

Ja Rule "Story To Tell"

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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, it's widespread
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 nietas
My 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
Cause 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 the beef, and 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 divas
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 Carribean
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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