

## **Bob The Builder**

### **"Murda 4 Life"**

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Yeah. What y'all niggaz want  
street shit, Memph Bleek shit, Ja rule shit  
You heard nigga  
It's all real in the field nigga

Chorus

Niggaz live wit it, money drugs and murdah for life  
Bitches deal with it, only lovin them hoes for the night  
If your feeling it, get high its alright  
but you can't get it, until the day of our demise

(repeat)

(Memphis Bleek)

You can holler at the dog haters wanna see me fall  
Bitches wanna too see me ball killers they don't wanna  
see me at all  
If I wasn't rolling with the rock  
Will you niggaz pass rock share birds or flash glocks  
I walk around wit two Mac's, razors and icepicks  
Just cause you niggaz want to see me hurtin like them  
Its all about the benjamins money cash hoe's  
livin through this shit i'm in nigger stack doe  
Street scholar, eight figure nigga white collar cat  
ain't the M-E-M-P-H man, bitch holla back  
I'm a creature smoking on hay since it was reefer  
Drug ass flow like I was cut wit ether  
Mark ass nigger don't want a part of this nigga spark  
with this nigga  
blaze bark wit this niga  
Me and Ja Rule fuckin you hoe's is what these guys do  
Ain't the type to buy you, mommy how you, slide cock  
inside you  
supply you with ten bitches times two, I'm a  
motherfuckin animal

Chorus (2x)

(Ja Rule)

Fuck the world cause it ain't quite ready me  
I'm living my life niggaz take a look at these eyes  
Witness what it is to be real niggaz  
guns, drugs, hot slugs, coke runs, want some, get  
some  
Bad enough buy some nigga  
Fucking around with Ja and Bleek and get hit up  
Tearing your whole clique then we clip up  
Nigga thats what these Murderers nigga that's us  
What the fuck, is you ready to die right now nigga?  
Know you feelin my style nigga  
Run wit nothing but wild Brooknam and Queens Isle  
niggaz  
Hit em any nigger that breath rule riddel em wit hot one  
Ain't nigga like me, who you riding wit?  
Rolling nothing but hot shit your bitch my bitch  
Only difference is bitches on my dick blow dick  
How I cock spread hit ho's love that shit, you celibate  
I'll turn you into the freakiest bitch  
Have you topless dancing in bars naked for dollars  
Y'all bitches know what my style is  
Always on some foul shit, Rule bitch  
Let the world know  
When I spit nothing but that murderous live wit it

Chorus (2x)

(Memphis Bleek)

Hol-la! What you think of that, bitch where we freakin at  
Bum chick don't speak to that, fly momma creep wit  
that  
Live with it nigga hit it, don't stop get it get it  
Don't tricking bitching, would you fuck with it  
Brooknam and Queens  
Yo, it means more killin, more guns, more drugs, more  
real ass niggaz  
HOLLA don't give a fuck, DOLLAS niggaz what you want  
get it  
Crump blaze skunk, what the fuck y'all want nigga!

(Ja Rule)

None of me cause, I hit em wit to much style  
And my energy got these niggaz creatin lil me's  
I'm a lock and squeeze know that its my time  
If I leave air breath niggaz haten on mines  
I'm a nightmare niggas better prepare to die  
And deal wit Ja hollerin Murda 4 life!

Chorus(2x)

Uhh yeah

Ja Rule, Memph Bleek  
Holla back, Roc-a-Fella  
Its Mur-da, Its Mur-da uh uh  
We out

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