

Ja Rule, Loose Change (50, Shady Aftermath, Dre

loose change" by ja

ja-rule talkin'/yellin':

these faggot a\$\$ n*ggas, ay yo buck, word to mutha

yo they had young malcolm silenced too long baby!!! they can't fuckin'

hold me down niggah!!! tha fuck these n*ggas thought?!

it's tha i-n-c n*ggas, it's murda. m.i.b. n*gga. murda inc boss!

muthafuckas! ja-rule. (laughs) ayo buck. turn this shit up in my

muthafuckin' head phones. turn me up n*ggas.

fuck these faggats. (laughs) it's real n*gga. yeah, it's real.

ayo word ta motha- f*ck you loose change!!! you faggot!!!

feminem ima set you straight, you b!tch!!!

how many n*ggas holdin' heat like rule? side arm, barrel in mouth

blow ya head out from tha south

& then if little j get ta airin' you out

& if there's any change, left, i'll toss ya on down ta tha west

& let tha row ride down on ya, ka-lee-fawn-nya(very 2pac-est)

'love is whut you craved' shown on your grave

it's gon' read, hear lies 50, who snitched on meinie

that half a dollar that nickled & dimed & dapped like penny

& murda inc. will send their deepest condolences & sympathies

to aftermath & shady, interscope & jimmy

iovine, ya know, your team, they really some pee ons

gettin' peed on & leant on.

i'm talkin' 'bout faggot ass gay dre young

& she tooold me-all about how you used to take transvestites home

& occasionally wear thongs

no wonder feminem be cross dressin' in pumps & tight little dresses

my pumps they leave big messes

& i know tha truth hurts when i bus' weapons

betta love tha sexes

is that a woman or a man, i really don't care to stand

but 50, you gon' get shot again

by the m-u-r-d-r-e inc. (-- not a typo)

i'm tha rappa that sings, totes guns & blings

& these feds? can't discuss it. just like these violatin'as

usin' these [someone soundin' like irv yells all ova ja's vocals w/ a "fuck you lightly!"] cry

[beat changes to "made you look"by nas]

'they shootin!' ah chris you shook

& got bust rhymin' tha same old hook like

'they shootin'!' i ain't shoot up ya land

i oughta put ya in tha corona van

like my nigga jay ta *mwaa* [can't make it out]

we should be together like carl when i clap at ya broads

& em whut's tha doo rag for?

you neva gon' have waves, you neva gon' know Black pain

but you gon' be tha 1st white rappa slain

just get your money mayne

tha inc. is runnin' thangs, hide out with loose change

& you nigga, ahm a send you to mommie

ya strict, notice from gotti to hide tha body

& dre, ya day's commin' too. 'cause i got a team of misfits

who squat & handle they business

cuz, ahm shootin' at all ya niggas

& little mo', yu just one of them bitches

that ain't had a hot song in how long? neva

your betta off with a d!ck in ya mouth. shut up!

em, ya claim ya mutha's a crack head & kim is a known slut

so whut's halie gon' be when she grows up?

murrrr-daaaaa!! y'all know whut it is?!

murrrr-daaaaa!! y'all know whut it be?!

murrrr-daaaaa!! y'all know whut it is?!

murrrr-daaaaa!! i-n-c