

## Ja Rule

### "Story To Tell From Belly Soundtrack"

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Story to Tell  
From Belly soundtrack

Aiyyo yo yo yo  
All y'all niggaz  
C'mon! Yo gather round  
Lay it up I got a story to tell  
All y'all niggaz gather round  
Hear this, hear this  
Listen up I got a story to tell  
Huh, listen up I got a story to tell  
Yeah, yeah, all y'all niggaz  
Listen up I got a story to tell  
C'mere, c'mere hear this, hear this  
Listen up I got a story to tell

Yo, the Swatch bred  
Thoroughbred, shockingly took two to the head  
Knowledge me God, the shit I'm bout to holler is hard  
From start, this little nigga had a hell of a heart  
His pops, bangin that shit in his arms, broken  
A young mind distorted emotions, is there an upside?  
His brother got murdered up North by milletas  
Ma-ma, battlin, cancer, of the colon  
At the tender age of thirteen, watchin his world close in  
Blood damn near frozen, from a heart so cold  
It ain't pumpin out the love no mo', and I feel that  
Where's God when you really need it, where the love  
at?  
That's why a lot of niggaz got more faith in they gat  
Freeze that like a photo, take it with you and know  
This lil' nigga bout to kill all comers for cash flow  
His role model, the heat, cause it runs streets  
His motto: 'Nobody eats but me!'  
Finally this young thug turned pro  
Used to show love now he got nuttin but hatred and  
foes  
Five-double-oh's, hoes so deep  
He the type of nigga that got it and break down a key  
Remember me? J to the A, R-U-L, E baby  
Smell beef, it continue to uhh, give em hell

Fill they bodies with shells and leave niggaz  
with a story to tell, uh-huh

Listen up I got a story to tell  
On the streets we got guns and drugs for sale  
Cause you hoes know the game that we play is real  
Keep your mind on the money and your weapons  
concealed

Listen up I got a story to tell  
I'm prayin to God, know I'm goin to hell  
If it's out of my hands, I'll let time prevail, huh  
Listen up I got a story to tell

Listen up I got a story to tell  
Yeah, uhh, yeah  
Let me holla at y'all

Son in B'More, we scored more, than ever before  
Copped the two door, six-double-oh off a roll  
Show no love for loss since big eight be that lucky  
number, we slammed eight of those in Kentucky  
Kept the currency comin, mo', diamonds  
New clothes L.A. hoes that'll ride us pronto  
Once you, lived in luxury, you can't leave it  
Find yourself, turnin broke bitches into demons  
Can you believe this? In Cleveland we cuttin these  
niggaz Creepin  
Tie em on every block, til we shut down shop  
So keep your glock cocked, one in the head  
Push the five series drop just in case we gotta spit and  
spread  
The alibi be simply, we was in the Carribbean  
with two of our women friends sippin Remi and Henny  
From there we'll flow, to the Florida Keys and blow  
trees  
Fuck a couple of hoes and spend some cheese  
That's how a boy's life is supposed to be  
Make our way to N.O. cause we, Bout It Bout It  
Then down to D.C. where they, cock it pop it  
Listen up life is nuttin but the hot shit, from here to  
Wisconsin  
Y'all niggaz can get it constant  
It ain't hard that's like pushin dope in the 5th Ward  
And just to get to God, I'll go through hell  
and leave the world, a story to tell, heh

Listen up I got a story to tell  
On the streets we got guns and drugs for sale  
And you hoes know the game that we play is real  
Keep your mind on the money and your weapons

concealed, huh

Listen up I got a story to tell  
I'm prayin to God, know I'm goin to hell  
If it's out of my hands, I'll let time prevail  
Listen up I got a story to tell Listen up I got a story to tell  
Listen up I got a story to tell...

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