

Ja Rule Feat. Hussein Fatal "It's Murda (Freestyle)"

Visit "[It's Murda \(Freestyle\)](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

It's murda, ha ha ha
It's murda, we back up in this muthafucka
It's murda

Y'all know who we be
(Aiyyo don't let me catch ya runnin' from the back of
BET either nigga)
My nigga Fatal on tha muthafuckin' ones and twos
Holla back you bitch ass niggaz

Yo, cocksucka', I get squat and post and cocked tha
nina'
In tha five series Beamer, dump and lean ya
I fell off on a misdemeanor, ride red over black
madina's
Take crazy for genius

Hated like Jesus Christ
My weakness always been bad bitches and new bills
with creases
My thesis more than extraordinary
And that nigga that got shot nine times

Can tell ya that I don't give a fuck, I don't give a fuck
God may I ask yo' permission to take his life
This is your man be I N C to R U L E extraordinary, one
for tha ages

When done sawed off with tha front of them gauges
To engage in combat, to send you and fem where yo
mom's at
Motherfucka you hear that?
And I ain't talkin' about them heavenly skies
I'm talkin' fire from nines

Or maybe the fifty cal 'cause you like five-oh
Or maybe somewhere in Cal where you like to lay low
You bitch made, and I heard about that bitch
You be slayin' layin' up with, some where off of Sunset

Y'all haven't heard yet that nigga change is loose
And I got proof, get it? I got proof

Yo vest is no use when we cock and flame
It's Murda, murda incorporated

It's Murda, yeah
Hussein Fatal nigga
It's Murda, muthafuckas

Rule these niggas crazy, reppin' him without me
A.I ain't in the click, believe they won't win without me
Yo, I'm small lil' homies, frail but bold
Went from base to some bullshit like Jalen Rose

Got my blind D O G's readin' brail and coats
Keep the heat in the winter I can't tell it's cold
Clean my set, pieced out flame the tec
Throw shots niggas catch like Wayne Cherbet

Son of a gangsta, talk dirty son I'm a bang ya
I'm the truth with the ox, keep gum on the banger
Hussein, the only reason hoes chase the thugs
Nigga Blade Part Two I got the taste for blood

Log on Fatal.com, see fatal drop bombs
More militant minded then y'all faded with 'Pac rhymes
Clutching the stick beam, suckin' the stick green
Out the window or the sunroof, buckin' the sixteen

You ain't a gangsta 'em, this is gangsta shit
And 50 you ain't nuthin' but a gangsta bitch
Pac' would have never did no song with no wanksta
snitch
He confusin' y'all he ain't the shit

We sex, money and murda you niggas
Ain't no playin' around with this rap shit
Banana clip, mack's spit bodies wrapped in plastic
This the city where the skinny niggas die no
You heard my dogs this is the city where the skinny
niggas ride nigga

Plat, Hussein the don
Believe we got this shit poppin' in this muthafucka
Rule it's good
And we into the muthafuckin' club you punk niggas
walkin' out
Brick city, Rule, Rap-alot-mafia, Murda
Yound D', Merc, Exsaless

These niggas ain't ready for this gangsta shit right
here
We been doing this shit for a long time

Y'all niggas got the streets confused nigga
We been on this gangsta thug shit

Bitch ass niggas you know what it is
Every time we touch tha muthafuckin' booth nigga
It's gonna be fire, fire on you niggas' asses
Niggas better gracefully bow tha fuck out nigga

Hussein Fatal nigga, Rap-alot-mafia, nigga
M.I.B. nigga, Murder Inc bosses
Rule we here baby, Brick City Jerseys
Yeah, Shadow let's get it

Visit [Ja Rule Feat. Hussein Fatal](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.