

Cam'Ron F/ Juelz

"We Different"

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Word to God
Yo yo yo
I neva liked cha'll niggas
Word to God, and I neva will
'Cuz y'all niggas is ass, y'all bitches
We different, y'all niggas ain't like us
We different, word to God, we murderers

[Tah Murdah]
Y'all niggas is scared and unprepared for the war
We gon' kill *silence* and thats for sure
So fuck that, stack crack, bricks and flip
You bust yo' cap but yo' aim ain't accurate
You'll clap a bitch but won't clap a click
Nigga my mack'll spit and hit that ac' you with
We gon' talk about guns and y'all talk about cars
We gon' talk about murda when y'all talk about broads
When niggas spit and hit me if the lord ain't with me
Ain't none of y'all niggas is gonna come to hell and get me
Niggas ?geling? with me know I'm going to foreva spit
'Cuz I got cheddar to get, I'ma foul and ???
With two co-defenders, drive by, Tah, and I
Said the dead don't die unless they fuck with Ja
If sellin crack is wrong, god forgive me for my sins
I bust my mack ten and them claps I'm spinnin' in

Chorus: Ja, Tah, and Black Child

We different, you can call us the Murdera's
We different, you don't wanna fuck with us
We different, how we see the souls through the eyes
Live for life, its murda for life nigga
We different, you can call us the Murdera's
We different, you don't wanna fuck with us
We different, how we see the souls through the eyes
Live for life, its murda for life nigga

[Black Child]
My nigga silence is the code for killers, we let the
chrome speak

And touch whoeva, 'cuz no niggas beyond reach
We the drum heat, y'all niggas will fall faster
Spitting like nine raptors, crush 'em like linebackers
Nigga, this shit is a joke? You die and ??? the laughter
And thats for, whoever intervene or stoppin the green
in it
For the longevity, check the pedigree
So if I feel you ahead of me, tomorrow you'll neva see
We murderers with money to get, honies to hit
?Rugars? and dummies to spit, leavin you mummy to
stiff
I'm one that'll flip, breakin the law chasin the raw
Beat you with the barrel of the gun, breakin ya jaw
Takin it all, fuck leavin the crumbs for niggas
Slum jones for niggas, now I strap up and come for
niggas
And when I'm done with niggas they rest on they death
bed
With the doctor pullin lead outta they head
I'll die for the bread

Chorus

[Ja Rule]

I don't really give a fuck about y'all niggas
I'll sabotage with niggas, 'cuz niggas actin like bitches
Causing me to start shittin, I'm the Murderer
Who the fuck you thought you was?
Little man shut the fuck up, respect the boss
You gotta be kidding me, nigga you a kid to me
Suckin my dick when I was with the Click in nine-three
Get'cha own identidy, you fuckin dick ridah
A year ago, nigga you was a b-boy for lifah
Stay frontin, when all eyes on the Jeeps
The only nigga I see puching somethin is me
I should be sunnin' y'all niggas for y'all cut
Fuckin on y'all sluts, but cha'll niggas aint worth that
much
You should be glad I'm shittin and shed light to the fact
If you shit back then maybe y'all niggas might go plat
I'm the pinnacle of that, young, stressed, and black
Think it out with the mind with the heart, attack
In the soul I tend to get attached, these the things that
Make me different, undeniably gifted
Its scripted that I'ma kill 'em all from the heart
The world's most dangerous, race against time, and
march
Y'all niggas wanna start the war right now
I hit 'em up and tear 'em right to the ground
Its the Murdera's, nigga you want it with us?
What the fucks up? What the fucks up nigga?

Chorus

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