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Ja Rule "Rebels Symphony"

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[01]

Lights out niggas! (Huh)
You clowns (Ha, Ha, Ha)
The Murderers is here now
The game has changed
You know what I mean
Nobody knows you anymore
Your records make no sense
You know what I mean
I just want to know, all I want to do,
I just want to know, how does it feel
Huh, let me know
What it feel like, huh

[Ja Rule]

I know y'all niggas is, thinking of thoughts, how y'all gon' catch the Rule
It's, catch a dude and, send the feud
But it won't do, 'cause now I got a crew nigga
Black Child, Tah, Murda fucking Inc. nigga
O-1 and Vita, keep the dope and the heater
Or the fucked up, a hot two seater
As long as the love with me
Hoods will never forget me
I could put raps in them, and shine up the city
Like elected Frank Nitty, jot a Big Poppa
For reasons of, we run up in a big truck and pop ya
Midnight opera
Over the wheels, slug body marks, and pop up

[Tah Murdah]

Seem like y'all niggas ain't never gon' learn
Either you hitting, or the nigga getting hit
'Cause son, when I click and cock, my shit gon' pop
And never been, a small nigga
Always a score nigga
That be up in your braud nigga
You fraud nigga
Cop yae, from far, but never raw niggas
My A's and SK's will rob when it's war nigga
Product and money
So if you want fifteen, it's twenty

And if you less than ten, I won't bend

Or y'all niggas to run with it

Gun busting, I done did it

And anything else that come with it

You don't want it

If it's real, put the deal on it

Stand up niggas will have you sitting in chairs with

wheels on them

And that murder shit, I'm still on it

Murder for life

Give a fuck if you a accept it

You better respect it, unless it's, one of my fam'

members

Leave whoever into this involvement in legal tendency

Laying where the dirt be

You dig this

Better recover with some big shit

Or duck when this fifth spit

[01]

Another question: Is you willing to die just as much as you want to kill?

[Black Child]

I went from handcuff recovering

Blowing up from bubbling

Shot muscling

All my checks doubled in

Fuck tussling

Word to God

Got a hundred men, with guns and tems

And we love Mack-10's

Since the sex, got a nigga blushed with me

Got a nigga wet

Dropped the lex

Copped the tech

We cashing checks, son

We out to get the decimals

Don't know about the rest of you

You fucking with professionals

Murderers, that will split your juggle up

Motherfucker I'll cut ya

And you think Tah touch ya

Then we flip shit with bitches that ride all day

And niggas that get head, on the highway

And niggas hating

To see Satin

Or be played

I'm gon' tell yo' hoe, you in hell waiting

While niggas on Earth

Flossed like they first

For what it's worth Murderers blast first

[01]

Niggas respect murder everywhere It's the streets Nobody's dancing in the streets Huh, the streets is ours man, murder

[Vita]

Nigga, it's so hard to say good-bye I wonder why Take a sneak peak kissing herbs on a high Hah, I'm down for whatever, whenever Murderers stick together See Vita, be that chick to hard throb you nigga Fuck you, then rob you nigga A grimy braud, that will set you and wet you Leave you for my dogs to fetch you Tie you up and wet you Unless you, talking pacos again It don't matter The longer we spend, the longer we win And Gotti, showed me how to work these niggas these niggas And hurt these niggas And I'll be there, when my niggas need bail Catch a body, take the stand, and won't tell T-tale, I flip wholesale retail Cheap, so you can get deep into this female

[01]

Gangstas and hoes are together Don't let nobody tell you no different, man It's the beginning of time I love my bitches

Motherfucker it's on one
When I come through, niggas run
Niggas know
Equipped with guns, ya heard so
You get plugged up and gutted out
Found dead with a gun in your mouth
Now what you talking about?
Scold on these streets
I'm involved with thugs, who carry heat
To lift you off your feet
The riding suite
But when it's time to eat, the guns come
Nigga's bitch I'm like he don't want none of the
Murderers

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