

DJ Clue F/ Ja Rule, Jay Z, Busta Rhymes, M. Bleek, "Holla Holla"

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[Ja Rule]

The world's most dangerous DJ
Cluemanati!!!
Get ready Queens it's dat real shit
Holla

[Jay Z]

Yeah yeah
Hovah Hovah
We takin ova so just Told ya It's murda
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 blaaka partner
When I squeeze niggaz breathe like (breathes)
We da realest niggaz we killaz niggaz
We murdaraz

[Vita]

Vita Vita to all of my bitches dats ready to flip dollaz
dollaz
Lemme hear you holla holla
Gunshots pop up like it's murda
Ja's a murderah
I'm a murderous bitch
Semi semi automatic in my Fendi Fendi
Bag for any any hoez feelin envy envy
If you chose to but I got some killaz dat'll bury and use
you
It's murda

[Black Child]

Nigga this is for the dough dough, hurtin hurtin
Y'all niggaz is curteous curteous
When the pound kick, round spit hit the ground quick
Playa Playa I hate Hate who'se flow flow is so so
Midget niggaz who flow 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
Holla Holla

[Chorus] x 2

All my niggaz thats ready to get dollaz dollaz
Bitches know who get em a lil hotta hotta
Come on if you rollin wit me folla folla
Its murda

[Memphis Bleek]

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 hold that
Niggaz ain't ready to die but we did it did it
Make em feel it feel it all 16 comin from my .45 digits

[Tah Murda]

If you holla Black cal is all about a dolla
Dollaz Dollaz Nigga I'm from Homocide Hollis
Hate Hoe'z dat love to swallow swallow
We original robbers robbers wit revolvers
Sippin henny and renny and remy wit any
Wit Tah spittin the semi spittin the semi
In any anybody could spit it spit it but can he live it live
it
It's murda muthafucka don't forget it!

[Chorus] x 2

[Busta Rhymes]

Yeah yeah
Yeah ah yo yo Murda Murda
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 of pleasure but 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 ? (how many wanna chip in)
And get a bunch of wild murderin niggaz time is all we
??

[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 loz
Then pimp yo broke hoez (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 thats in my way
Holla Holla

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