

Jagged Edge

"Ja in a Bra"

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[Ja Rule Sample]

Its murdaaa... hahaha...its murda..

We back up in this motherfucker!!!

Its murda... yall know who we be (ayo don't let me catch you!!)

R.U.L.E... my nigga Fatal on my 1s, 2s, holla back you bitch ass niggaz!!

Yo, yo, motherfuckin cocksucker

If y'all havnt heard yet that nigga loose change is loose

And I got proof, get it, I got proof..

beat changes

[Intro - Proof]

WOOF!!

You know my name, its like this..PROOF!!!

D12 shitnotes!

Its war now! Lets man up! (WOOF)

No prisoners! No casualties! All my riders lets ride then! CMON!

(WOOF)

[Verse 1]

Word on the street is that I murda this Inc

Get whacked with the hands not deservin the heatin

There's nerves in this beef

To Irv and his peeps: I ain't rappin no mo'

I speak through the curves in the streets

Ya hit's, man, is weak

Ya did a poor job, that midget Cookie Monster be hangin' from a door knob

Ya lucky I don't like touchin women

And don't like no peace, talk somethin' with Russel Simons, (WOOF)

Got the right connections

My perception, ya know, would be beefin, ya life is definatly gone

The ?? singin' at least the Woof of rap

You'll need more than a Bush attack, don't push me back! (WOOF)

You think it's just 50 and Sha, listen up Ja, no kids in the lobby in

Detroit city wishin you DIE!
I know you just wanna rap and be Pac, but before its
said and done
you gon' see PAC! (WOOF)

[Hook]
Y'all don't want war, y'all want talk
In the dark my dogs all bark like WOOF!
PROOF, nigga, I'ma WOOF
Now you all SHOOK
I'ma about to getcha brain pushed BACK!

[Verse 2]
CHRIS GOTTI!!
This nigga had the nerve to have ten niggaz sneak me
just to get wit me
I'm only 160 and the fact is
I murder niggaz, DJs, and kittens
I only walk out with scratches, wearin a Rolex shirt
So if thats the streets, speakin ya dress don't hurt
You cowards do something before we do ours
I could write a Ja Rule album in two hours
Bleedin dead on ya back, have ya pockets flat like
Federal Tax and
put ya head on the rack
I'm so bad, the only thing good is death
And L.A. G Unit posted and shook left, (ha, bitch!)
I'm from Detroit with the hottest and hollas
Niggaz like 'y'all garbage, don't even bother', (haha)
Plus ya overweight and gangstas is maddening
50 made Wanksta and the definition of wanksta is AINT
TOUGH
With pictures of Ja in a braw with a paint brush, paintin
his war marks
I'm losin my patience
It ain't just D12 and Obie, homey, cancel ya shows and
show respect
like ya know me, (hehe)
It zones and its hailin a jet
911 style: to ya face to ya chest
911 style: to ya face to ya chest
It's over, nigga, gettin wet on the set, BLAU!!!

[Hook] x2

[Outro]
Haha!
I ain't even talkin no more!
I can't believe my nig can write yo whole ass out,
nigga!
Whatcha talkin about 'that we gave ya the proof!'

You scared to come in that club, nigga!
You ain't got shit!
I'ma tell you like this: Black Child, Chris Gotti, I'm on
that ass!
Cmon! See! You niggaz wanna be street niggaz!
Who would you wanna recruit?
Cause I'ma murd' all you soldiers and recruit ya bosses
when this over!
Big Proof! D12! Only a one sixty-three!
I left out with scratches, nigga!
Wait till y'all niggaz come to the D!
Yeah, I'm goin to New York! I just love Summer Jams!
I'll be back fuckin with ya bitch!
A'yo, Cookie Monster: come get me, nigga!
Old ass nigga! *laughs*

beat stops

Now don't make me write some real shit, nigga!

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