

# Ja Rule, Shit Gets Ugly

[Tah Murdah]

Perminently dedicated to the street shit  
Creep the gat that spit quick  
And fuck with  
Killers who keep clips to heat shit  
When there's murder involved  
There's a lot of niggaz bluffin  
Holdin an arsenal of guns and never bustin  
Screamin at the top of they lungs but sayin nuthin  
But I styrofoam lies with quiet and blaze nuthin  
What the fuck y'all want  
Cowards we ain't cut from the same cloth  
You a 5M6 nigga, I ride your bitch nigga  
You fuck with the wrong one this time  
And I promise you  
You be the next nigga they pay homage to  
And they gonna find you somewhere in a vacant lot  
With the garbage, I'm a murderer so I'm heartless  
I drop the top on the CL420 as I  
Swallow henny gettin, head from your hunnie  
And before I let you hit me, I hit you  
And split you, leavin you for the paramedics to get you

[Black Child]

When shit gets ugly  
It's back to the block fuckin with them custies  
We gonna lock shit down  
I'm a nigga so you know you can't trust me  
When shit gets ugly  
We got bitches that transport pounds  
We gonna lock shit down  
Murder them niggaz, murder them now

[Black Child]

I spit venomous murderous shit with the inosence  
Of a child, in the penal, foul and official  
Futuristic, chick shit, black big dick  
From mistresses we roll triple sixes  
Thats back-to-back Benzes, my friends is my enemies  
They feel the energy like it's tenely  
Murder's the remedy when the hennessy is in me  
I'm unfriendly in the club where the women be  
Sippin Italy, feelin me, killin me, for the benji's  
Not the broads in my bed  
I can't front, I love them whores that give me head  
I like my presidents dead, and I can't stand the feds  
I got mansions with saunas, while niggaz on the corner  
And laughin at the police when they can't find my burner  
I like cars with a stash box, cash, and drop-top  
I smash the block, nigga smash the cops

[Black Child]

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[Vita]

When shit gets ugly, in the purse with a snub b  
Murderous bitch, don't give a fuck you haters love me  
Feel you above me, bitch but down inside  
What chick you know hit strips and broke down fives  
Cut family ties, so deep into my slug's eyes  
Analyze my crimes as I rise, and I

Solemly swear never to turn state  
You right bitch  
I'm a murder mommy for life  
[Ja Rule]  
Yeah, Yeah  
May the law be with niggaz who shout my name in vain  
I'm a Murderer motherfucker, you loose change  
I get head in the whip, probably from your bitch  
Cuz she's a hoe like yourself, and it's makin me sick  
From the pimps, to the bulls like Don Bishop  
I pimp on hoes, shorty you hearin me  
Good sense to keep a nigga in dark tints  
But it won't stop the hollows comin throught the fence  
Forget about it, gangsta shit gets tense  
You sounding like a homo nigga who ride dicks  
Every joint you make got a name in your mouth  
What you gobblin? nuts nigga?, with my posters out  
Nigga read about it  
The Murderous I-N-C, courtesy of the nigga I. Gotti  
Nigga hear about it  
From your hood to my hood, from my block to your block  
Fuck around and get shot nigga  
[Black Child]  
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Murder them niggaz, murder them now