

# Ja Rule "Connected"

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Woo  
Murder Inc motherfucker

We world wide connected  
And ya'll don't want to fuck with us  
In the streets we respected  
So ya'll don't want to fuck wit us  
World wide connected nigga  
Ya'll don't want to fuck wit us  
Gangster ass niggaz and we hard to hit  
Murder Inc in the role who could fuck wit this

It ain't no verse mother fuckers who fake East thugs  
Its murder Inc in the role nigga throw up your dub  
They show us love in the club real niggaz bossed up  
man  
We heavily intoxicated so toss it up  
Attacks your mind and your conscience  
Written to enhance this verbally thugs grammar  
I'm 'bout to touch the roof wit it  
Extraordinary and I was never ordinary at the cemetery

Missin' my homies in mortuaries  
End all most real young name and 'pac  
I'm a keep my heat tucked until my soul goes pop  
I hear a lot of niggaz rapping  
But there ain't that many rappers  
Out there scraping and keep it cracking  
We keep it happening  
I'm a million out the gate

No scratch that 8 from CD's to tapes  
We rock like earthquakes  
I'm Eastwood catch me dipping a fleetwood  
Like a G should  
Young Eastwood is so damn good

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Nigga think that I is raw spit  
Murder inc in the role, we all sick  
So all niggaz involved get mauled  
Quick as a dog and the raw gets you involved  
And I'm a draw quick, nigga aww shit  
Punks talking lick I haul off quick  
Wit' a sawed off kick it's like they fall off cliffs  
Y'all call it off before all y'all get stoned  
Like you're fallen off in a raw mosh pit

Off in a ditch your coffin is sick  
While I floss in the awesomest whips  
And I toss in your chicks  
Your caution when your calling your six  
'Cause your talk can get you crossed and lost in the  
mix  
I'm a pause in the bitch bossed in the pits  
Burn I serve niggaz stay off at ya clique  
Spend off with ya grip my land of gangreen you  
I have the doctors taking your leg off of your hip,  
motherfucker

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All y'all niggaz need to get off my dick  
I spit it how I live it plus the flows real sick rock you  
leavin'  
I got killers ranged from Compton to Cleveland  
World wide connected any type niggaz there's no  
breathin'  
Give me the reason I put a halo throw your mental  
And give your the holy spirit and see you to Gods  
temple  
I'm the avenging angle and earth be thy claim  
And Ja be thy name, I know your all praying

For the day of my diminishing  
Why don't somebody finish him off and put it right  
through his cross  
The X is the 50 ya'll got to be kidding me  
These niggaz is my sons I raised them from young  
Curtis and little Earl should of been little girls

'Cause they bitch made and they act like one of my  
itchbays  
Touche! The rule is more than ready  
Gun heavy and world wide connected

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{Extra extra aint roll about it  
Ja Rule's just been elected  
President of United Ghettos of America}

{This is all shit  
Ya that's shit, thats shit  
You'll say they tried to pin that shit on me  
In Emeri there are niggas are innocent like  
We makin' the kids do ecstasy  
I am not makin' the kids do ecstasy  
They made me do ecstasy, ha ha ha}

{Here's what we had to say at press time  
Welcome to America, ha ha ha  
My peoples my peoples, welcome to America}

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