

Ja Rule

"N****s & B*****s"

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Yeah, ha, uh huh
You know how we do
(We're gonna do how we do)
Uh, uh, yo, my nigga, Cad what's hangin' nigga?
(Gangsta shit)
Nigga, Terry what's goin' on, nigga?
Let me talk to 'em for a minute
(Murder Inc. bosses in the building)
Yeah

Niggas, grip the iron and keep it cocked
Bitches, work your clit, get that pussy hot
'Cause it's all about the Benjamins
And nobody ain't doin' it like us, c'mon what y'all want?

Niggas, grip the iron and keep it cocked
Bitches, work your clit, get that pussy hot
'Cause it's all about sex, money and murder
Bitches that burn ya, niggas with burners
Cocked and let's go

Fuck all, y'all motherfuckin' bitch ass niggas
I'm talkin' to whoever wanna be ridin' my dick
And you know you're gon' get it as hot as I spit it
It's the Rule and nobody wanna be bothered with

If I hit 'em in every direction with four fifths
Will expend like 45's with compact discs
It's a disappointment to see niggas flip
On Rule like they double jointed when I'm one of rap's
anointed

Who else used to order it all on the dick
Like when I come through with spinners on the six
And got bitches bouncin' like Ronnie in Tricks
But some whores in this game really don't make sense

Bomb roof and via Cal's and clonin Ems
But when bullets go through your film, we break your
limbs
A horror show, yeah, picture this
'Cause I guess you can't see it, it's Murder again

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Rule, I fuck with bitches in Manolos and thick Louie
Vuitton logos
'Cause I don't love these hoes
I'm above and beyond everything that you're seein'
And I'm the only real nigga left rappin' this freakin'

If I could be one of the seasons, you'd call me summer
The way I bang the heater out the back of the Hummer
The bull just move like runners from city block to city
block
Layin' down the foundation for what's really hot

Y'all niggas really not on my level
I'm like slugs when they pierce the metal, you see
sparks
My voice is a brush, they hear it it's like art
And nobody can really tell the twins apart

I call one Nina, other one Santa Maria
I might roll up on your set, dump and lean ya
My bitch is cocked to bang men in Virginia
Don't make me run up on ya, put a few in ya

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Murder's outlaw, that guess I get a city's a broads
So I push the Porsche high and truck to court
Holla at the judge if the judge made a bad decision
I feel like the nigga that's triggerin' guns with mittens

It's hard to get done, I'm hearin' that security runs
Around 30K, if they don't get hit with an AK
And found out that the security's runnin' another way
Like with me, it's Murder, probably

If I could drop in to manslaughter get a bail and flee
'Cause my downess says bitch up, let her handle the
pick up
Snow cone the country, leave no market untouched
Call me drugs if this is how they pushin' us rafters

But I don't do it 'cause I need it, I do it 'cause I want
more
Definition is greed, I do it 'cause I want yours
And y'all niggas is teasin', y'all don't really want war
But if you really do, you're gonna need a lot more

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Faggots
(Panna Banana what up?)
(My nigga, Holla, I see you, baby)
Yeah, shout out to my nigga
Baby, you know what I mean? My nigga Black Child
(Joe, what up nigga)

Big Cadillac, my motherfuckin' partner my brother
What up Gotti, you know how we gonna do these
niggas
You ain't got to pick up no mic either my nigga
I got this, I got these niggas Gotti

Holla back, nigga
Yeah, uh, yo, my nigga Burns in the building
Blow somethin' up, nigga

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