

Ja Rule

"Sing a Prayer 4 Me"

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I know you niggaz ain't fuckin' with me

[Hook]

How dare these niggaz try to fuckin hate on me
Come out and make records sound just like me
But nobody does this here quite like me
Now let me tell a little something 'bout me
Pops tags, things fresh to death like me
Who pulls more whips out the stash than me
Y'all bitches wanna ride, c'mon it's on me
I guess it's my time, all eyes is on me

[Verse one]

Man everybody wanna rhyme like Rule, sing like Rule
Talk some shit to get they name on the news
Papers, haters never pay they dues
Always got to be in somebody shoes
Walk with me, or ride this on Bentley
With the rims you can sit in
Or the Enzo with them TV's that's hidden
I stay in menages with various women
Huh, I'm just kiddin' that's not how I'm livin'
The realest, the nigga in the realest state
I got real estates in different states, go figure
Cause I ain't singing you'se a +Gold Digger+
But bitches, +you ain't fuckin' with no broke niggaz+
That's why I ride, ain't you see I put you on the CLS
We on the point your voice sound like sex, yes
There's no real way to stop me, that's why y'all copy
I know you niggaz ain't fuckin' with me

[Hook]

[Verse two]

Yea, I know, one more gin, bitch you better come on in
Relax a while, sip on hypno and henn
I like your style, you're so old school
In them Sasson Vidals, fiftyfour eleven
Reebok classics Remind me of '87 when
Niggaz was playing with blocks like little kids and
Even though we men we still big wheelin'
Still cop cribs, six beds, four baths, high ceilings

All of the art of drug-dealin' cause every mil
Is two for me, when it's all tax-free
Pray for God's children, all except for me
I'mma walk in the path the Lord has paved for me
One foot at a time, niggaz follow my footsteps
Put the world on my shoulders, leave one set of
footprints
Man, y'all motherfuckers can't stop me, that's why y'all
copy
I know you niggaz ain't fuckin' with me

[Hook]

[Verse three]

I know what niggaz to do right, can't do no wrong
And everything's alright, then lyrically goes wrong
No part to piss in, no shoulder to cry on
You get to thinkin' why can't we let by-gones be by-
gones
Rule the icon, who killed the industry like iPods
Had these niggaz runnin' like track stars
Except runnin' backwards when I sit back rollin' the
backwoods
Loadin' my trey-duece for them niggaz that act hood
Ridin' my six-duece uptown, I'm so hood
Bitches love the coupes when them doors swing
upwards
Money long, I'm putting from the green like T-Woods
? is not to be confused with white good
White gold should never be perceived as platinum
And cubic-zirconia never gon' shine like diamonds
Cause, no matter how hard they copy, they still not me
Y'all bitch niggaz ain't fuckin' with me

[Hook]

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