

# Ja Rule "It's Your Life"

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Yo, yo, yo, yo, yo  
Ja Rule, Uh  
Shade and Irv Gotti  
Niggas don't want none of this  
Power gonna six nigga

Ladies call me white Kane, pure as snow  
Like cocaine, cutiepies powder they nose  
I've been preaching to the stars, ladies be livin' real  
harder  
A lot of icons, but consider me God

Born in the seventies the eighties was growing wit' time  
Now it's two G nigga and the world is mine  
I was a smart nigga, figured if he put me on the spot  
Wit hot shit bubble me up till I rock

Come put me on the block in a new form and new  
sound  
For Ja Rule and I'm feeling like I'm too strong  
I move on down to D.C., V.A.  
And I even did as far as Californ-I-A

Come to shit, they fly, they float, they snort, they  
smoke  
Hustle, bag and mope for more  
Down the freeway racing out of control, it's crazy  
When you fucking wit' Rule it's shady

Niggas, if you hustle and stick 'em  
It's your life  
Bitches, if your fuckin' and striping  
It's alright

We all got to eat  
So live your life  
Niggas  
It's alright  
Bitches  
It's your life

Bitches, if your fuckin' and striping

It's your life  
Niggas, if you hustle and stick 'em  
It's alright

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So live your life  
Bitches  
It's alright  
Niggas  
It's your life

Now I got to hit you wit some other shit, Sentinella gutta  
shit  
Four sides of the chrome flows smack you wit the  
rubber grip  
Never been a nigga, niggas wanna play they cards wit'  
See me in the dark whip, better go call your guards  
quick

Better go hit the block and tell them bitches that shisty  
shit  
Known the freaks face like that yellow bezel ice shit  
Similar response, yo that kid spit the nicest  
Baby re-intice this, CD's raise they prices

Make a nigga chain, paid off in a different name  
Maid think they got flame, Shade just hit the brain  
Me and Ja fucked around and made the teams A-list  
Two niggas from two sides, like a 7/10 split bitch

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So live your life  
Bitches  
It's alright

Niggas  
It's your life

Niggas from the East, Jesus Christ from the gun to the  
mics  
I'm living my life, running through hell wit' no ice  
It's a sin but I'd sell my lost soul to win  
Go to bed and die then I'd wake up breathing again  
'cause I'm all in

Even though shit ain't right, I wake up sweatin' my life  
every night  
Help me, is it the devil that going to get me or is it God  
don't feel like  
Being bothered wit' me, so hard to hit me, this life a  
sacrifice  
If I grow blind through the dark my kids gonna see the  
light

If I die young it's cause a nigga too high strung  
Got scary love for gun wit' too much weed in my lungs  
And still niggas screaming Ja the one, the chosen  
The God's only begotten Son, it's my life

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