

# Ja Rule, Connected

(feat. Crooked I, Eastwood)

Woooooo  
Murder Inc Motherfucker

[Chorus]

We world wide connected, and ya'll don't want to fuck with us  
In the streets we respected, so ya'll don't want to fuck wit us  
World wide connected nigga, ya'll don't want to fuck wit us  
We gangster ass niggaz and we hard to hit  
Murder Inc in the role who could fuck wit this

[Eastwood]

It ain't no verse mother fuckers who fake east thugs  
Its murder Inc In the role nigga throw up your dub  
They show us love in the club real niggaz bossed up man  
We heavily intoxicated so toss it up  
Attacks your mind and your conscience  
Written to enhance this verbally thugs grammar  
I'm bout to touch the roof wit it  
Extraordinary and I was never ordinary in cemetery  
bisit my thugs in mortuaries  
End all most reality young name and 'Pac  
I'm a keep my heat tucked until my soul goes pop  
I hear a lot of niggaz rapping  
But there ain't that many rappers out there scraping and keep it cracking  
We keep it happening  
I'm a million out the gate  
No scratch that 8 from cd's to tapes we rock like earthquakes  
I'm Eastwood catch me dipping a Fleetwood like a g should  
Young Eastwood is so damn good

[Chorus]

[Crooked I]

Nigga think that I is raw spit  
Murder Inc in the role, we all sick  
So niggaz Involved get mauled quick as a dog and the raw gets you involved  
And I'm a draw quick, nigga awwwwww shit  
Punks talking lick I haul off quick  
Wit a sawed off kick It's like they fall off cliffs  
Y'all call it off before all y'all get stoned  
like you're fallen off in a raw mosh pit  
Get tossed in a ditch your coffin is sick  
While I floss in the awesomest whips and I toss in your chicks  
Your caution when your calling your six  
Cause your talk can get you crossed and lost in the mix  
I'm a pause in the bitch bossed in the pits  
Burn I serve niggaz stay off at ya clique  
Spend off with ya grip my land of gangreen  
You have the doctors taking your leg off of your hip  
Motherfucker!

[Chorus]

[Ja Rule]

All y'all niggaz need to get off my dick  
I spit it how I live it plus the flows real sick  
I got killers ranged from Compton to Cleveland  
World wide connected any type niggaz there's no breathing  
Give me the reason I put a halo throw your mental  
And give your the Holy Spirit and see you to gods temple  
I'm the avenging angle and earth be thy claim  
And Ja be thy name, I know your all praying

For the day of my diminishing,  
Why don't somebody finish them off and put it right through his cross  
The X is the 50 ya'll got to be kidding me  
These niggaz is my sons I raised them from young  
Curtis and little Earl should of been little girls  
Cause they bitch made and they act like one of my itchbays  
Touche! The Rule is more than ready  
Gun heavy and world wide connected (feel me)

[Chorus]