

Ja Rule, Holla Holla (Remix)

[Ja Rule]

IT'S MURDA!

[Jay-Z]

Yeah yeah, Hova Hova

We takin over soldier, told ya it's murdaa

I'm here for that paper playa, fuck one time

I'm here ta break ya playa one nine

Make ya scream and holla partner

When I block ya partner

When I squeeze niggaz breathe like {*ahh-hah, ahh-hah*}

We the realest niggaz we killaz niggaz

We Murderers, feel us?

[Vita]

Vita Vita to all of my bitches

that's ready to flip dollars dollars

Lemme hear you holla holla

Gunshots pop up like it's murda

Ja's a murderera

I'm the murderous bitch

Semi semi automatic in my Fendi Fendi bag

for any any hoes feelin envy envy if you choose to

but I got some killers that'll bury and use you

It's murda!!

[Black Child]

Nigga we do this for the doe doe, hurtin hurtin

Y'all niggaz is curtains curtains

When the pound kick, round spit hit the ground quick

Playa playa I hate a hater whose flow flow is so-so

Midget niggaz who grow slow

Fire fire when I spit, full clip

Niggaz wet em wet em

whoever holdin the coke we'll dead em dead em

All my thug niggaz and thug bitches

This all it takes for paper if you feelin me

[Ja Rule]

(holla holla) All my niggaz thats ready to get

(dollars dollars) Bitches know who can get em a little

(hotta hotta) Come on, if you rollin wit me

(follow follow) It's murda..

[Ja Rule]

(holla holla) All my niggaz thats ready to get

(dollars dollars) Bitches know who can get em a little

(hotta hotta) Come on, if you rollin wit me

(follow follow) It's murda..

[Memphis Bleek]

Yeah, yeah

Niggaz neva neva, seen a killa like Bleek

You could get it get it in a second on these streets

Now it's Memphis Memphis and my gun bust tremendous

You aint you aint on my dick shorty but yo friend is

It's murda murda for life

Me and Ja nigga hold that hold that

Niggaz ain't ready to die with us get it get it

Make em feel it feel it all 16 comin from my .45 digits

[Tah Murda]

Make you holla black cal is all about a dolla

Dollars dollars nigga I'm from homicide Hollis

Hate hoes that love to swallow swallow

We original robbers robbers wit revolvers

Sippin Henny and Remi and Remi wit any

Wit Tah spittin the semi spittin the semi

In any anybody could spit it spit it e

but can he live it live it

It's murda motherfucker don't forget it!

[Ja Rule]

(holla holla) All my niggaz thats ready to get
(dollars dollars) Bitches know who can get em a little
(hotta hotta) Come on, if you rollin wit me
(follow follow) It's murda..

[Ja Rule]

(holla holla) All my niggaz thats ready to get
(dollars dollars) Bitches know who can get em a little
(hotta hotta) Come on, if you rollin wit me
(follow follow) It's murda..

[Busta Rhymes]

Murda murda, yo, yo-yo yo
Now what you 'bout to do?
Lay you out on a stretcher
I betcha that when I get ya
I'll make y'all niggaz leak from my lyrical lecture
and treasure the moment feel pleasure from when I wet ya (WHAT!)
Split ya cardiovascular up from the bullets we sent ya
Listen we dishin our flava we cookin da kitchen (what!)
Like we cookin and breakin our la-ast pot we got to piss in
I'm bout to cop an ounce of weed (how many wanna chip in?!)
And get a bunch of wild murderin niggaz
time is all we need to be flippin

[Ja Rule]

Neva eva before fore
Whatever reason you think you law
Lord tell em I'ma nigga that clip it cock it and dead em
I'ma behead em for no flow, wet em if they dry slow
Funny style niggaz I'll lift like lo-lo's
Then pimp yo broke hoes (whoa!)
I'ma I'ma pop pop and leave leave niggaz gagged and shot
Why why the fuck not I'm a Murderer murderin any
and everything that's in my way, holla holla