

# Ja Rule, The Murderers

[Black Child]

Word to god

Y'all know who the fuck this is

You know we would kidnap yo kidz

You know what the fuck we do

Murder bitch niggaz like you

For real, all the time, any place, anywhere

Y'all niggaz could get it

Act like y'all don't know

[rapping]

In a world that's ice cold, blacks die slowly

Cats snatch rollies, gats'll leave you holy

My momma always told me the streetz will slow me down

Daddy never showed me how the heat will hold me down

So now I rob and steal, spit shit you feal, wit a clique that kills

Yea my shit's that real, I hustle hard all my life

Ran the streetz all night

My wife alwayz said everything was gonna be ait

And she was right and that's one reason why I love her

But everything she said went in one ear and out the other

Word to mother, look at it from a thug point of view

When the kids need clothes, what a thug gon do?

Hit the streetz and hustle, pick up the heat and bust you

I'm tryin to eat like Russel

Murda is my hustle But you keep chasin yestarday, you gon miss tomorrow

It's murda motherfucker we don't beg or borrow

We take shit, fuck you and yo fake bitch, when the eight (.8mm) spit

You could feel the hatred, taste it

You high right now, you ain't ready to die right now

The .45 will calm you down, you under trauma now

It's drama how a child will shut shit down

Kill a nigger for the fuck of it I get you touched for chips

Fuck that shit, fuck the whip, and fuck you bitch

YOU CAN JUST SUCK MY DICK

[Chorus] [ Black Child ]

If you chasin yestraday, you gon miss tomorrow

It's murda motherfucker, we don't beg or borrow

We take shit, fuck you and yo fake bitch

When the .8 spit you could feel the hatred, taste it

It's your blood, when we show blood, we murderers (murdaraz)

We throw slugz, we huselazz (huselazz) we sell drugz

And tell thugz live it up till yo time stopz

[Tah Murda]

Yo I give a fuck if y'all niggaz hate me

I drop bodies off where the lakes be

But lately, I've been hitin cribz

And safes where the cake be

I take three to the vest for the love of the dolla

I put that hot shit thru you and watch you Holla Holla

The same niggaz that I ball wit I'ma brawl wit

I'm a tank running in banks and takinall of it

Player we're flawless, wit nutten to lose gunz bustin

And brossen niggerz y'all can't live

Funny shit about it, niggers wanna hit me, forget about it

Thug shit I'm still livin y'all niggaz just spit about it

I rob and stomp niggaz 2/3rd of my life

The other 1/3 spent sittin on curbz chasin those birdz

If you ever get the urge to come by and try to test

There's only one and then you get numb and lied to rest

It's murda the only code to the ghetto

It's murda, nigga hand me the bezzle

And dance with the devil, gunz rapidly spit

Gangsta shit, attractin yo bitch, gettin head and lean back in the whip  
I mastered the chipz, Nigga I'm tryin to tell you  
You're holdin hammers and nails and  
We have you where the dogz couldn't smell you

[Chorus] [ Black Child ]

If you chasin yestraday, you gon miss tomorrow  
It's murda motherfucker, we don't beg or borrow  
We take shit, fuck you and yo fake bitch  
When the .8 spit you could feel the hatred, taste it  
It's your blood, when we show blood, we murderers (murdaraz)  
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[Ja Rule]

Ja's a muthafuckin problem  
Any nigga think not, I'ma pop him  
Put the lean on niggaz the minute I spot em  
Who's gettin it, I got him Nigga dead and gone  
Gonna guide em to the cross roads show em how those gunz blow  
I'ma degenerate nigga addicted to hydro, switchin four lanes  
Top down wit my eyes closed, got a death wish  
Money, drugz, and murderer shit  
What you want with this? We'll kidnap yo kids  
And clap up yo crib, It's the MuRdErAz  
Who you know wit gunz that kill shit  
Just because we're them hot niggerz  
Sell mo records than Roc niggaz  
I'ma lock it down for six months and shock niggaz  
What's my name?  
J the A R.U.L.E. with them hoez get between more sheetz than Isley  
You can't deny me, I'm the muthafuckin one  
Druggin bitches like Heron(heroin)  
The god be the Rule, if you're hot get bice and bice  
On your jewel to cop a Benz  
20 inch chrome, the shoes, I got nuttin to lose but everything to live for  
Thoroughbread demand and supply the raw  
I put my smash down from N.Y. to Chi-Town  
INC Murder spittin in roundz  
You don't wanna her how it soundz, When we cock them flames  
It's Murda And ain't shit gon change  
Niggaz!!!