

# Ja Rule, It's Murda (Freestyle)

(feat. Hussein Fatal)

[Intro Ja rule]

It's Murda... (ha ha ha)

It's Murda... we back up in this muthafucka!

It's Murda... y'all know who we be

Yeah, aiyyo don't let me catch ya runnin from the back of BET either nigga

(my nigga Fatal on tha muthafuckin ones and twos)

Holla back you bitch ass niggaz

[Verse 1 Ja Rule]

Yo, cock sucka', I get squat and post and cocked tha nina'

In tha five series beamer, dump and lean ya

I fell off on a misdemeanor, ride red over black madina's

Take crazy for genuis, hated like Jesus Christ

My weakness have always been bad bitches

and new bills with krisis', my thesis more than extraordinary

And that nigga that got shot nine times can tell ya that I don't give a fuck

I don't give a fuck, god may I ask yo' permission to take his life

This is a man be "N-C to R-U-L-E extraordinary, one for tha ages

when then sawed off with tha front of them gauges

To engage in combat

To send you and 'fem' where yo moms at

Motherfucka you hear that

And I ain't talkin about them heaven from skies

I'm talkin' about them fire from nines

Or maybe the fifty cal. cause you like five-oh

Or maybe somewhere in Cal where you like to lay low

You bitch made, and I heard about that bitch

you be slayin layin up with, some where off of Sunset

Y'all haven't heard yet that nigga change is "Loose"

And I got "Proof" get it, I got "Proof"

Yo vest is no use when we cock and flame

It's Murda, (yeah) murda incorporated (ha ha)

[Verse 2 Hussein Fatal]

It's Murda (yeah)

Hussein Fatal nigga (It's Murda)

Muthafuckas...

Rule' these niggas crazy, reppin' him without me

"A.I." ain't in tha click, believe they won't win without me

Yo, I'm small lil' homies, frail but bold

went from base to some bullshit like "Jalen Rose"

Got my blind D-O-G's readin' brail and coats

keep tha heat in tha winter I can't tell it's cold

Clean my set, pieced out flame tha tec

Throw shots out niggas catch like "Wayne Cherbet"

Son of a gangsta, Talk dirty son I'm a bang ya

I'm tha truth with tha ox, keep gum on tha banger

Hussein, the only reason hoes chase tha thugs

Nigga blade part two I got tha taste for blood

Log on Fatal.com, see fatal drop bombs

more militant minded then y'all faded with 'Pac rhymes

Clucthing tha stick beam, suckin' tha stick green

Out tha window or tha sunroof, buckin' tha sixteen

You ain't a gangsta 'Em', this is gangsta shit

And "50" you ain't nuthin' but a gangsta bitch

"Pac" would have never did no song with no wanksta snicth

He confusin' ya'll he ain't tha shit

We sex, money and murda you niggas

Ain't no playin' around with this rap shit

banana clip, mack's spit bodies rap up in plastic

This tha city where tha skinny niggas die (no)

You heard my dogs this is tha city where tha skinny niggas ride nigga...

Plaaatt... Hussein tha don  
Believe we got this shit poppin' in this muthafucka  
Rule' it's good...  
And we into tha muthafuckin' club you punk niggas walkin out  
Brick city, Rule, Rap- alot- mafia! Murda!  
Yound D', Merc, Exsaless,  
These niggas ain't ready for this gansta shit right here  
We been doing this shit for a long time  
Ya'll niggas got the streets confused nigga  
we been on this gansta thug shit  
Bitch ass niggas you know what it is  
every time we touch tha muthafuckin booth nigga  
It's gonna be fire, fire on you niggas asses  
Niggas better gracefully bow tha fuck out nigga  
Hussein Fatal' nigga, Rap-alot-mafia, nigga  
M.I.B nigga, murder inc bosses,  
Rule' we here baby, brick city jerses mafia  
Yeah...Shadow...let's get it...