Ja Rule, Race Against Time II

Yeah, yeah, uh huh
Race against time, ha part two
You know, haha,
Uh, c'mon
Yeah, yeah, yeah, haha
Nothin like the future

[Verse 1]
Guess who's back to personify money, power, and bitches
But when bitches been gettin money, that when shit get ridiculous
I'm hittin switches like six fo's, bouncin and leanin
The west coast seemin, keep the fo' fo' demon
And the rock is all stashed up
Roll up a little diesel, keep it hashed up
Then +Holla, Holla+ at the whores, is hollerin back
Let 'em know a few facts like if your ridin, your back's slidin
This is the 'Race Against Time' and I ain't got time to waste
To give chase, I put a hole in your fin
But your head to the barrel like DJ's is spinnin
Backward, to blow off the backwood, I'm so hood
But what's really hood, when you ain't doin your hood
no motherfuckin good, and bein misunderstood
I would die if I could, Rule the lion
And I'ma keep "ri-da-da-da-da-in"

[Chorus - 2X]
Race against time, I - can't stop
Runnin through the red light - livin my life
Even if I'm gettin too hot
Still I can't stop - "Ri-da-da-da-din"

[Verse 2]
Bless the day that the God was born two, twenty-nine, seventy-six
This cocaine was heavily mixed
And all them niggaz had a fixation for bad reputation
For pimpin hoes, and shootin fo, to bring the free basin
If this is time erasin, the devil is runnin like Bettis
And got his guns out lookin for ways to behead us
You can die in a matter of seconds, so I'ma slow it down
Turn back the hands of time with the 40 Cal
Claimin your style is the realest, so I'ma define the meanin of murder, it's killer
You outta your mind, the burner's designed for the fill up
No gas, and when I spits like acid
smoke weed, but blow ether, spit ashes
cause young Rule in his prime like 'Clay Cassius'
Hated by the masses, but overwhelmed with love and passion
For when I die niggaz keep "ri-da-da-da-din"

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]
If Jesus Christ was criticized, then why not me
What the fuck am I special, I struck a deal with the devil
Haha, every kid a prophet, which one seem like its logic
Me in church, or me in bed with bitches managen
I can chase like sergeant, addictive like heroin
Outsiders just lookin in, through a barrel that's pinned to the peep hole
They seein all or nothin like Jazz from Clisco
Hit 'em up and let's go, jump over the threshold
I just got married to bangin pistol, drugs and other shit
Feel in love with a bitch that I call crime
She reminded me that nobody can beat time
If you get enough of it nigga
So I looked her dead in her eyes and pulled the trigger

Thinkin that the music we feel would be somethin different
But this the same old criminal vibin
I ain't hidin, I'ma keep "ri-da-da-da-din"

[Chorus]