

Travis Tritt F/ Marty Stuart

"Murda For Life"

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[Ja Rule]

Busta ass niggaz
Busta ass niggaz
Let's ride on they ass

This is murda for life
This is murda for life
This is murda for life
This is murda for life

Hater, it's murda
What the fuck you gonna do?
Murder I-N-C
We gangstas y'all playas
Now we took your shit
When we start for war

[Tah Murdah]

Yo, yo, whether y'all niggas feel it my gangsta or not
Guns will pop niggas will drop
Flip figgas and build stocks
And I still rock with niggas that slang them thangs
Fasinated by his life and what I could bring
It's a good thing when good niggas cling together
It's a hood thing guns sling hittin who ever
I'm after the cheedar
Niggas that's someting you must know
Get touched for any grand my plans is the gusto
(nobody can live)
Bitch nigga walk with it switch nigga
Wound up in the ditch nigga
Get fucking around
Throw you body over the bridge
And watch you drown
Yeah, it's murda when I cock it back

[Black Child]

Yo mutherfuckas love to hate us
We got slugs for traders
Big John-Dub paper drug flavors
We coke dope mess tabs and ease

Fuck around and I'll open up a spottin spree
If I did niggas will probably snitch on me
Cuz some of these niggas in the industry
Is like bitches to me
Ya'll ain't seen nothing this black since Biggie
You never seen gat this big that pretty
(Motherfuckas) you Murda I-N-C
(And I touch) bitch niggas get it for free
(Motherfucka) if I can't live niggas die to night
It's Black Child, Hollis Ave
Murda for life
(Nigga)

[Chorus: Ja Rule]
This is murda for life
This is murda for life
Motherfuckas I still don't give a fuck
This is murda for life
This is murda for life
Niggas I still don't give a shit
This is murda for life
This is murda for life
Call it what you want Murda Inc the gang nigga
This is murda for life
This is murda for life
Motherfuckas I still don't give a fuck

[Vita]
Meditate, light the dro
And let this bitch drop the flow
So know when you speak how niggas gonna creep
And they keep that heat
Leave you six feet deep
It's a murda thang
A Jersey thang
Now you how I claim it
Burn these thangs
Ain't nothing going to change
We own this bitch
And I never hesate to put it on the bitch
And this owned by the motherfuckin murda (I-N-C)
V-I-T-A and i see no (other choice)
But to roll with the homicide
For all the drama make sure that you
And your mama die

[Chorus]

[Ja Rule]
It's the end of the days for niggas who shit where they
lay

Like this bitch with AIDS
I paid fuck who I hate
So when we congregate
The condom breaks
For that born mistake
You bustas name too late
Shit, it's murda
That's what we be yelling
Sell a million to records
To top of these drugs we selling (gettin high)
Fucking with I-N-C and you (going die)
It's murda for life
So get it right (ya'll niggas)
Known for carring guns
We fuck (ya'll bitches)
It's thug life we live it
With both feet puttin in it
We gives more the we gettin
Ya'll needs shots to live it
Niggas you could call us
M-U-R-D-E-R-S
We put souls at rest and shoot up caskets
We dangerous
Fuck with INC you gettin touched
Cuz niggas
We still don't give a fuck

This is murda for life
This is murda for life
This is murda for life
This is murda for life

You will lie in Hell
Where your dead homeboys dwell
There's no way to escape
There's no way you can escape
So rest in peace bitch

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