

# Murder Inc, Vita, Vita, Vita

(Vita)

Who that bitch be, bitch be?

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(Ja Rule)

Niggas know the name

Bitches know the name

V-I-T-A

Hoes stay in lane

(Vita)

Just in case you didn't know

Vita be that feisty chick

Not really impressed with ice and shit

See I'm more concerned with dough

How to stack it and let it grow

Picture me in a custom drop five double O

Y'all don't know

I spit it sick like Lupus

Each bar making it hard for you to dupe this

And the truth is I'm nothing nice

Late night on the corner with my thugs throwing the dice

This is for my, slick cats moving some 'vest

And all of my bitches who's stripping trying to pay for some messes

Don't get discouraged get your dough mama

You better know I'mma milk this game until I'm filthy

See how I'm built G

Genuine dime one of a kind

So what you selling I ain't buying

So nigga, stop trying

Straight out the gate, five hundred thou in one week

Making it hard for you broads to eat

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(Tah Murdah)

Niggas know the name

Bitches know the name

V-I-T-A

Way ahead of the game nigga

(Vita)

You like it? Want it?

Get it got it and flaunt it

Vivid and hotter than a lot of broads they timid

If you hearing that hot shit

Then you know that I spitted

And bitches you shitted on

Then you know that I shitted

I never been the type to like to hound no nigga

My world don't revolve around no nigga

See I don't put it down for niggas

Cock and bust rounds for niggas  
And took pies out of town on Greyhound for niggas  
It's Vita, diva mami you find me in a two-seater  
Leaning low for the Jersey Turnpike blowing drogue  
Balling like Rebecca Lobos  
Spitting this fire so you birds will burn  
What it's gone take for y'all to learn?  
That you broads got fat while I starved it's my turn  
It won't stop until well over a billion is burned  
Straight out the gate, five hundred thou in one week  
Making it hard for you broads to eat

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(Black Child)  
Niggas know the name  
Bitches know the name  
V-I-T-A  
And ain't shit gone change

(Vita)  
Now all my bitches is you with me?  
(Tah Murdah)  
We get it on, uh and sip Don, if the Cris is gone  
(Black Child)  
And all my niggas is y'all wit me?  
(JA Rule)  
Uh, holding the block down  
And all of my thugs  
Up north on lock down

(Vita)  
Yeah miss lady and at times I'm shady  
And I prefer half on some chips  
Instead of half on a baby  
Don't get it twisted  
I love the youth  
And got love for all of my mamis  
That's gone stand behind me it's our world  
We shine like diamonds and pearls  
And I confess I'm one of the best  
Coming straight out the gate  
Scanning five hundred thou in one week  
Making it hard for you broads to eat

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