

# Ja Rule "Bout My Business"

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"Bout My Business"

(feat. Black Child, Caddillac Tah, Young Merc)

[Caddillac Tah]

Yeah..

Yeah, yeah, yo

I got a knack for pushin crack, and cookin raw coke  
Fresh off the boat, no vest but I tote, and wear it like a  
coat

I'm starin through the scope, with one eye open and  
one shut

Zero in on the target, spark him and watch his head  
bust

Ain't shit to discuss, unless it's moneybags

Or the SK-8, drop Jag with funny tags

Homey laugh now but die later when the lead dump

And double barrel slugs like Elmer Fudd, I'm  
handsome

[Black Child]

Some of your favorite rappers is flamin, I'm bangin  
things at them

They claim they gangster, lettin mens give brains to  
them

I aim the stainless, let the games begin

Bang bang dangerous, my gun gang famous

My hoes don't speak english, catch 'em at the foreign  
money exchange

New Armani leather in the Range

When you see my gang, tuck in your chain

We stuck in the game, we fuckin the same, bang!

[Chorus: INC]

[Merc] I'm bout my money and bout my business  
(bang!)

[B.C.] Shout out my niggaz en route to riches (bang!)

[B.C.] I doubt we different, hustlers pitchin (bang!)

[B.C.] And we all gon' get away, all my niggaz say

[Merc] I'm bout my money and bout my business  
(yeah!)

[B.C.] Whatta, bout my bitches who mouth is ridiculous  
(yeah!)

[B.C.] Gettin money and nigga it's insignificant (yeah!  
what?)

[B.C.] Always get your pay, I love it when I hear 'em say

[Black Child]

It's back to business, stackin riches  
If you, act suspicious, it's a Wrap like Reynolds  
Black Continental, mac outta the window  
Black's out of his mental, I black out with pistols  
It ain't confidential, all the shit I been through  
Now I'm gettin money and a mill' is essential  
Bang bang, nigga, 'til the day we die  
A tooth for a tooth and a eye for a eye

[Caddillac Tah]

Nigga you know it's, business befo' pleasure, money  
over chicks  
Dummies in the clip, nickel on my hip patrollin through  
the strip  
Bet a stack, head crack, no rollin to the six  
Scoop up my chips, then I split, with my beautiful bitch  
Like Jada Pinkett Smith, for that paper I leave stinkin  
and stiff  
Your pinky and wrist, and your necklace  
Get removed nigga, my wolves is playin hardball  
Leavin him bloody like a Pelican Bay yard brawl

[Chorus]

[Ja Rule]

Who wanna know why I got so much beef with so many  
rappers?  
Drama, it's the INC redrum spun backwards  
Karma, is a muh'fucker watch your actions  
Cause the clip to the max slips in bananas  
I catch fire like matches {\*whew\*} then blow out  
And the flyest crews goin the fastest  
Pull up to the hottest club in New York, with my hazards  
on  
No tags, I just drove it off the showroom floor  
Straight cash, bout my paper, I'm on my gangster  
Doin this shit for ten years, niggaz I'm major  
Maybach and all that, same behaviour  
Money over bitches, bitches over strangers  
Guns befo' bangers but bangers do  
For niggaz that had enough and ain't got no clue  
That they can get slayed, flex and get sprayed  
And spin they head like yo' hottest DJ's, motherfuckers!

[Chorus]

[Merc] I'm bout my money and bout my business..

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