

# Ja Rule "Believe"

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It was supposed to be you and I and the curtains closed  
But somewhere along the lines we switched episodes  
It's kinda like when Gina left Martin for New York  
Speaking of New York, the city is so lost  
Even with the Knicks looking to make the playoffs  
Spike is back on the court, and Jeter's still with the  
Bronx  
Bloomberg got the city ready for seance  
Go get your ouija boards out, niggas, and pray on  
You want drama? Get your fucking? on  
Still got the world on my shoulders, a nigga  
headstrong  
About to go in, you can lock my body  
Contract my mind, my thoughts keep escaping  
Power of the pen, a work of art like Basquiat  
I? 'cept I paint my pictures lyrically, you fancy, huh  
Bitch foamin like a Swiss B  
And we ain't talkin hoes, we talkin Euros and raw weed  
Who do you believe in?  
Is it money or the man upstairs?  
Is it power or prayer?  
God bless the dead and fuck the world fast  
What's progression if you never been through  
backlash?  
Nigga, what do you believe in?  
Cause my money's on me, myself, and I, my team, and  
this music  
Y'all ain't gon' believe this  
Maybe it's my fault, or maybe y'all just making excuses  
Who do you believe in?  
Motherfucker the money is talking to me and tellin me  
that it's lonely  
In need of new friends, preferably Grants and Franklins  
And the singles and the fives went to the bitches  
Dubs is for wifing in the club, no mention  
But you know who you are, nigga stop flinching  
Stop cuffing; you may not think that it's a bitch  
But life's a ho and everybody's been fucking  
See, that's what I believe in  
With no logic, no need for experience  
To fuck the world would be a lifetime achievement  
You make it cum then e'rybody jump on the dick

Y'all niggas full of shit, that's why you fuckin assholes  
And never smell the shit stinking 'til you get shitted on  
Fuck 'em all, not for nothing  
I ain't always on time, too much ice in the vodka  
mo'fucker  
Who do you believe in? Cause even the smartest  
Of niggas got the gall and the balls to believe this  
Rule back, renaissance nigga, that's the project  
Up next, the pill, deuces, gon' swallow that  
Matter of fact, swallow dick, bitch, get your fix on  
Gased up niggas go and get it, gon' get it  
Next on, the next episode, new time, new cats  
News flash: nobody's exempt from the backlash  
Backstabbing, bootlicking me, kissing ass  
Niggas still stick to the system, God bless 'em  
Cause power brings power, money making more  
money  
Love will make you not love again, but constantly want  
it  
Warning: feelings erupt when they're left dormant  
It's what y'all witnessing, it's what I believe in  
Like new money, new cars, new bitches  
Life is a game of inches, believe this

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