

# Ja Rule, Exodus (Intro)&nbsp;

[Ja Rule - Verse 1]

In case you dont know the call me Loc

Short for L-O-K-I

Im speck for rule saying his last goodbye

This is Exodus

This been a hell of a ride

From Vinni Venni Vicci to Blood In His Eye

In the next plan in time Ive seen the rock split

In the ride its as rough as the ride gets

And you know that they all want to murder The Inc

But they cant kill us, and now we got to finish these niggaz

And if finish it means murder (murder murder murder) (?) so be it

Last that I recall

They tried to murder the God mimic my style

Then leave them in memory of

But smile some memories lost the new identity was born

And na this aint a movie dog

This is murder (murder murder murder)

And you need a second for me

Yo Gotti I make the hits you just give me the nod

But the air play the gun

Play from New York to L.A

The S.K's will make these niggaz spin like perelaes

We had some good years but Im tired

And ya niggaz despierin

And trying to put the dalce to the fire

Its like an episode of the wire

The only difference is the vengeance is taking us in real life

Now everybody wanna look at us and think twice

And point there fucking fingers like damn the badguys

[Ja Rule - talkin]

Yall niggas dont know we them niggaz man murder INC we done bin through it all done n seen it a

There aint nothin you can tell me nigga haha i just wanna let ya'll know man Ive been through so m

[Ja Rule - Verse 2]

N if it wasnt for the way I live life

Would a nigga pray every night to Christ

Jesus Im just asking

Coz my prayers never seem to get answered

Ma mama didnt raise no bastard

I was born with the talent

You cant touch i call magic

You call it music once it get remasterd

I got with Gotti started makin classics

Its MURDER

Its the corses of traffic

Trust was my only niggaz force of habbit

At the time in the game everything was average

Pac catches die

Big catches die

And my nigga had a plan to keep Def Jam alive

First he sign D

Then he sign me

Then he introduced Jay

And the rest is histray

Thanks for the memories,

Thanks for the misory

Reminising the Spike Lee them was the school days

We graduaterd with A's

But these niggaz make you wanna bring out the AR's and AK's

And till they back up coz that what they gave us

When they read the vendikas and various pappers

But no heart no foul ya'll niggaz is funny style anyway

Now we go hard shit till the edge

[Irv Gotti - talkin]

Thats a good question though, See i dont understand why they would think what they thinking about im guilty of and that all that i ever was guilty of is the love for my niggaz its all good tho i aint strees through things that bring out the best verry in who you are nigga Sam said it to me, he said sometin overcome. Still breathin, feel me?