

Phil Collins % Marilyn Martin**"Say What U Say"**

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Yeah, fuck that, Ja Rule, Ranjahz, uh
It's MURRDAAAAA!!!!
Faculty, fucker
Huh, give it to 'em
Niggas act like they don't know
Uh, one hand wash the other hand, y'knowmean? fuck
it

HOOK: Ja Rule
You can say what you wanna say about us
But we gon keep rockin...
You can say what you wanna say, but are you ready for
the gunplay, hey
You gon say what you wanna say about us
But we gon keep rockin...
You can say what you wanna say, but we gon keep the
whole floor rockin
Hey

[Verse 1]
Basically you can do what you wan' do, say what you
wan' say
Real recognize fradulent, all day
Every word I spit evolve from rappin in hallways
Clappin in broad day, to stackin it all ways
In God we trust, but percentage before praise
Money before bitches, riches before the grave
If you scared go to church, get a gun if you afraid
Livin this hell, and only through death is one saved
Drugs kill, crime pays, fuck, minimum wage
Stuck in the hood, out of my mind, clutchin this gauge
Caught in a faze from day one, gun'll be raised
Violate I cock til your crib, up in a blaze
Street life, Ranjahz smoke the bathroom pay
Behave crazed, lose it, to this ghetto music
Sing what the fuck you want, if you a thug prove it
This is the real from the heart, not the *Coming of Age*

HOOK

[Ja Rule]

Keep your mind on the game
Cuz when it drugs to sell, we hustlin
If it's guns to blaze, we bustin 'em
My heart's filled with pain
Cuz I flood the hood with nothin but love
If niggas want me, come and get it in blood
The ruler remains
Numero uno, the flow's porto
Then put me, in auto, matic or manual
Just the style dipped chronic, duo, compatible
Niggas want none of the Rule, fo' rilla
Call me caterpillar cuz I sliver, cap peel ya
Manilla, big ballers, drop cash at car dealers
And we aint got them Hyundais neither
The Rule and Da Ranjahz, come through in back to back
Ranges
Say what you say, but shit is dangerous, nigga
Uh, uh, one life, one love

HOOK

[Verse 3]

Say what you say, every day, all day, gunplay
Drink your liquor, smoke your ganjay, fuck what none
say
Sip your syrup til your mind tear up
Sprinkle coke in your blunt fucker, do what you want
Or do what ya feel, just make sure you do it for real
Cuz if you front in the cold, I'ma let this somethin
explode
And y'all bitches, mad cuz we tryin to stack riches
Wanna scratch inside of my V
Wanna flat all my tires, tryin to violate me
I don't beef I just pop up on Mickey Thompson's
All chrome on my waist, da all chrome 380 Lawsson
First nigga mad doggin, I'm squeezin carbon
Tryin na put somethin in his noggin, get to joggin
Weavin and bobbin, on these streets I'm like the
seargeant
Straight hoggin, triple L love life and lost in
Tryin to eat in the devil's garden

HOOK

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