

Murder Inc, Vita, Vita, Vita

(Vita)

Who that bitch be, bitch be?
Vita, Vita, Vita
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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

(Vita)

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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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