

# Ja Rule "The Life"

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**(feat. Hussein Fatal, Caddillac Tah, James Gotti)**

*[Intro - Hussein Fatal - talking]*

*[woman - harmonizing in background]*

Yeah my nigga Rule, Hussein Fatal  
The outlaw don in this piece motherfucker  
I want to welcome y'all niggaz back to the streets (it's alright!)  
You's confused for a minute but here we are  
My nigga Cad in this motherfucker  
I got my niggaz man, them bricks (finish bitch!)  
Ride out nigga  
Uh, yeah

*[Break - Ja Rule (Hussein Fatal talks over Break)]*

The life, the life (the life, the life)  
The life, the life (the life, the life)  
The life, the life (the life, the life)

*[Verse 1 - Ja Rule]*

Yo, what up world, it's Rule public enemy number one  
it's cool, my new best friend is my pistol  
And anybody that want it or got jewels run it  
and end over your head, don't make me gun butt it  
Do you like Manolo, put two in your stomach  
And flash the burner on bitches like stacks of hundreds  
I'm livin my life (my life), what gets better than ice in  
hell  
When you cookin up coke to sell  
It be the little statistics, some pictures, some prints  
Some informants to get the operation pitched  
We enormous, some would say the "Inc." is  
"Murderous"  
You don't want us to strap up and bang the strip  
But if need be, we'll bang out like Bloods and Crips  
Styrofoam the noozles and extend the clips  
Murder meets gangsta shit  
And all my niggaz that live it from hood to hood bang  
to this, nigga

*[Chorus #1 - Ja Rule]*

The life, the life (the life, the life ...)  
Whether your Blood or cuz we all gangsta  
The life, the life (the life, the life ...)  
Whether it's dope or coke we all slang drugs

*[Verse 2 - Hussein Fatal]*

I'm the street's poster child  
I'm supposed to wile  
With the toast I'm foul  
My Murder Inc. mob money, Oprah style  
From here back to the block, they get that green  
Known to put a hole through a nigga's shoulder soon as  
the beam glow  
Probably graze you in the face, give me a break  
I'ma rapper, out here to stay, don't make me do what I  
say  
Just let me say what I do  
Cause I'ma put it in a rhyme, everytime, about to spray  
up your crew  
And I ain't lickin off shots to warn 'em  
Just a pop swift to the dome, on the real "G-Unit" nigga,  
glock and all this  
So believe I'm not the one when it get stupid in the  
booth  
I told y'all with Rule it was a gun in this bitch  
Now I expose how scary you niggaz is  
And when you want the bis  
My brick city outlaws' a bury you niggaz  
I'm so cool, when I ain't doin my numbers

Let the ...

*[Verse 3 - Cadillac Tah]*

Okay, motherfuckers when the bounce came to your  
waist  
and shells get to droppin  
you better duck, and get up poppin  
Don't get left with the cops  
Gangsta, yeah, put that work in  
Put a nigga dick in the dirt  
Lace shots to the face  
Hopin it shut case, John Doe  
Unidentified, I always hit 'em high when I dump and let  
it fly  
Now once with 45 nigga I had a picture on top of the  
coffin  
Murder Inc. bosses

*[Chorus #2 - Ja Rule]*

The life, the life (the life, the life ...)  
Whether your Blood or cuz we all gangsta

The life, the life (the life, the life ...)  
Whether it's dope or coke we all slang drugs  
The life, the life (the life, the life ...)  
Whether your hoein or stuck up, we're still gon' fuck  
The life, the life (the life, the life ...)  
Niggaz don't want it with us, cause it's Murder

*[Verse 4 - James Gotti]*

Okay you hard as fuck  
but when the slug hit, you dead if your name ain't  
armored truck  
Murder Inc., Outlawz and the Floys is here  
Bang, bang, shoot 'em up, cowboys is near  
Stamped in anythin in our way, we'll attract war  
If your smart you'll slide over like handicap doors  
I ain't a killer, I just spark a lot  
So when I squeeze I'm turnin your whole block to a  
parking lot  
Understand I'm the grimy Floy  
Wanna trip to death then try me for it  
Crazy since '94, that's why cats don't hang around me  
like Chinese stores  
One step ahead of you, get more guys  
You strapped with four fours, we pack four fives  
Fuck talk get the chalk out  
You'll be lucky if your able to crawl or walk out

*[Verse 5 - Ja Rule]*

I'm in the pop life  
so when I pop up in your life, and I pop twice  
Get down, I spits more than rounds  
and niggaz bleed heavier than hoes on they period  
This sound gotta movin "Faster Than Furious"  
But nah I ain't Ludacris  
I'm here to let y'all niggaz know I ain't new to this  
Gun butt your bitch  
That's the way I get down, believe my style is Murder  
Clap a nigga, dipped and hide the burner  
The rule to learn ya bomb ya like embalmin fluid  
Until your limbs feel a loss of movement  
In the hospital in critical livin  
Must minimal (who done it?) it's Murder  
Yeah, that's subliminal  
Who gets down and bangs with nothin but criminals  
(c'mon, c'mon)  
Rule nigga you know it, these others cats is pitiful  
Bein a rap God is spiritual  
Your God is Ja Rule nigga let's not get it confused,  
haha

*[Chorus #2]*

The life, the life *[echo]*

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