

## Rule Ja

### "Worldwide Gangstas feat The Murderers"

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Black Child talking]

What's up Chi-town?

Yeah, Murder INC. back up in ya area

On that gangsta shit ya know

Connect worldwide

Worldwide gangsta shit nah mean?

From Chi-town to Miami

Houston to mother fuckin' LA, we connect nigga

With some gangsta shit

[Caddillac Tah]

Mother fuckers, you frontin' we comin' with heat niggas

AR-15s we sweepin' up the street bigger

Guns make niggas run, we squeeze triggers

We leave niggas dead for the stacks, slumped over,  
head in they lap

[Black Child]

Yo, we constantly count cream in the crackhouse

Basically, we bangin' bitches backs out

I feel like the last child

Throwin' bricks at a glasshouse

Poppin' and puffin' till I pass out

[Caddillac Tah]

This gangsta shit is for all my youngens who flip birds

And hug the block, in club they Cris and twist the bud,  
nigga what

We live it up, from Chi-town to my town

We diggin sluts, long dickin' in the guts

[Black Child]

We just religious thugs, gangsta pimps

Hoes fall in love the way we throw this dick

The Hummers on dubs look like tanks and shit

We came to stop the bank, don't blink be sick

[Caddillac Tah]

Nigga all of our love is for the chips

And I don't chase hoes, just pasos and bricks

Nigga let me sum it up

Y'all niggas is dumb enough

Run on up, the guns we tuck, bust

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust

[Black Child]

Holla at us, R-O-C-K-L-A-N-D and I-N-C

With Boo and Gotti, Ferrari Black and Caddillac Tah

Nigga, we go hard

[Gotti]

I'm loud when the shells pop

Still I sell rock

Got outta jail on bail, gettin' ready to plot

Yo I kidnap niggas

Then bitch smack niggas

Give me the crack nigga or get clap nigga

I ain't one of these rap niggas

I'm a big gat spitter

Bangin' and slangin' to be a rich ass nigga

Don't get tired in these streets

My nigga died in these streets

It's only one option, provide for these streets

My peeps out here so I ride with these streets

Spent weeks out here, grind on these streets

I know the deal out here

It's real out here

Got bitch bud murder and I'm still out here

Rockland, Murder INC. you get killed out here

Chi-town, New York, blood spill out here

And thugs like me, still out here

Yeah you heard nigga, I'm still out here

[Boo]

A yo I ride up, lied up outta my mind

Black Cadillac truck nigga, loaded with nines

To my thugs on the block, holdin' it down

I got love on the block, look at my eyes

Rockland, Murder INC. what the fuck you think

Me and Gotti whole plan is to cover the streets

We don't wanna body you man, fuck the beef

We sell a lot of these grams, and clutch the heat  
To many moves to be made, fake thug niggas  
Get a few through they brain, I been plug nigga  
It's rules to the game  
Cats like me play not to lose in this game  
You see this little nigga makin' moves in the Range  
I see you wack niggas still crusin' with lames  
Get full nigga cause it's food to the brain  
Rockland nigga spit fire and flames  
Get it right nigga, we gangsta  
[Ja Rule]  
Murder INC. gets poppin' pills, clips, however you like it  
Niggas get extorted, bitches get excited  
Known to start riots, the Rule and I-N-C  
Got fedaraleighs watchin' me, the Y-G and I-G  
Put it together family orientated through guns, drugs,  
and good relations  
Real conversations, we call it real talk  
And that shit spreads all the way from LA to New York  
And I love talk, that's when you get to smash on niggas  
Catch 'em in the dark spot and put the flash on niggas  
Cameras, lights, action, go buck at the master  
C's and past if when I die blow my ashes  
Off the shores of Costa Rica, nigga to each is own  
The Rule ain't dyin' alone motherfuckers

