

Ja Rule "The Murderers"

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Black Child:

Word to God

Ya know who the fuck this is?
Ya know we would kidnap yo kids?
Ya know what the fuck we do?
Murda bitch niggaz like you
For real all the time
Any place any where
Ya'll niggaz can get it
Act like ya'll don't know

In the world that's ice cold
Blacks die slowly
Cats snag groupies
Gats and leave you lonely
My mama always told me
The streets will slow you down
Daddy neva showed me
How heat will hold me down
So now, I rob and steal
The shit you fill
With a clique that kills
Yeah, my shit that real
I hustled hard all my life
Ran the streets all night
My wife always said everything
Was gonna be aight
She was right
And that's the one reason
Why I love her
But everything she said
Went in one ear and out the other
Word to Mother
Look at it from a thug point of view
When the kids need clothes
What a thug gonna do?
Hit the streets and hustle
Or pick up the heat and bust you
I'm tryin to eat like Russell
Murda is my hustle
You keep chasin yesterday

You gonna miss tomorrow
Its murda motherfucka
We don't bang or rob
We take shit
Fuck you and yo fake bitch
When the eight spit
You can feel the hatred
Taste it
You high right now
You aint ready to die right now
Before five we'll calm you down
You in the charmer now
It's drama how
A child will shut shit down
Killin niggaz for the fuck of it
I'll get you touched for chips
Fuck that shit and fuck yo wips
Fuck you bitch you can just suck my dick

Chorus:

If you keep chasin yesterday
You gonna miss tomorrow
Its murda motherfucka
We don't bang or rob
We take shit
Fuck you and yo fake bitch
When the eight spit
You can feel the hatred
Taste it
Its your blood
When we show love
We murderers (murderers)
We throw slugs
We hustlers (hustlers)
We sell drugs
And tell thugs livin it up
That there times up

Tah Murdah:

Yo, Yo
I don't give a fuck if you niggaz hate me
I drop bodies off where the lakes be
But lately, I've been hittin cribs be safe where the cake
be
I take three to the feds for the love of the dollars
And put that hot shit through you and watch you Holla,
Holla
The same niggaz I roll wit I'ma brawl wit
Hold my tanks

Run in the bank, and take it all with
Playa we flawless
Wit nothin to loose
Gun buttin and bruisin
Niggaz ya'll can't live
Funny shit about it
Niggaz wanna hit me
Forget about it
Thug-shit I'm livin
Ya'll niggaz spit about it
I rob and extort niggaz
Two-thirds of my life
The other third has been
Swingin on cars
Chasin the birds
If you ever get the urge to come
Try for test
All in one day you'll get none
And lied to rest
It's Murda
The only code of the ghetto
It's Murda
Nigga hand me the bezzle
And dance with the devil
Guns gradually spit
Gangsta shit
Attractin your bitch
Gettin head leaned back in the six
I master the chips
Nigga I'm tryin to tell you
You holdin hammers and nail you
Have you were the dogs couldn't smell you

Chorus:

If you keep chasin yesterday
You gonna miss tommorrow
Its murda motherfucka
We don't bang or rob
We take shit
Fuck you and yo fake bitch
When the eight spit
You can feel the hatred
Taste it
Its your blood
When we show love
We murderers (murderers)
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That there times up

Ja Rule:

Ja's the motherfuckin problem
Any nigga think not
I'ma pop 'em
Put the lid on niggaz
Demand that I spot 'em
Who gettin it? I got 'em nigga
And go got 'em to the cross in the roads
Show them how the guns blow
I'm a degenerate nigga
Addicted to hydro
Pushin four lanes
Top down with my eyes closed
Got a death wish
Money, drugs, and murderin shit
What you want with this?
We'll kidnap yo kids
Clap up yo cribs
It's the Murderers
What you know that does
That kill shit , just because?
We them hot niggas
Sell more records then roc niggas
I'ma lock it down for six months
And shock niggas
What's my name?
J to A, the R-U-L-E
With them hoes
That get through more sheets then
I's lay, you can't deny me
I'm the motherfuckin one
Drugs and bitches, like Heron
The don be the rule
If you hot get priced on your jewels
Cop a benz, and 20 inch chrome yo shoes
I got nothin to loose
But everything to live for
Thoroughbred's the man
That supply the raw
I put my smack down
>From N-Y to Chi-town
Incorporated
Murder spittin them rounds
You don't wanna hear how we sound
We cop the flame
It's Murda
And shit gonna change
Niggaz...

Uh, uh
Motherfuckas, understand that
Uh, uh
We live or die for this here
Nigga it's MURDA!!
Motha fucka
Give it to 'em
We'll like that
All my murderers!!
My dog
Fuck the world
Ya heard
Murder Inc. niggaz

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