

# Ja Rule

## "Worldwide Gangsta"

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Wassup Chi town  
Yea  
Murder Inc. back up in your area  
On that gangsta shit you know  
Connect worldwide  
Worldwide gangsta shit  
You nah what I mean?  
Chi town to Miami  
Houston to motherfuckin' L.A.  
We connect nigger  
Gangsta shit

Mother fuckers  
You frontin' we comin' with heat niggas  
Aiya fifteen's sweep up the street bigger  
(Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)  
Guns make bigger niggas run  
We squeeze triggers  
(Ahh haa)  
And leave niggas dead for the stacks  
Slumped over, head in they lap

Yo, we constantly count cream in the crackhouse  
Basically, we bangin' bitches back out  
I feel like the last child  
Throwin' bricks at a glasshouse  
(Yeah)  
Poppin' and puffin' till I pass out  
(Ahh)

This gangsta shit is for all my youngs who flip birds  
And hug the block  
In club they pop cris and twist the bud, nigga what  
We live it up, from Chi town to my town  
(Ahh)  
We diggin sluts, long dickin' in the guts

We just religious thugs, gangsta pimps  
Hoes fall in love the way we throw this dick  
The hummers on dubs look like tanks and shit  
We came to stop the bank, don't blink be sick  
(Oh)

Nigga all of our love is for the chips  
And I don't chase hoes, just pesos and bricks  
Nigga let me sum it up  
Y'all niggas is dumb enough  
Run on up, the guns we tuck, bust  
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust

Holla at us, R O C K L A N D and I N C  
With Boo and Gotti, Ferrari black and Cadillac tah  
Nigga, we go hard

I'm loud when the shells pop  
Still I sell rock  
Got outta jail on bail, gettin' ready to plot  
Yo I kidnap niggas  
Then bitch smack niggas  
Give me the crack nigga or get clap nigga  
Nigga I ain't one of these rap niggas  
I'm a big gat spitter  
Bangin' and slangin' to be a rich ass nigga  
Don't get tired in these streets  
My nigga died in these streets  
It's only one option, provide for these streets  
My peeps out here so I ride with these streets  
Spent weeks out here, grind on these streets  
I know the deal out here  
It's real out here  
Got bitch bud murdered and I'm still out here  
Rockland, Murder Inc. you get killed out here  
Chi town, New York, blood spill out here  
And thugs like me, still out here  
Yeah you heard nigga, I'm still out here

A yo I ride up, lied up outta my mind  
Black Cadillac truck nigga, loaded with nines  
To my thugs on the block, holdin' them dimes  
I got love on the block, look at my eyes  
Rockland, Murder Inc. what the fuck you think?  
Me and Gotti whole plan is to cover the streets  
We don't wanna body you man, fuck the beef  
We sell a lot of these grams, and clutch the heat  
To many moves to be made, fake thug niggas  
Get a few through they braids, I been plug nigga  
It's rules to the game  
Cats like me play not to lose in this game  
You see this little nigga makin' moves in the range  
I see you wack niggas still crusin' with lames  
Get full nigga 'cause it's food to the brain  
Rockland nigga spit fire and flames  
Get it right nigga, we gangsta

Murder Inc. gets poppin' pills, clips  
However you like it  
Niggas get extorted, bitches get excited  
Known to start riots, the rule and I N C  
Got fedaraleighs watchin' me, the Y G and I G  
Put it together family orientated  
Through guns, drugs, and good relations  
Real conversations, we call it real talk  
And that shit spreads all the way from L.A. to New York  
And I love talk, that's when you get to smash on niggas  
Catch 'em in the dark spot and put the flash on niggas  
Cameras, lights, action, go buck at the master  
C's and past if when I die blow my ashes  
Off the shores of Costa Rica, nigga to each is own  
The rule ain't dyin' alone motherfuckers  
Haha

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