

Busta Rhymes "Hail Mary(Ja Rule Diss)"

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[Intro: Eminem]

Makaveli, rest in peace

Irv Gotti, too much Bacardi in his body

Mouth like a 12 gauge shotty (feel me!)

{*starts singing chorus in background*}

And this bitch said he should be

The lost forgotten seed of Tupac

To lead this industry into the ways of the man

Follow me...!

[Chorus: Eminem]

Come get me

If you motherfuckas want Shady

If Pac was still here now

He would never ride with Ja

Na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na

[Verse 1: Eminem]

You ain't no killa, you a pussy

That ecstasy done got you all emotional and mushy

Bitch is wearin' rags in photos, Ja's words bein' quoted

In The Source stealin' Pac's shit like he just wrote it

You loudmouths, pray to God hopin' no one's listenin'

See 50 comin' for me I'ma guard my, my position

No one'll pay attention to me, please Gotti

Here I go, give me this pill

Ecstasy done got me feelin' so invincible

Now all a sudden I'm a fuckin' mad man who screams

like I'm Pac

But I'm not, enemies, Hennessy

Actin' like I'm great, but I'm fake, I'm crazy

Sweat drip get me off this trip, someone stop this train

Some say my brain is all corrupted fuckin' with this shit

I'm suck, I'm addicted to these drugs, I'ma quit

sayin' motherfuckas names before somebody fucks

me up

Ain't no pussies over here partner, see you in hell,

fucka

[Chorus: Eminem]

Come get me

Motherfucka, if you want Shady

If Pac was still here now
He would never ride with Ja
Na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na
Get off that E
'Fore you try to come and fuck with me
It's Aftermath gettin' down, Shady Records got it
locked
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la

[Verse 2: 50 Cent]

Penitentiaries is packed with promise makers
Never realize the precious time that bitch niggaz is
wastin'
Institutionalize my bitchez bring me product by the
bundle
Hustle hard for my sale, G-Unit motherfucka, we ballin'
Catch me countin' cheese and when I'm callin', do you
accept my calls?
Still let me sip on Hennessy, can I sip some more?
Hell, I done been to jail, I ain't scared
Mama checkin' in my bedroom, I ain't there
I got a head with no screws in it
Motherfuckas thinkin' they can stop 50, they losin' it
Lil' nigga named Ja think he live like me
Talkin' about he left the hospital took nine like me
You livin' fantasies nigga, I been checkin' deposit
When your lil' sweet ass gon' come out of the closet?
Now he wonderin' why DMX blowed him out
Next time grown folks talkin', bitch, close yo mouth
Peep me, I take this war shit deeply
Done seen too many real niggaz ball to let these bitch
niggaz beat me
Black Child, you's a motherfuckin' punk and you'll see
me with gloves
Quit scarin' them fuckin' kids with yo ugly ass mug
And you can tell them niggaz you roll with whatever you
want
But you and I know what's goin' on
Nigga payback, Tah, I know yo bitch ass from way back
Witness me strap the mac, knew I don't play that
All these old rappers tryina advance
It's all over now, take it like a man [haha!]
Irv lookin' like Larry Holmes, flabby and sick
Tryina playa hate on my shit
Man, eat a fat dick!
Lovin' this shit, that's how you made me
Feelin' like I got you niggaz crazy
Uh huh, against all odds
Hopin' my thug motherfuckas know
This be the realest shit I ever wrote
Against all odds

Up in the studio gettin' blowed
To the truest shit I ever spoke

[Verse 3: Busta Rhymes]

Ay yo, I been one of the most humble
Reppin' streets to the core
Ay Jeffrey, what the fuck you come and bother me for?
It's been a long time comin', like a blessing to check
you
See, 106 & Park fans don't even fuckin' respect you
It's kinda funny, wanna be Pac, wanna fake like he thug
Runnin' around talkin' shit that he ain't capable of
Now let me off this cock sucka, watch me handle you
nigga
If I recall, Violator used to manage you nigga
They took a closer look and realized you wasn't
impostured
There's never been a Violator on the Murder Inc. roster,
dumbass
Now, who shootin'? Awww, made you look!
You said Bust' singin' the same old hook? You stupid!
If y'all shootin', I take a look at yo man
The bitch shot himself in front of Def Jam
Chedda bob ass niggaz, start adjustin' yo plan
You let the streets down nigga, apologize to yo fans
Watched you pull a lil' stunt like we ain't know what it
was
Lil' faggot, desperate tryina reestablish a buzz
I know the shit is drivin' you crazy, you wonderin' how
The streets ain't never want you, Beatrice, whachu
gonna do now?
Now if you wanna beef with me, then I'm beefin' with
you
I think about the game and what it's like and
{*imitating Ja Rule*} "What would it be without you?"
You finished, I ain't tryina repeat this
Just 'cause I'm cool, you shouldn't take my kindness for
weakness

[Busta Rhymes talking]

Oh shit... it was fun...
Next time you got a problem man...
Address me before you try to make the shit a public
issue homey...
Now I'ma return back to my regular self...
And have fun again... one!

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