

Ja Rule

"Life Ain't A Game"

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Life ain't a game
(No)
If you feelin' me
(Say yeah-yeah)
Flip the bird where
(In the air)
Fuck the world
(We don't care)

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It's time to ride out, niggaz stash your cash at the
hideout
The Murderous I N C's en route
Y'all hear me feelin' my shit the same
Y'all fear me in every definitive way

I'm really the nigga that you need to get with
'Cuz y'all pop shit nigga, I pop clips nigga
Hot, but not the black four-dot-six nigga
You know the Rule, thug heart nigga

And I don't need no fake friends, broke ties, loose
ends
There they go niggaz is at it again
Tryin' to be friend the nigga that they claim they love,
but hate so much
And really all we got is us

But fuck it, it's the same way they fucked me
Now I'm fuckin' your broad in the back of a Humvee, go
figure
I'll have your niggaz pourin' out liquor
All because you fuckin' with the Rule nigga

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Take my life, take my mind
Take my heart, take my soul
Take my cash, take it all
But save me, I'm throwing my life away

Why, would a nigga with so much talent
Want to throw it all away to drugs and violence
I know not the answers but I ask the questions
Do all Muslims really study their lessons?

And how many Christians lie during confessions?
I know I did when I was just a kid
Never told about the guns my uncle hid
Under my bed, and at night I played with them

Kind of grew up to be sort of a loose cannon
Before my sins, I'm asking you to let me in
Lord help me, I been through all the pain
Now I wanna know who loves me

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Changes, changes
My mind is going through
Changes, changes
My body's going through
Changes, changes
My life is going through
Changes, changes

Yo, looky here, I just wanna fuck all day, live my life
Get high all day, my life
Maybe one day, I'll live right
Fuck the world, it's my life

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