and 20 inch chrome yo shoes  
I got nothin to loose  
But everything to live for  
Thoroughbred's the man

That supply the raw  
I put my smack down  
>From N-Y to Chi-town  
Incorporated  
Murder spittin them rounds  
You don't wanna hear how we sound  
We cop the flame  
It's Murda  
And shit gonna change  
Niggaz...  
Uh, uh  
Motherfuckas, understand that  
Uh, uh  
We live or die for this here  
Nigga it's MURDA!!  
Motha fucka  
Give it to 'em  
We'll like that  
All my murderers!!  
My dog  
Fuck the world  
Ya heard  
Murder Inc. niggaz

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