

Ja Rule, Connected

(feat. Crooked I, Eastwood)

Woooooo
Murder Inc Motherfucker

[Chorus]

We world wide connected, and ya'll don't want to fuck with us
In the streets we respected, so ya'll don't want to fuck wit us
World wide connected nigga, ya'll don't want to fuck wit us
We gangster ass niggaz and we hard to hit
Murder Inc in the role who could fuck wit this

[Eastwood]

It ain't no verse mother fuckers who fake east thugs
Its murder Inc In the role nigga throw up your dub
They show us love in the club real niggaz bossed up man
We heavily intoxicated so toss it up
Attacks your mind and your conscience
Written to enhance this verbally thugs grammar
I'm bout to touch the roof wit it
Extraordinary and I was never ordinary in cemetery
bisit my thugs in mortuaries
End all most reality young name and 'Pac
I'm a keep my heat tucked until my soul goes pop
I hear a lot of niggaz rapping
But there ain't that many rappers out there scraping and keep it cracking
We keep it happening
I'm a million out the gate
No scratch that 8 from cd's to tapes we rock like earthquakes
I'm Eastwood catch me dipping a Fleetwood like a g should
Young Eastwood is so damn good

[Chorus]

[Crooked I]

Nigga think that I is raw spit
Murder Inc in the role, we all sick
So niggaz Involved get mauled quick as a dog and the raw gets you involved
And I'm a draw quick, nigga awwwwww shit
Punks talking lick I haul off quick
Wit a sawed off kick It's like they fall off cliffs
Y'all call it off before all y'all get stoned
like you're fallen off in a raw mosh pit
Get tossed in a ditch your coffin is sick
While I floss in the awesomest whips and I toss in your chicks
Your caution when your calling your six
Cause your talk can get you crossed and lost in the mix
I'm a pause in the bitch bossed in the pits
Burn I serve niggaz stay off at ya clique
Spend off with ya grip my land of gangreen
You have the doctors taking your leg off of your hip
Motherfucker!

[Chorus]

[Ja Rule]

All y'all niggaz need to get off my dick
I spit it how I live it plus the flows real sick
I got killers ranged from Compton to Cleveland
World wide connected any type niggaz there's no breathing
Give me the reason I put a halo throw your mental
And give your the Holy Spirit and see you to gods temple
I'm the avenging angle and earth be thy claim
And Ja be thy name, I know your all praying

For the day of my diminishing,
Why don't somebody finish them off and put it right through his cross
The X is the 50 ya'll got to be kidding me
These niggaz is my sons I raised them from young
Curtis and little Earl should of been little girls
Cause they bitch made and they act like one of my itchbays
Touche! The Rule is more than ready
Gun heavy and world wide connected (feel me)

[Chorus]