

Ja Rule "I Hate Niggaz (Skit)"

Visit "[I Hate Niggaz \(Skit\)](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Ja Rule- It must be the way that I spit shit
That make you say damn this nigga ridiculous
The way I hit 'em and move nigga I can't lose
Inconspicuous incognito niggas ain't ready
For whoever who has the flow nigga know I spit deadly
Fear me to the day I'm dead on the street with holes in
me
The ghettos got love for me 'cause ima lay for 'em
If I have to gradually down or after The only fib be love
and disaster
Tears before laughter but who gonna cry?
My style be so touchin' nigga wipe yo eye!
Get used to obvious lies and dead wise guys
and any bitch niggaz feel they fuckin wit my's
C'mon let's get it on, to the break in the dawn,
before long if you wrong you be dead and gone
And now i'm the bomb to clarify my name in vain
What you thought motherfuckers I was playin? Baby I
hit 'em all (Chorus)
Jay-Z and Ja Rule- Load 'em all be tonight Ima Hit 'em
Hit 'em
For as long as I'm a alive Ima Hit 'em Hit 'em
I want my piece of the pie Ima Hit 'em Hit 'em
Expect my's to the day of my demise Baby Ima Hit 'em
all
Thinkin' its a game Ima Hit 'em Hit 'em
Show 'em I ain't playin' Ima Hit 'em Hit 'em
For operatin' like planes Im a Hit 'em Hit 'em Hit 'em Hit
'em
Baby I kill 'em all whatcha wanna do with this nigga
nuthin so shut the fuck up
And learn somethin' see my team can get a whole town
gamin'
Give it up we even take the small change
Nigga yeah uh you think my way of life fucked up right?
Till you live it and the cash gets to eattin at yo spirit

Fear it you be a broke nigga, you near it,
you be the next nigga, never have to go back and been
it
Cold stares thought you need a killa 'round here
Y'all niggaz really have some pitiful ideas

I keep tryin to get this world to see hustle hard my mind
on that money
My motto to be stack it if you got it for when you get it
Don't talk about it just be about it that it
Went all odds against niggaz gettin' rich figure
to earn a dollar makes sense Baby I Hit 'em all (Chorus)
Baby I come in style comin' fresh out of Queens
(Brooklyn)
I recognize how my killa cliques gettin' down
Everyday is while takin' yours into process niggaz is
stress
Leavin' peep holes in yo chest god bless the next that
get laid to rest
Frustration and stress make me question death
I wanna shoot all niggaz I feel should be shot on the
spot
Let 'em rot with lead in their knot Oh shit you bitch ass
niggaz be lit
Smoke weed it give you the heart to proceed Whatcha
game plan you da man
Go for your guns feel no remorse When i leave your
brain ???
Now settle down get your shit tight Should we expect
move right
And everything is aight
But if you slip son that ass is gone top dogg
motherfuckers recognize
Baby I'm Hit 'em all (Chorus)

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