

Five Iron Frenzy

"Loose Change"

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[Intro - Ja Rule - talking]

These faggot ass niggaz

A yo Buck, word to mother

Yo, they had young Malcolm silenced too long, baby

They can't fuckin hold me down nigga

What the fuck these niggaz thought

It's the I-N-C nigga

It's Murder

M-I-B nigga

Murder Inc. Bosses, motherfuckers

Ja Rule, haha

A yo Buck

Turn this shit up in my motherfuckin headphones

Turn me up niggaz

Fuck these faggots, haha

It's real nigga, yeah

It's real nigga (a yo, word to mother)

(FUCK YOU LOOSE CHANGE, YOU FAGGOT)

Yeah, (FEMINEM I'M A SLAP THE SHIT OUTTA YOU BITCH)

MURDER INC., NIGGAZ

[Verse 1]

How many niggaz hold they heat like Rule, sidearm,
barrel in mouth

To blow ya head out to the south

And let little J get to airin ya out

And if there's any change left

I toss ya on down to the west

And let (westside) the road ride down on ya

+California Love+ is what ya crave, so on ya grave

It's gonna read: "Here lie 50, who snitched on many
That half a dollar, that nickel, them dimes, and died
like penny"

And Murder Inc. will send they deepest condolences
and sympathies

to Aftermath and Shady, Interscope and Jimmy lovine

Ya know your team they really some peons

Gettin peed on and linked on

I'm talkin about faggot ass gay Dre Young

And Suge told me all about how you used to take

transvestites home
And occasionally wear thongs
No wonder Feminem be cross dressin in pumps and
tight little dresses
My pumps they leave big messes
And I know the 'Truth Hurts' when I bust reckless
Battle of the sexes, is that a woman or a man?
I really don't care to stand, but 50 you gonna get shot
again
By the M-U-R-E-D-R Inc.
I'm the rapper that sings, totes guns and blings
And these Fed's can't discuss 'em
Cause Lighty's "Violatin" us, usin his powerpuff
(Fuck you man) cryin bitch to Russell like:

(*beat changes over to Nas' "Made You Look"*)

[Verse 2]

They shootin', ah Chris ya shook
And got Bus' rhymin the same old hook
Like, they shootin, I ain't shoot up ya land
I'd a put ya in the coroner van
Like my nigga J (*kissing sound*)
That can't defend what should be the get away car
When I clap at your broads
And Em, what's the doo-rag for?
You never gonna have braids, you'll never know black
pain
But you could become the first white rapper slain
Just get yo money man
The Inc. is runnin thangs, hideout with Loose Change
And you nigga, I'm a send you to mommy
With strict orders from Gotti to hide the body
And Dre, your day's comin too, cause I got a team of
misfits
That squat and handle they business
Cause, I'M SHOOTIN, at all y'all niggaz
And 'Lil Mo, your just one of them bitches
That ain't had a hot song in how long?, never
Your better off with a dick in your mouth, just shut up

(*beat stops*)

Em, you claim your mother's a crackhead and Kim is a
known slut
So what's Hailie gonna be when she grows up?

(*beat starts up again*)

[Outro - Ja Rule - yelling]

MURDER! Y'all know what it is

MURDER! Y'all know what it be
MURDER! Y'all know what it is
MURDER! I-N-C (*crashing noise*)

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