

Ja Rule F/ The Murderers, Busta Rhymes, Jay-Z, Memphis Bleek "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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