

# Ja Rule, The INC Is Back

(feat. Shadow, Sekou 720, & Black Child)

[Intro - Shadow - talking]

Geah, Lou turn it up a little bit nigga  
(rowdy I see you nigga)

Yeah (Queens)

Yo this Shadow in this motherfucker (holla)

Representin Hoodstock (Hussein)

The Stock Family nigga (yeah)

Haha, and its a motherfuckin takeover (geah, Ferrari Black)

We invested in the hood nigga in a lot of different ways

Geah (c'mon), but right now nigga

[Chorus - Shadow - 2X - w/ ad libs]

The bricks is back, the bricks is back

The bricks is back, the bricks is back

Big 'Dow ain't the toughest

so I'll tell you right now when it's on it's nothin

Shadow gettin to bustin

[Verse 1 - Shadow]

Let me tell you who I be and who I am

Shadow Stock, ready rock, that's what I'm sellin and

E pills, four hundred for fifty get you a refill

Twenty-three a gram nigga, let's do the deal

Representin the Stock Family

I don't really care how big you get pussy, you can't handle me

Won't say I'm the toughest

So I'll tell you right now when it's on, it's nothin

Shadow gettin to bustin

Every class at school nigga was special ed

Teacher got bored a nigga so we was all red

Twenty four with no diploma I don't really care

These cowards don't got it crackin and I'm out there

Lou we got the brown, Ferrari got the green

Smells caught in between, nigga doin his thing

What I'm sayin it's a hustler's pain

Bein rich by myself, it's a treacherous dream

Damn!

[Chorus - Sekou 720 - 2X - w/ ad libs]

Queens is back, Queens is back

Nigga Queens is back, Queens is back

Man Sekou ain't the toughest

I'll tell ya right now, when it's on it's nothin

720 get to bustin

[Verse 2 - Sekou 720]

Oh my gangstaness

All the anger in my heart who we thank for this

Yo I can't thank a soul but God and guns

Don't kill a damn fool it's a animant's steel (drugs)

It's the liquor and the bills cause a man to steal

It's the lack of Medicaid and these bitches got AIDS

And they snaggin at the Y, player we too high

I ain't really into ballin and tossin my chips (uh huh)

Rather cop real estate then ride big whips

Rather trick on my wife and go real a dick or hips

Slick bitch that's strict man, she can't get shit

But she get trashed on the car hood by Hoodstock

We got good stock

and size does matter bitch, that's why we slang good cock

Back the thirty eight slug, back out (what what)

Look out the way, 'fore your whole hood shot up (yeah)

[Chorus - Black Child - 2X - w/ ad libs]

The Inc. is back, the Inc. is back  
The Inc. is back, the Inc. is back  
The Inc. is back, the Inc. is back  
Black Child is gutter, it's on motherfuckers

The Inc. is back, the Inc. is back  
The Inc. is back, the Inc. is back  
Black Child is gutter  
I don't give a fuck what I sell out with a gun motherfucker

[Verse 3 - Black Child]

I got stocks in the hood, sold rocks in the wood  
Pop up on your block, with the glock like its good  
Got niggaz scared to cop and drop like I'm Suge  
Pop if you could, watch if you would  
Nigga go platinum from the federal pen  
Go 150 months, and come home gettin rich again  
Nigga it's sicker than, I hope you listenin  
Nigga we glistenin, pop off and leave you in the dead man position  
Black Child is Murder, y'all forgettin  
The work I put in, the dirt I done did  
On this earth niggaz lives is worthless  
Unless you worth a few million, school your children  
Let the game get to 'em, then they brain get ruined  
Mine speak foreign languages fluently  
Hoodstock exchange ain't nothin new to me  
Cop and go, set 'em shoppin up to Unity  
I've been ticklin clit ever since puberty  
Might taste it if it smells clean to me  
Mama lean with me, holler and scream with me

[Chorus - Ja Rule - 2X - w/ ad libs]

The Rule is back, the Rule is back  
The Rule is back, the Rule is back  
Like 'Pac said "keep your head up man"  
Like Biggie Biggie "give me one more chance"  
Haha, niggaz

[Verse 4 - Ja Rule]

I +Clap Back+ just from my mental anguish  
This cash is aimless, cop the new yellow Vanguish  
And I ride swervin down the westside highway  
Get high like a G4 on the runway  
I can't land it man with gun in hand  
A hundred grand in escrow tryna expand  
A million niggaz that brick, whole bricks to grams  
Just leave with money, its seems like its Uncle Sam  
So keep (hustlin) I done roll that comes from all the pain and the (strugglin)  
(Look at here) federal agents (runnin in)  
Come again, it must be mistaken identity  
Like when Oswald took the rap for killin a Kennedy  
We in the street, not industry niggaz  
And because we're called "the Murderers" that don't make us killaz, now does it?  
Now it's not home but still them trumpets blowin  
Hold on cause the leader of this mission is a pro

[Chorus - Ja Rule w/ ad libs]