

## Cutting Crew

### "Holla Holla"

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[Ja Rule]  
IT'S MURDA!

[Jay-Z]  
Yeah yeah, Hova Hova  
We takin over soldier, told ya it's murdaa  
I'm here for that paper playa, fuck one time  
I'm here ta break ya playa one nine  
Make ya scream and holla partner  
When I block ya partner  
When I squeeze niggaz breathe like {\*ahh-hah, ahh-hah\*}  
We the realest niggaz we killaz niggaz  
We Murderers, feel us?

[Vita]  
Vita Vita to all of my bitches  
that's ready to flip dollars dollars  
Lemme hear you holla holla  
Gunshots pop up like it's murda  
Ja's a murdera  
I'm the murderous bitch  
Semi semi automatic in my Fendi Fendi bag  
for any any hoes feelin envy envy if you choose to  
but I got some killers that'll bury and use you  
It's murda!!

[Black Child]  
Nigga we do this for the doe doe, hurtin hurtin  
Y'all niggaz is curtains curtains  
When the pound kick, round spit hit the ground quick  
Playa playa I hate a hater whose flow flow is so-so  
Midget niggaz who grow slow  
Fire fire when I spit, full clip  
Niggaz wet em wet em  
whoever holdin the coke we'll dead em dead em  
All my thug niggaz and thug bitches  
This all it takes for paper if you feelin me

Chorus: Ja Rule (repeat 2X)

(holla holla) All my niggaz thats ready to get  
(dollars dollars) Bitches know who can get em a little  
(hotta hotta) Come on, if you rollin wit me  
(follow follow) It's murda..

[Memphis Bleek]

Yeah, yeah

Niggaz neva neva, seen a killa like Bleek  
You could get it get it in a second on these streets  
Now it's Memphis Memphis and my gun bust  
tremendous  
You aint you aint on my dick shorty but yo friend is  
It's murda murda for life  
Me and Ja nigga hold that hold that  
Niggaz ain't ready to die with us get it get it  
Make em feel it feel it all 16 comin from my .45 digits

[Tah Murda]

Make you holla black cal is all about a dolla  
Dollars dollars nigga I'm from homicide Hollis  
Hate hoes that love to swallow swallow  
We original robbers robbers wit revolvers  
Sippin Henny and Remi and Remi wit any  
Wit Tah spittin the semi spittin the semi  
In any anybody could spit it spit it e  
but can he live it live it  
It's murda motherfucker don't forget it!

Chorus 2X

[Busta Rhymes]

Murda murda, yo, yo-yo yo  
Now what you 'bout to do?  
Lay you out on a stretcher  
I betcha that when I get ya  
I'll make y'all niggaz leak from my lyrical lecture  
and treasure the moment feel pleasure from when I  
wet ya (WHAT!)  
Split ya cardiovascular up from the bullets we sent ya  
Listen we dishin our flava we cookin da kitchen (what!)  
Like we cookin and breakin our la-ast pot we got to piss  
in  
I'm bout to cop an ounce of weed (how many wanna  
chip in?!)  
And get a bunch of wild murderin niggaz  
time is all we need to be flippin

[Ja Rule]

Neva eva before fore  
Whatever reason you think you law  
Lord tell em I'ma nigga that clip it cock it and dead em

I'ma behead em for no flow, wet em if they dry slow  
Funny style niggaz I'll lift like lo-lo's  
Then pimp yo broke hoes (whoa!)  
I'ma I'ma pop pop and leave leave niggaz gagged and  
shot  
Why why the fuck not I'm a Murderer murderin any  
and everything that's in my way -- holla holla

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