

Five Iron Frenzy

"Niggas & Bitches"

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[Intro - Ja Rule - talking]

Yeah ... ha, uh huh

You know how we do (we're gonna do how we do)

Uh, uh, yo my nigga Cad what's hangin nigga (gangsta shit)

Nigga Terry what's goin on nigga

Let me talk to 'em for a minute (Murder Inc. bosses in the building)

Yeah, haha

[Chorus]

Niggas! Grip the iron and keep it cocked

Bitches! Work your clit keep that pussy hot

Cause it's all about the benjamins and nobody ain't doin it like us

C'mon what y'all want?

Niggas! Grip the iron and keep it cocked

Bitches! Work your clit keep that pussy hot

Cause it's all about sex, money, and murder

Bitches that burn ya, niggas with burners

Cocked and let go!

[Verse 1]

Fuck all y'all motherfuckin bitch ass niggas

I'm talkin to whoever wanna be ridin my dick

And you know your gon' get it as hot as I spit it

It's the Rule and nobody wanna be bothered with

If I hit 'em in every direction with four fifths

Will expend like 45's with compact discs (c'mon)

It's a disappointment to see niggas flip on Rule like they double jointed

When I'm one of rap's anointed

Who else used to order it all on the dick

Like when I come through with spinners on the six

And got bitches bouncin like Ronnie in Tricks

But some whores in this game really don't make sense

Bomb roof and via Cal's and clonin Ems

But when bullets go through your film, we break your limbs

A horror show, yeah picture this

Cause I guess you can't see it, it's Murder again

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

Rule I fuck with bitches in Manolos and thick Louie
Vuitton logos
Cause I don't love these hoes
I'm above and beyond everything that your seein
And I'm the only real nigga left rappin this freakin
If I could be one of the seasons, you'd call me summer
The way I bang the heater out the back of the Hummer
The bull just move like runners from city block to city
block
Layin down the foundation for what's really hot
Y'all niggas really not on my level (c'mon)
I'm like slugs when they pierce the metal, you see
sparks (what)
My voice is a brush, they hear it it's like art
And nobody can really tell the twins apart
I call one Nina, other one Santa Maria
I might roll up on your set, dump and lean ya
My bitch is cocked to bang men in Virginia
Don't make me run up on ya, put a few in ya

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Yeah, yeah, yo, Murder's outlaw, that guess I get a
city's a broads
So I push the Porsche high and truck to court
Holla at the judge if the judge made a bad decision
I feel like the nigga that triggerin guns with mittens
It's hard to get done, I'm hearin that security runs
around 30K, if they don't get hit with an AK
And found out that the security's runnin another way
Like with me, it's Murder, probably
If I could drop in to manslaughter get a bail and flee
Cause my downess says bitch up, let her handle the
pick up
Snow cone the country leave no market untouched
Call me drugs if this is how they pushin us rafters
But I don't do it cause I need it, I do it cause I want
more
Definition is greed, I do it cause I want yours
And y'all niggas is teasin, y'all don't really want war
But if you really do, your gonna need a lot more

[Chorus] - 2X

[Outro - Ja Rule - talking]

Faggots, haha (Panna Banana what up)
Yeah, shout out to my nigga 01 (my nigga Holla, I see
you baby)
Baby, you know what I mean? My nigga Black Child
(Joe, what up nigga)
Big Caddillac, my motherfuckin partner my brother
What up Gotti, you know how we gonna do these
niggas
You ain't got to pick up no mic either my nigga
I got this, I got these niggas Gotti
Holla back nigga (*laughing*)
Yeah, uh, yo my nigga Burns in the building
Blow somethin up nigga (*fades out*)

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