

Flying Burrito Brothers

"Murda 4 Life *"

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* also "Murda 4 Life" on Ja Rule's "Venni Vetti Vicci"

[Memphis Bleek]

Yeah, what y'all niggas want?

Street shit, Memph Bleek shit, Ja Rule

[Ja Rule]

Ya heard nigga

[Chorus 1: Ja Rule - repeat 2X]

Niggaz live with it money, drugs and murda for life

Bitches deal with it, only lovin' them hoes for the night

If you feelin' it, get high it's all right

But you can't get it 'til the day of my demise

[Memphis Bleek]

Yo, you can holla at the dog

Haters want to see me fall

Bitches want to see me ball

Killers they don't want to see me at all

If I wasn't rolling with the roc

Would you niggaz pass roc,

Yeah birds, or flash glocks

I walk around with two mac's, razors, and ice picks

Just cause' you niggaz want to see me hurtin' like them

It's all about the benjamins, money, cash, hoes

livin' through this shit I'm in, nigga stack dough

Street scholar, eight-figga nigga, white collar gat

Ain't the M-E-M-P-H man, bitch holla back

I'm a creature smokin' on hate since it was reefer

Drug ass flow, like I've been cuffed with Eta

Mark ass nigga don't want parts of this nigga

Spark with this nigga, blaze bark with this nigga

Me and Ja Rule fuckin' you hoes is what these guys do

Ain't the type to buy you, mommy how are you?

Slide cock inside you supply you, with ten bitches times two

I'm a motherfucking animal

[Chorus 2: Ja Rule - repeat 2X]

Niggaz live with money, drugs, and murda for life

Bitches deal with it, only lovin' them hoes for the night

If your feelin' get high it's all right
Niggaz can't get it 'til the day of my demise

[Ja Rule]

Fuck, the world cause it ain't quite ready for me
I'm livin' my life niggas take a look at these eyes
witness What it's like to
be real niggaz
Guns, drugs, hot slugs, coke rugs
Want some, get some, bad enough, pop some, nigga
Fuck around with Ja and may get hit up
Tearing your whole clique up, then we clip up
Nigga that's what the murder, Nigga that's us
What the fuck? Is you ready to die right now Nigga?
Make you feel my style nigga
Growin' up with wild Brooklon and Queens L niggas
Hit em, any nigga that breathe room reel em wit' hot
ones Ain't no nigga like
me, who you ridin' with?
Rollin' nothing but hot shit, yo' bitch my bitch
Only difference is bitches on my dick, blow dick
How I cock spread it, hoes love that shit
You sel-a-bid I turn you in to the freakyist bitch
Have you topless, dancing in bars naked for dollars
Y'all bitches know how my style is, always in some foul
shit
RULE bitch let the world know when I spit
Nothing but the murderous, live with it

[Chorus 2]

[Memphis Bleek]

Yo, Yo, Yo Holla what you think of that?
Bitch where we freakin' at?
Bum chicken I don't speak to that
Fly mama i'll creep with that
Live with it, lick and hit it, don't stop, get it get it
Don't trick it, bitch would you FUCK with it?
Brooklon and Queens(it's murda)yo it means mo' killas
(it's murda)mo' guns, mo'drugs, mo' real ass niggaz
Holla, don't give a fuck dolla's
Niggaz what you want get it crump blazed stump
What the fuck y'all want nigga?

[Ja Rule]

None of me cause' i hit em' with too much style
In my energy, got niggaz creating little me's
I'm a lot game squeeze
Knowing it's my time if I leave and breathe
Niggaz hatin' on mines I'm a nightmare
Niggaz better prepare to die and deal with

Ja hollering murda for life

[Chorus 2]

[Ja Rule]

Uh, uh, yeah nigga

Ja Rule

Memph Bleek

Holla Back

Roc-A-Fella

It's murda, it's murda

Uh, uh

We out

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