

# Ja Rule "Talk"

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Well bitch niggaz get you of the grind, nigga grab the  
nine and  
Well fake niggaz try to cop the style, cop the 40 cal  
then  
Well if you don't like the way it's going down, nigga  
grip the pounding  
And if there's more than one that got the gold, grab the  
calico

Real talk, the INC about to run New York  
'Cause there's no real niggaz left to hold the torch  
Who gon' hold us of, 'cause you don't read  
newspaper's nigga  
Lt. Ja tell it, that's murder inc boy's, that's real killers  
Money laundering, tax evade and drug dealers  
Backed by chemical grit, you can't be serious  
We just niggaz getting money, fucking all the bitches  
And life and death between a matter of inches

You know  
That fo' four that handle his business  
Like capital game, reload and hit them with interest  
Damn, what so gangsta about these niggaz  
Now I got the full speed niggaz, led  
Leave them dead over prayers, or head  
'Cause we done fucking these same bitches  
And you know they talk, and the pillows be my witness  
My forgiveness, niggaz can't be this stupid  
It's gun talk, niggaz better get used to it

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Yeah, I don't care if you're a criminal or a cop, shoot or  
get shot  
I'm raised by the plot, product of the hater

The gauge and the glock, and I keep a blade  
I ain't afraid if it pop, the gauge still a gun  
Married murder one, sleep with the fishes  
Tasting red rum, young and corrupted  
Nothing to fuck with, straight out of the gutter  
With no introduction

Our role models is forced with the hollows  
Fuck sloths the swallow the fifth a holla  
The witness and the polla, weed twisting ganja  
Load up the clip's and flip the corner  
They Morner, be mourners stay gunner  
We gangster, gangster point and blank ya'  
Thank ya', niggaz keep me in the mood  
To eat a nigga food, I murder with real bombs

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The nine the cal the pound of coke, niggaz  
The weed the dope the E' the coke, niggaz  
The gauge is mine, that's all I know  
I've been doing this since 9 6, the oldies know  
This tough load, the 3 8 o's, I let my hoe's hold  
Keep it in them working, in case I'm legal searching  
They got worship god, and trust the gun  
Ask for your forgiveness and send niggaz up

Fucking stick niggaz up, these bitch niggaz touch  
It's all about violence, real niggaz is silenced  
And know these niggaz whoes guns got low mileage  
Got ducked taped, all tied up in their houses  
I'll make you watch while I fuck the spouse  
This ain't business, it's personal, gun talk  
When I holla you're the first to know  
How many hoes, and how much blood has been lost of

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Yeah  
Murder INC  
We riding here motherfuckers

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