

Ja Rule "Die"

Visit "[Die](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Tah Murdah]

Yea

We about money and murda

The fuck y'all want to do

Either pass that paper

Or we gonna have to kill you

It's like that nigga

Don't question why

'cause when it's murda motherfucker

Everybody gotta die

Die motherfucker die

Die motherfucker die

Die motherfucker die

Die motherfucker die

[Tah Murdah]

Money ain't never been nothing

I hit the block if this shit get ugly

And it ain't never been in my heart to let niggas thug
me

Hit the dealer and cop a drop if the eyes is buggy

And pull up in front of the spot cause the mommies
love me

(It's gangsta) yeah and ain't no nigga gone match me

Stocky, chubby nigga voice real raspy

I see you real flashy "but that ain't gone last nigga"

Pop fire off shots "and that's your ass nigga"

It's war now that's why I keep the four with long nozzle

Six-hundred bad bitch on it holding down the throttle

And fuck that beef shit cause some beef won't die

And some niggas will say they gangsta but they won't
ride

And while it's hard for you to decide I'll let it fly

Forty shots hit your ride up hit the tropics and hide up

Under palm tree's to white sand

Everything is a price man

You snipe when bullets are piping hot

When it's your flesh it begin warming you

Now die motherfucker die

'cause I'm tired of warning you

[Black Child]

Yeah we hear now, die motherfucker
Don't be scared now, die motherfucker
Black Child I'm off parole it's murda now
In a hood near you about to burn it down
Word to God it feels like I'm from every hood
'cause when you ghetto your ghetto with gats you good
Sell cracks if you could bust your gat when you should
It's for my blacks from the bricks back to Inglewood
We eat together nigga fuck the crossroads
In this world my flow is another lost soul
My shit sounds like shots from a four pound
For these bitch clowns it's war now
It's all about paper that's my issue
Fuck peace you can have a piece of the pistol

[Chorus x2: Ja Rule]

Everybody gonna die but nobody want dead
Die motherfucker die, it's your life
Everybody wanna live, but they wanna live scared
Die motherfucker Die, that's your life

[Ja Rule]

Niggas know the truth
Rule raises the roof
'cause I pop more shots than Abdul-Rauf
And when the concludes I bring closure to the situ
Come thru squeeze eight out the stolen black pinto
Niggas know my mental kill or be killed head for the
hills
But don't never slide down it if you to high ground it
(puff, puff) uhhh! Is how it sounded two shots thru and
silent
And one nigga stripped of his talents
New fucking Yiddy City the sex and violence
Where first time offenders get floated to the island
And one time give a nigga one time
Breathe wrong and a nigga have a blown mind
I blow lines like an addict
Bust guns erratic shine blind like carats
Rules above average me and this music make a
marriage
So I thee wed till I'm either jailed or dead
motherfuckers
Feel me niggas

[Black Child]

Word to God
Feel us nigga
We here, again
It's Murda

[Chorus x2]

Visit [Ja Rule](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.