

# Ja Rule

## "Things Gon' Change / 2 Punk Ass Quarters"

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[Verse 1: Ja Rule]

First off fuck the snitch and the unit he claim  
Fuck Dre partial, and eminem  
Plus the world heard it before, they tired of them  
And they waiting for that thug shit from Rule' again  
And Proof can bomb Proof your hummer then  
Put a vest on yourself and your child-ren  
Teach ya to be scared of death of them muderin'  
Niggaz that like to put holes through chins'  
In case y'all don't know about my savages  
They'll kidnap you kid's, throw em over a bridge  
Got em'reminiscing to N-O-T-O-R-I-O-U-S  
you just lay down slow  
I blaze out in the six while letting the fifth go  
I think "Big" as if I was wanted on death row  
We tha world famous, murder inc we infamous  
Fo' making bangers, and bangin' hammers, shit

[Chorus - Ja Rule And Black Child]

[Ja] Change Gon' Come

[Black] I ain't gonna lie when the heat wave high  
everbody gotta die

[Ja] Change Gon' Come

[Black] You better believe it, we stoppin' niggaz from  
breathin, poppin niggaz then leavin'

[Ja] Change Gon' Come

[Black] One way or another, we gangsta's from the  
gutta, we'll shoot ya then cut cha'

[Ja] Change Gon' Come

[Black] Ja, you ain't never lie when the heat wave high  
everybody gotta die

[Verse 2: Black Child]

As I sit back relax, cuttin' crack loadin' gats  
I think about these sexy rappers that I wanna clap  
I'll probably go to jail fo' sending "50" to hell  
If I lay banks down yayo going tell  
Fatal' will help him write his raps in brown  
Black Child is Black now, Rule is crack sells  
"IG" nigga the boss of all bosses  
making money off music, murder, and torture  
Who got what it cost for a coffin

Nigga you a dead man walking, this is extortion  
We organized crime everybody's crying  
While all of ya'll dying when the ian's stary flyin'  
Down the public, wanna polly about peace  
Well fuck peace cause this nigga half police  
And Black child is half man half beast  
And I'm a give all ya'll niggaz a half a clip a piece

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Young Merc]

It's time to address the public  
niggaz is frontin like when we see them we ain't  
dumpin'  
Shot's tryin lay something down, homie it's nothin'  
When you dealin' with real gangstas  
that a pop and erase ya, my dog's ain't playin man  
Whenever we see you we leaving you there  
And ain't no aftermath after these shot's flare  
Nigga we get it poppin' bang like crip's and blood's  
And ain't shit change  
I still keep a bandana and pack gun's nigga

[Verse 4: D.O. Cannons]

You better watch you mouth, fo' I rip yo face off  
And everybody you wit gonna jet the fuck off  
You's ain't gangsta, you sweet as ducksauce  
D' plays no games, pop the fuck off  
O' you want war, everybody gon get clipped the fuck  
off  
everybody know you block is buzzed off  
We got big ball's, pay off ten fo' walk with the fifth ball  
Bangin on Crenshaw

[Chorus X2]

50 Cent? is that what this is all about?  
2 punk ass motherfuckin quarters!

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