

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?

Brooklyn 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