

## **M.O.P. F/ Busta Rhymes, Remi Martin, Teflon**

### **"Kill 'Em All"**

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Ja Rule: Verse 1

It must be the way that I spit shit  
That make you say damn this nigga ridiculous  
The way I hit 'em and move nigga I can't lose  
Inconspicuous incognito niggas ain't ready  
For whoever who has the flow nigga know I spit deadly  
Fear me to the day I'm dead on the street with holes in  
me  
The ghettos got love for me cuz ima lay for 'em  
If I have to gradually down or after  
The only fib be love and disaster  
Tears before laughter but who gonna cry?  
My style be so touchin' nigga wipe yo eye!  
Get used to obvious lies and dead wise guys  
and any bitch niggaz feel they fuckin wit my's  
C'mon let's get it on, to the break in the dawn,  
before long if you wrong you be dead and gone  
And now i'm the bomb to clarify my name in vain  
What you thought motherfuckers I was playin? Baby I  
hit 'em all

(Chorus: Jay-Z, Ja Rule)

Lord I won't be denied... I'ma Hit 'em Hit 'em  
For as long as I'm a alive I'ma Hit 'em Hit 'em  
I want my piece of the pie I'ma Hit 'em Hit 'em  
Respect mine till the date of my demise...  
Baby I'ma Hit 'em all  
Thinkin' its a game I'ma Hit 'em Hit 'em  
Show 'em I ain't playin' I'ma Hit 'em Hit 'em  
For operatin' like planes I'ma Hit 'em Hit 'em  
Hit 'em Hit 'em

Ja Rule: Verse 2

Baby I kill 'em all whatcha wanna do with this  
nigga nuthin so shut the fuck up  
And learn somethin' see my team can get a whole town  
gamin'  
Give it up we even take the small change

Nigga yeah uh you think my way of life fucked up right?  
Till you live it and the cash gets to eatin at yo spirit  
Fear it you be a broke nigga, you near it,  
you be the next nigga, never have to go back and been  
it  
Cold stares thought you need a killa 'round here  
Y'all niggaz really have some pitiful ideas  
I keep tryin to get this world to see  
hustle hard my mind on that money  
My motto to be stack it if you got it for when you get it  
Don't talk about it just be about it that it  
Went all odds against niggaz gettin' rich figure  
to earn a dollar makes sense Baby I Hit 'em all

(Chorus)

Baby I come in style comin' fresh out of Queens  
(Brooklyn)  
I recognize how my killa cliques gettin' down  
Everyday is while takin' yours into process niggaz is  
stress  
Leavin' peep holes in yo chest god bless the next that  
get laid to rest  
Frustration and stress make me question death  
I wanna shoot all niggaz I feel should be shot on the  
spot  
Let 'em rot with lead in their knot  
Oh shit you bitch ass niggaz be lit  
Smoke weed it give you the heart to proceed  
Whatcha game plan you da man  
Go for your guns feel no remorse  
When i leave your brain ???  
Now settle down get your shit tight  
Should we expect move right  
And everything is aight  
But if you slip son that ass is gone top dogg  
motherfuckers recognize  
Baby I'm Hit 'em all

(Chorus)

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