

Ja Rule, Murda 4 Life

Yeah. What y'all niggaz want
street shit, Memph Bleek shit, Ja rule shit
You heard nigga
It's all real in the field nigga

[Chorus]

Niggaz live wit it, money drugs and murdah for life
Bitches deal with it, only lovin them hoes for the night
If your feeling it, get high its alright
but you can't get it, until the day of our demise

[repeat]

[Memphis Bleek]

You can holler at the dog haters wanna see me fall
Bitches wanna too see me ball killers they don't wanna see me at all
If I wasn't rolling with the rock
Will you niggaz pass rock share birds or flash glocks
I walk around wit two Mac's, razors and icepicks
Just cause you niggaz want to see me hurtin like them
Its all about the benjamins money cash hoe's
livin through this shit i'm in nigger stack doe
Street scholar, eight figure nigga white collar cat
ain't the M-E-M-P-H man, bitch holla back
I'm a creature smoking on hay since it was reefer
Drug ass flow like I was cut wit ether
Mark ass nigger don't want a part of this nigga spark with this nigga
blaze bark wit this niga
Me and Ja Rule fuckin you hoe's is what these guys do
Ain't the type to buy you, mommy how you, slide cock inside you
supply you with ten bitches times two, I'm a motherfuckin animal

[Chorus 2x]

[Ja Rule]

Fuck the world cause it ain't quite ready me
I'm living my life niggaz take a look at these eyes
Witness what it is to be real niggaz
guns, drugs, hot slugs, coke runs, want some, get some
Bad enough buy some nigga
Fucking around with Ja and Bleek and get hit up
Tearing your whole clique then we clip up
Nigga thats what these Murderers nigga that's us
What the fuck, is you ready to die right now nigga?
Know you feelin my style nigga
Run wit nothing but wild Brooknam and Queens Isle niggaz
Hit em any nigger that breath rule riddel em wit hot one
Ain't nigga like me, who you riding wit?
Rolling nothing but hot shit your bitch my bitch
Only difference is bitches on my dick blow dick
How I cock spread hit ho's love that shit, you celibate
I'll turn you into the freakiest bitch
Have you topless dancing in bars naked for dollars
Y'all bitches know what my style is
Always on some foul shit, Rule bitch
Let the world know
When I spit nothing but that murderous live wit it

[Chorus 2x]

[Memphis Bleek]

Hol-la! What you think of that, bitch where we freakin at

Bum chick don't speak to that, fly momma creep wit that
Live with it nigga hit it, don't stop get it get it
Don't tricking bitching, would you fuck with it
Brooknam and Queens
Yo, it means more killin, more guns, more drugs, more real ass niggaz
HOLLA don't give a fuck, DOLLAS niggaz what you want get it
Crump blaze skunk, what the fuck y'all want nigga!

[Ja Rule]
None of me cause, I hit em wit to much style
And my energy got these niggaz creatin lil me's
I'm a lock and squeeze know that its my time
If I leave air breath niggaz haten on mines
I'm a nightmare niggas better prepare to die
And deal wit Ja hollerin Murda 4 life!

[Chorus 2x]

Uhh yeah
Ja Rule, Memph Bleek
Holla back, Roc-a-Fella
Its Mur-da, Its Mur-da uh uh
We out