

# Memphis Bleek, Murda 4 Life

(feat. Ja Rule)

[Memphis Bleek talking]

Yeah, what y'all niggas want?  
Street shit,Memph Bleek shit,Ja Rule

[Ja Rule]  
ya heard nigga

[1]-[Chorus (Ja Rule) 2x's]

Nigga's live with it money,drugs and murda for life  
Bitches deal with it,only lovin' them hoes for the night  
if you feelin' it,get high it's all right.But you can't get it  
till the day, ride em' high

[Memphis Bleek]

Yo, you can holla at the dog  
Haters want to see me fall  
Bitches want to see me ball  
Killers they don't want to see me at all  
If I wasn't rolling with the roc  
Would you nigga's pass roc,  
Yeah birds, or flash glocks  
I walk around with two mac's,razors,and ice picks  
Just cause' you nigga's want to see me hurtin' like them  
It's all about the benjamins,money,cash,hoes  
livin' through this shit i'm in,nigga stack dough  
Street scholar, eight-figga nigga, white collar gat  
Ain't the M-E-M-P-H man,bitch holla back  
I'm a creature smokin' on hate since it was reefer  
Drug ass flow, like I've been cuffed with Eta  
Mark ass nigga don't want parts of this nigga  
Spark with this nigga, blaze bark with this nigga  
Me and Ja Rule fuckin' you hoes is what these guys do  
Ain't the type to buy you,mommy how are you?  
Slide cock inside you supply you, with ten bitches times two  
I'm a motherfucking animal

[2]-[Same chorus with different wording - 2x's]

Nigga's live with money,drugs,and murda for life  
Bitches deal with it,only lovin' them hoes for the night  
If your feelin' get high it's all right  
Nigga's can't get it to the day ride em' high

[Ja Rule]

Fuck, the world cause it ain't quite ready for me  
I'm livin' my life niggas take a look at these eyes witness What it's like to  
be real nigga's  
Guns,drugs,hot slugs,coke rugs  
Want some, get some, bad enough, pop some, nigga  
Fuck around with Ja and may get hit up  
Tearing your whole clique up, then we clip up  
Nigga that's what the murder, Nigga that's us  
What the fuck? Is you ready to die right now Nigga?  
Make you feel my style nigga  
Growin' up with wild Brooklon and Queens L niggas  
Hit em, any nigga that breathe room reel em wit' hot ones Ain't no nigga like  
me, who you ridin' with?  
Rollin' nothing but hot shit,yo' bitch my bitch  
Only difference is bitches on my dick, blow dick  
How Icock spread it, hoes love that shit  
You sel-a-bid I turn you in to the freakyist bitch  
Have you topless ,dancing in bars naked for dollars  
Y'all bitches know how my style is, always in some foul shit  
RULE bitch let the world know when I spit

Nothing but the murderous ,live with it

[Repeat #2 chorus - 2x's]

[Memphis Bleek]

Yo,Yo,Yo Holla what you think of that?  
Bitch where we freakin' at?  
Bum chicken I don't speak to that  
Fly mama i'll creep with that  
Live with it,lick and hit it, don't stop, get it get it  
Don't trick it, bitch would you FUCK with it?  
Brooklon and Queens(it's murda)yo it means mo' killas  
(it's murda)mo' guns, mo'drugs,mo' real ass nigga's  
Holla, don't give a fuck dolla's  
Nigga's what you want get it crump blazed stump  
What the fuck y'all want nigga?

[Ja Rule]

None of me cause' i hit em' with too much style  
In my energy, got nigga's creating little me's  
I'm a lot game squeeze  
Knowing it's my time if I leave and breathe  
Nigga's hatin' on mines i'm a nightmare  
Nigga's better prepare to die and deal with  
Ja hollering murda for life

[Chorus#2 - 2x]

[Ja Rule]

Uh,uh,yeah nigga  
Ja Rule  
Memph Bleek  
Holla Back  
Roc-A-Fella  
It's murda,it's murda  
Uh,uh  
We out