

# Ja Rule

## "New York Ft. Fat Joe & Jadakiss"

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I got a hundred guns, a hundred clips, nigga I'm from  
New York  
(New York)  
I got a semi-automatic that spits next time if you talk  
(You talk)

I got a hundred guns, a hundred clips, nigga I'm from  
New York  
(New York)  
I got a semi-automatic that spits next time if you talk  
(You talk)  
(And I know)

Y'all niggaz is pussy, poonani, vagina  
Your monologue's getting tired, now it's time to ride  
You're print distrified, you're no longer desired  
So take off them silly chains, put back on your wire

I'm on fire, holly dipped in octane  
Let each coast bang, let west coast bang  
And Rule gonna bring the ghetto gospel  
To every 'hood possible, pushin' through in the sky blue

Back with the Gods you now, preferably the four pound  
Slugs flyin' at the speed of sound  
Tryin' to catch the ears of niggaz that's runnin' their  
mouths  
I might get my Brooklyn niggaz to run in your house

I don't really understand what the runnin's about  
But we're hunters, we take pride in airin' our prey out  
Leavin' 'em layed out, dead, in just a sport  
'Cause we ain't playin' up here in New York

I got a hundred guns, a hundred clips, nigga I'm from  
New York  
(New York)  
And you can tell the way the homie spit, that nigga, I'm  
from New York  
(New York)

I got a hundred ways to make a grip, Yes, I'm from New

York  
(New York)  
And you can tell I get real ignorant, 'cause nigga, I'm  
from New York  
(New York)  
(And this is how we do)

Nigga I can see the coke in your nose  
This ain't a movie, even he got his head blown on the  
globe  
And I was just about to find God  
But now that Ma\$e is back, I think I'd much rather find a  
menage

And everybody talkin' crazy how they're AK spit  
But we know this investigatin', and they ain't spray shit  
Not me, I'm the truth homie, got the industry shook like  
Naw nigga, Joe gonna let 'em lose on me

True story, I'm bringin' the T back  
Even Roy Jones was forced to lean back  
My nigga Dre said grind cook  
Now we killin' them Howard niggaz  
Who said I must of found Pun's rhyme book

Got bitches on top of the Phantom  
And the pinky got bling, like the ring around Saturn  
Cook coke, crack, niggaz fiend for that  
And you already know the X is where the team be at

I got a hundred guns, a hundred clips, nigga I'm from  
New York  
(New York)  
Ruff Ryde, and D-Block and shit, nigga fuck what you  
thought  
(You thought)

And you can't take shit for granted, because life is too  
short  
(Too short)  
I got a hundred guns, a hundred clips, nigga I'm from  
New York  
(Aha, and this is how we do)

I swear it couldn't be sweeter, life's a bitch  
Depending on how you treat her, you might get rich  
It's guaranteed you gonna die, you might get missed  
For maybe two or three hours, 'til they light their spliffs

And that coke will get you a long time  
But when I let 'em know the dope is out, it's like

America on line  
Wise has awoken and you know they say that you  
deserved it  
Whenever you die with your eyes open

I still hold a title, because I'm in the hood  
Like them little motorcycles  
Stick up kids, hoppin' out with them old rifles  
Just doin' shit for nothin', it's so spiteful, ha I'm just like  
you

Word that niggaz wanna murk you is in the air  
A double shot of yak and the purple is in the air  
And I'm not cocky, I'm confident  
So when you tell me I'm the best it's a compliment

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