

Ja Rule

"Murda 4 Life"

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Yeah, what y'all niggas want?
Street shit,Memph Bleek shit
Ja Rule, ya heard nigga

Nigga's live with it money, drugs and murda for life
Bitches deal with it, only lovin' them hoes for the night
If you feelin' it, get high it's all right
But you can't get it till the day, ride em' high

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Yo, you can holla at the dog
Haters want to see me fall
Bitches want to see me ball
Killers they don't want to see me at all

If I wasn't rollin' with The Roc, would you nigga's pass
Roc
Yeah, birds, or flash glocks
I walk around with two mac's,razors,and ice picks
Just cause' you nigga's want to see me hurtin' like them
It's all about the Benjamins, money, cash, hoes
Livin' through this shit I'm in, nigga stack dough

Street scholar, eight-figga nigga, white collar gat
Ain't the M-E-M-P-H man, bitch holla back
I'm a creature smokin' on hate since it was reefer
Drug ass flow, like I've been cuffed with Eta

Mark ass nigga don't want parts of this nigga
Spark with this nigga, blaze bark with this nigga
Me and Ja Rule fuckin' you hoes is what these guys do
Ain't the type to buy you,mommy how are you?
Slide cock inside you supply you, with ten bitches times
two
I'm a motherfuckin' animal

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Fuck, the world 'cause it ain't quite ready for me
I'm livin' my life niggas take a look at these eyes
Witness What it's like to be real nigga's
Guns, drugs, hot slugs, coke rugs

Want some, get some, bad enough, pop some, nigga
Fuck around with Ja and may get hit up
Tearin' your whole clique up, then we clip up
Nigga that's what the murder, nigga that's us

What the fuck? Is you ready to die right now nigga?
Make you feel my style nigga
Growin' up with wild Brooklon and Queens L niggas
Hit em, any nigga that breathe room reel em wit' hot
ones
Ain't no nigga like me, who you ridin' with?

Rollin' nothin' but hot shit, yo' bitch my bitch
Only difference is bitches on my dick, blow dick
How lcock spread it, hoes love that shit
You sel-a-bid I turn you in to the freakyist bitch

Have you topless, dancin' in bars naked for dollars
Y'all bitches know how my style is, always in some foul
shit
Rule bitch let the world know when I spit
Nothin' but the murderous, live with it

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Yo, yo, yo, holla what you think of that?
Bitch where we freakin' at?
Bum chicken I don't speak to that
Fly mama I'll creep with that

Live with it, lick and hit it, don't stop, get it get it
Don't trick it, bitch would you fuck with it?
Brooklyn and Queens, it's murda, yo it means mo'
killas
It's murda, mo' guns, mo' drugs, mo' real ass nigga's
Holla, don't give a fuck dolla's
Nigga's what you want get it crump blazed stump
What the fuck y'all want nigga?

None of me 'cause I hit em' with too much style
In my energy, got nigga's creatin' little me's
I'm a lot game squeeze
Knowin' it's my time if I leave and breathe
Nigga's hatin' on mines I'm a nightmare
Nigga's better prepare to die and deal with
Ja hollerin' murda for life

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Uh, uh, yeah nigga
Ja Rule, Memphis Bleek
Holla back, Roc-A-Fella
It's murda, it's murda
Uh, uh, we out

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