

Ja Rule "Exodus (Intro)"

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[Ja Rule - Verse 1]

In case you don't know the call me Loc
Short for L-O-K-I
I'm speck for rule saying his last goodbye
This is Exodus
This been a hell of a ride
From Vinni Venni Vicci to Blood In His Eye
In the next plan in time I've seen the rock split
In the ride it's as rough as the ride gets
And you know that they all want to murder The Inc
But they can't kill us, and now we got to finish these
niggaz
And if finish it means murder (murder murder murder)
(?) so be it
Last that I recall
They tried to murder the God mimic my style
Then leave them in memory of
But smile some memories lost the new identity was
born
And na this ain't a movie dog
This is murder (murder murder murder)
And you need a second for me
Yo Gotti I make the hits you just give me the nod
But the air play the gun
Play from New York to L.A
The S.K's will make these niggaz spin like perelaes
We had some good years but I'm tired
And ya niggaz despierin
And trying to put the dalce to the fire
It's like an episode of the wire
The only difference is the vengence is taking us in real
life
Now everybody wanna look at us and think twice
And point there fucking fingers like damn the badguys

[Ja Rule - talkin]

Y'all nigga's don't know we them niggaz man
murder INC we done bin through it all done n seen it
all,
There ain't nothin' you can tell me nigga haha i just
wanna let ya'll know man I've been through so many
things

[Ja Rule - Verse 2]

N if it wasn't for the way I live life

Would a nigga pray every night to Christ
Jesus I'm just asking
Coz my prayers never seem to get answered
Ma mama didn't raise no bastard
I was born with the talent
You can't touch i call magic
You call it music once it get remasterd
I got with Gotti started makin classics
It's MURDER
It's the corses of traffic
Trust was my only niggaz force of habbit
At the time in the game everything was average
Pac catches die
Big catches die
And my nigga had a plan to keep Def Jam alive
First he sign D
Then he sign me
Then he introduced Jay
And the rest is histray
Thanks for the memories,
Thanks for the misory
Reminising the Spike Lee them was the school days
We graduaterd with A's
But these niggaz make you wanna bring out the AR's
and AK's
And till they back up coz that what they gave us
When they read the vendikas and various pappers
But no heart no foul ya'll niggaz is funny style anyway
Now we go hard shit till the edge

[Irv Gotti - talkin]

That's a good question though, See i dont
understand why they would think what they thinking
about its just not the case tho i love my niggaz thats all
im guilty of and that all that i ever was guilty of is the
love for my niggaz its all good tho i aint streesing that
shit man sometimes God has to put you
through things that bring out the best verry in who you
are nigga Sam said it to me, he said sometimes
greatness is not what you accomplish its wot you
overcome. Still breathin, feel me?

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