

Ian Matthews**"It's Murda"**

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[Intro Ja rule]

It's Murda... (ha ha ha)

It's Murda... we back up in this muthafucka!

It's Murda... y'all know who we be

Yeah, ayyo don't let me catch ya runnin from the back
of BET either nigga

(my nigga Fatal on tha muthafuckin ones and twos)

Holla back you bitch ass niggaz

[Verse 1 Ja Rule]

Yo, cock sucka', I get squat and post and cocked tha
nina'

In tha five series beamer, dump and lean ya
I fell off on a misdemeanor, ride red over black
madina's

Take crazy for genuis, hated like Jesus Christ
My weakness have always been bad bitches
and new bills with krisis', my thesis more than
extrordinary

And that nigga that got shot nine times can tell ya that I
don't give a fuck

I don't give a fuck, god may I ask yo' permission to take
his life

This is a man be "I" N-C to R-U-L-E extrordinary, one for
tha ages

when then sawed off with tha front of them gauges

To engage in combat

To send you and 'fem' where yo moms at

Motherfucka you hear that

And I ain't talkin about them heaven from skies

I'm talkin' about them fire from nines

Or maybe the fifty cal. cause you like five-oh

Or maybe somewhere in Cal where you like to lay low

You bitch made, and I heard about that bitch

you be slayin layin up with, some where off of Sunset

Y'all haven't heard yet that nigga change is "Loose"

And I got "Proof" get it, I got "Proof"

Yo vest is no use when we cock and flame

It's Murda, (yeah) murda incorporated (ha ha)

[Verse 2 Hussein Fatal]

It's Murda (yeah)
Hussein Fatal nigga (It's Murda)
Muthafuckas...
Rule' these niggas crazy, reppin' him without me
"A.I." ain't in the click, believe they won't win without me
Yo, I'm small lil' homies, frail but bold
went from base to some bullshit like "Jalen Rose"
Got my blind D-O-G's readin' brail and coats
keep the heat in the winter I can't tell it's cold
Clean my set, pieced out flame the tec
Throw shots out niggas catch like "Wayne Cherbet"
Son of a gangsta, Talk dirty son I'm a bang ya
I'm the truth with the ox, keep gum on the banger
Hussein, the only reason hoes chase the thugs
Nigga blade part two I got the taste for blood
Log on Fatal.com, see fatal drop bombs
more militant minded then y'all faded with 'Pac rhymes
Clutching the stick beam, suckin' the stick green
Out the window or the sunroof, buckin' the sixteen
You ain't a gangsta 'Em', this is gangsta shit
And "50" you ain't nuthin' but a gangsta bitch
"Pac" would have never did no song with no wanksta
snicth
He confusin' ya'll he ain't the shit
We sex, money and murda you niggas
Ain't no playin' around with this rap shit
banana clip, mack's spit bodies rap up in plastic
This the city where the skinny niggas die (no)
You heard my dogs this is the city where the skinny
niggas ride nigga...

Plaaattt... Hussein the don
Believe we got this shit poppin' in this muthafucka
Rule' it's good...
And we into the muthafuckin' club you punk niggas
walkin out
Brick city, Rule, Rap- alot- mafia! Murda!
Yound D', Merc, Exsaless,
These niggas ain't ready for this gansta shit right here
We been doing this shit for a long time
Ya'll niggas got the streets confused nigga
we been on this gansta thug shit
Bitch ass niggas you know what it is
every time we touch the muthafuckin booth nigga
It's gonna be fire, fire on you niggas asses
Niggas better gracefully bow the fuck out nigga
Hussein Fatal' nigga, Rap-alot-mafia, nigga
M.I.B nigga, murder inc bosses,
Rule' we here baby, brick city jerses mafia
Yeah...Shadow...let's get it...

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