

## Ja Rule F/ Black Child

### "Die"

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[Tah Murdah]

Yea

We about money and murda

The fuck y'all want to do

Either pass that paper

Or we gonna have to kill you

It's like that nigga

Don't question why

Cuz when it's murda motherfucker

Everybody gotta die

Die motherfucker die

Die motherfucker die

Die motherfucker die

Die motherfucker die

[Tah Murdah]

Money ain't never been nothing

I hit the block if this shit get ugly

And it ain't never been in my heart to let niggas thug  
me

Hit the dealer and cop a drop if the eyes is buggy

And pull up in front of the spot cause the mommies  
love me

(It's gangsta) yeah and ain't no nigga gone match me

Stocky, chubby nigga voice real raspy

I see you real flashy "but that ain't gone last nigga"

Pop fire off shots "and that's your ass nigga"

It's war now that's why I keep the four with long nozzle

Six-hundred bad bitch on it holding down the throttle

And fuck that beef shit cause some beef won't die

And some niggas will say they gangsta but they won't  
ride

And while it's hard for you to decide I'll let it fly

Forty shots hit your ride up hit the tropics and hide up

Under palm tree's to white sand

Everything is a price man

You snipe when bullets are piping hot

When it's your flesh it begin warming you

Now die motherfucker die

Cuz I'm tired of warning you

[Black Child]

Yeah we hear now, die motherfucker  
Don't be scared now, die motherfucker  
Black Child I'm off parole it's murda now  
In a hood near you about to burn it down  
Word to God it feels like I'm from every hood  
Cuz when you ghetto your ghetto with gats you good  
Sell cracks if you could bust your gat when you should  
It's for my blacks from the bricks back to Inglewood  
We eat together nigga fuck the crossroads  
In this world my flow is another lost soul  
My shit sounds like shots from a four pound  
For these bitch clowns it's war now  
It's all about paper that's my issue  
Fuck peace you can have a piece of the pistol

[Chorus x2: Ja Rule]

Everybody gonna die but nobody want dead  
Die motherfucker die, it's your life  
Everybody wanna live, but they wanna live scared  
Die motherfucker Die, that's your life

[Ja Rule]

Niggas know the truth  
Rule raises the roof  
Cuz I pop more shots than Abdul-Rauf  
And when the concludes I bring closure to the situ  
Come thru squeeze eight out the stolen black pinto  
Niggas know my mental kill or be killed head for the  
hills  
But don't never slide down it if you to high ground it  
(puff, puff) uhhh! Is how it sounded two shots thru and  
silent  
And one nigga stripped of his talents  
New fucking Yiddy City the sex and violence  
Where first time offenders get floated to the island  
And one time give a nigga one time  
Breathe wrong and a nigga have a blown mind  
I blow lines like an addict  
Bust guns erratic shine blind like carats  
Rules above average me and this music make a  
marriage  
So I thee wed till I'm either jailed or dead  
motherfuckers  
Feel me niggas

[Black Child]

Word to God  
Feel us nigga  
We here, again

It's Murda

[Chorus x2]

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