

# Ja Rule, Emerica

(feat. Chink Santana, Young Life)

[Newsman]

Extra, extra

Extra, extra

Hear all about it

Ja Rule has just been elected the President...

Of the united ghetto's of Emerica

And this is what he had to say at presstime

At press time this is what Ja Rule had to say

America...

[Chorus 2X: Ja Rule]

Welcome to Emerica

(Don't hate me) Cuz I done made this world what it's gon be

Welcome to Emerica

(Don't hate me) Cuz I done made this world what it's done to me

[Ja Rule]

Niggaz, if I could pledge my allegiance to the, United Ghettoes

of the Emerica, go on sell ya drugs

Cuttin taxes for strippers and thugs

It's all good, room for mayor in all hood and as well I should

I make it publicly desmist understood

When they caught me gettin high in the back of the ho-tel

Was you freakin them ho's?

Well, I just say I was gettin a lil head but so what

Bill and Hillery stay for them stills

That's a down ass bitch for ya

Wash em with some soap and water

And return them dirty bra's to their rightful owner

Now that's creep shit

One over one, I got this broad on the one-o-one

She's botherin, so don't even come up in here

Cuz shes contious, no nonsense

She like to choke on the dick, and the lungs on the constant

Gettin the W1's you church girl

Proda stant, it's aiight ma you rollin wit the Inc.

[Chorus]

[Young Life]

Yeah I'm here can you tell?

Mo' niggaz livin, livin in ?? in Emerica

I'm never gonna feel, Nigga I'm tellin ya

Young Life is a compeditor

And is into real my niggaz headed up hill

I'm lettin you know shit's real

I came into the game copped a deal

Aimin to get this shit still

It ain't been a minute I ain't been high

And I haven't handled my buisness

How I been fuckin you bitches right

Yeah you witnesses my life

Imperial night, in the ghetto holdin my medal tight

Still, in Emerica

Remilitary is terror nigga holds his medal

Of his never be available

That easy I'm a editor, restin up with the best of em

Minds of them bitches that stress givin em hard sex

I'm set for life, the lightin ho's that write

And hit the mic, not over night

You get the gift to be the best of something like

(Enough in Emerica) Young Life is comin home

Motherfuckers prepare to die

[Chorus]

[Chink Santana]

Niggaz hit that crack houses hustlers and hoes  
No youngins up on the corners nigga smokin them bones  
I'm rattin away wit knots comin up, what's no pills?  
That's why they'll find your ass slumped in the blacks of ville  
But still, I spot that paper Jo, Blowin my weed  
And ain't a thing a mother need is gotta be me  
But now days these lil youngins rollin on E  
And a nigga that supplyin that is who runs the streets  
Now look, this ain't no crack day  
I gotsa come up on the stash and get back man  
Cuz I done witness all this shit that they say them ho's do  
Fuckin wit X, like finger fuckin that hot glock  
While she swallow her tit  
But real, there nigga want his dick sucked?  
Bitches is why bitches turn that rehold into a intrick (It's pimp shit)  
No limp dick, just a gangsta fuck  
Why the murder put some major bust biatch

[Chorus]

Welcome to Emerica...