

## **Ja Rule F/ Ashanti, Charli Baltimore, Vita "What It's All About"**

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[Intro - Rasco]

What it's all about..

Yeah yeah..

What it's all about..

What it's all about..

Yeah yeah..

What it's all about..

That's how it is, Rasco..

Bout to rep the bz's nigga please..

[Verse 1 - Rasco]

Set the post, it be Rasco from up close

Emcees that's rotten can get the full dose

The hoes, that came to butter your work toast

This emcees be tried just ask themselves: why?

Reply and no kil' and no I don't get high

It's just not my thing just tryin' to get by

I stutter step like rats no cool gats

Frenchise my brother this man can pull stacks

Perhaps, your plan to go plat' just went splat

Your one million plus was fools you couldn't trust

I bust, like bubbles and trouble from penpoints

You drank down some liquor then smoked like ten joints

Please, get out of my face I spits mase

Where hip hop is comin' to rush your whole place

Face, the lyrics that shut your whole case

First out of the box and still lost the whole race

Disgrace, niggaz with vigour that pull triggers

Some catch your body then big turns to bigger

Forget it, and bring your best to get with it

I pulled down my pants on emcees and shitted

For real, I blast off lyrics the real deal

It's strictly hip hop ain't got that rap feel

We peel caps on cats that set traps

And I respect women that write they own raps

Retreat, we gunnin' you down from ten feet

You wrote down some lyrics then jacked like ten beats

Discrete never whatever got it together

And rain down on niggaz in any types of weather

We bring it and come in the door bounce to rigid

I do my own thing and don't need hoes to sing it  
But check we cuttin' your verse to small specks  
Set to get down ain't that's a Ampax, what's next

[Hook: Rasco]

"What it's all about"  
Soul brother Ras' came to diss you fools  
"What it's all about"  
Plus you clowns that think you too cool  
"What it's all about"  
Get your pens and pads it's time for school  
"What it's all about"  
Take another rap

[Verse 2: Rasco]

Over the hill, plus I'm wanted like fifth wheels  
There goes your deal you've had your last thrill  
But still must inspect your mic check  
And those with no skills I must disrespect  
Regret, nothin' in life don't live trife  
Ain't killed nobody ain't stole no man's wife  
But twice, brothers tried to roll the dice  
Niggaz crabbed out and had to pay the price  
Precise and nice on mics that on take hights  
Break out your boots it's time to stack loot  
But shoot, brothers ain't tryin' to feel this  
Somebody come bogus I come with realness  
Excist believin' they got this mad piss  
Ain't nobody above the club of gettin' dissed  
We twist and plus my style be topless  
And broke up your wrist for tryin' to test this  
We miss nothing in sight and stay as tight  
Rethought my game, works hard and break nights  
We blast plus the Ras' be first class  
Dropped my first single and made my first cash  
Your ass is gettin' dug out for rugs out  
So fuck the gun chatter I'll knock you thugs out  
About to end this verse ain't nothing worse  
Then seein' emcees drove off inside the hearse

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Rasco]

Triple the threat plus you placed your last bet  
Thought you seen it all this ain't been done yet  
Confetti slice that ass and get ready  
And tag along Freddie's I came to rock steady  
But Frank knows how I gas my own tank  
Make a show live, put cash up in the bank  
So crank whenever I spit some nice shit  
I bought my killer team my team can slice shit

In facted ofcourse the Ras' be baldheaded  
You wrote all them lies but didn't get the credit  
I said it and only like legs once they spread it  
When fools run they jibbs I came down and dead it  
We get it, like givin' a fuck self destruct  
I heard ya first 12; Oh well that shit sucked  
Believe it, the jam that keeps the spot heated  
I ran down some rhymes your crew got mistreated  
Complete it the Ras on pace without a trace  
And turn up the bass so fools canget a taste  
It's finished and now the rhyme's been replenished  
My team undefeated on point without a blimish  
We champs you better deploy your whole camp  
We fresh of them guts like women with mad cramps  
So lamp to beats that sounded quite sweet  
And what it's all about you fools can't compete  
Bring the heat

[Hook]

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