

# Ja Rule

## "Race Against Time Part. 2"

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Yeah, yeah, uh huh  
Race against time, ha part two  
You know, haha,  
Uh, c'mon  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, haha  
Nothin like the future

[Verse 1]

Guess who's back to personify money, power, and  
bitches  
But when bitches been gettin money, that when shit get  
ridiculous  
I'm hittin switches like six fo's, bouncin and leanin  
The west coast seemin, keep the fo' fo' demon  
And the rock is all stashed up  
Roll up a little diesel, keep it hashed up  
Then +Holla, Holla+ at the whores, is hollerin back  
Let 'em know a few facts like if your ridin, your back's  
slidin  
This is the 'Race Against Time' and I ain't got time to  
waste  
To give chase, I put a hole in your fin  
But your head to the barrel like DJ's is spinnin  
Backward, to blow off the backwood, I'm so hood  
But what's really hood, when you ain't doin your hood  
no motherfuckin good, and bein misunderstood  
I would die if I could, Rule the lion  
And I'ma keep "ri-da-da-da-da-in"

[Chorus - 2X]

Race against time, I - can't stop  
Runnin through the red light - livin my life  
Even if I'm gettin too hot  
Still I can't stop - "Ri-da-da-da-din"

[Verse 2]

Bless the day that the God was born two, twenty-nine,  
seventy-six  
This cocaine was heavily mixed  
And all them niggaz had a fixation for bad reputation  
For pimpin hoes, and shootin fo, to bring the free basin  
If this is time erasin, the devil is runnin like Bettis

And got his guns out lookin for ways to behead us

You can die in a matter of seconds, so I'ma slow it  
down

Turn back the hands of time with the 40 Cal  
Claimin your style is the realest, so I'ma define the  
meanin of murder, it's killer

You outta your mind, the burner's designed for the fill  
up

No gas, and when I spits like acid  
smoke weed, but blow ether, spit ashes  
cause young Rule in his prime like 'Clay Cassius'  
Hated by the masses, but overwhelmed with love and  
passion

For when I die niggaz keep "ri-da-da-da-din"

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

If Jesus Christ was criticized, then why not me  
What the fuck am I special, I struck a deal with the devil  
Haha, every kid a prophet, which one seem like its logic  
Me in church, or me in bed with bitches managen

I can chase like sergeant, addictive like heroin  
Outsiders just lookin in, through a barrel that's pinned  
to the peep hole

They seein all or nothin like Jazz from Clisco  
Hit 'em up and let's go, jump over the threshold  
I just got married to bangin pistol, drugs and other shit  
Fell in love with a bitch that I call crime

She reminded me that nobody can beat time  
If you get enough of it nigga

So I looked her dead in her eyes and pulled the trigger  
Thinkin that the music we feel would be somethin  
different

But this the same old criminal vibin  
I ain't hidin, I'ma keep "ri-da-da-da-din"

[Chorus]

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