Story to Tell

Ja Rule

Niggas, bitches
Gather 'round
I got a story to tell
Hear this, hear this
Get the whole worldThe Swatch bred, thoroughbred, shockingly took two to the head
Knowledge me God, the shit I'm 'bout to holler is hard
From start, this little nigga had a Hell of a heart
His pops, bangin' that shit in his arms, broken
A young mind distorted emotions, is there an upside?
His brother got murdered up North by Milletas
Ma-ma, battlin', cancer, of the colon
At the tender age of thirteen, watchin' his world close inBlood damn near frozen, from a heart so cold
It ain't pumpin' out the love no mo', and I feel that
'Cause God when you really need it, where the love at?
That's why a lot of niggaz got more faith in they gat
Freeze that like a photo, take it with you and know
This lil' nigga 'bout to kill all comers for cash flow
His role model, the heat, 'cause it runs streets
His motto, 'Nobody eats but me!'Finally this young thug turned pro
Used to show love now he got nuttin' but hatred and foes
Five-double-O's, hoes so deep
He the type of nigga that got it and break down a key
Remember me, J to the A, R U L E baby
Smell the beef, it continued to uhh, give 'em Hell
Fill they bodies with shells and leave niggaz
With a story to tellListen up I got a story to tell
On the streets we got guns and drugs for sale
'Cause you hoes know the game that we play is real
Keep your mind on the money and your weapons concealedListen up I got a story to tell
I'm prayin' to God, know I'm goin' to hell
If it's out of my hands, I'll let time prevail
Listen up I got a story to tell
Listen up I got a story to tellShit, niggas motherfuckin' die for this shit we do
Hustle hard from city to city
From state to state
All my niggas
Let me holla at y'allSon in B'More, we scored more, than ever before
Copped the two door, six-double-O off a raw
Show no love for loss since big eight be that lucky

Number, we slammed eight of those in Kentucky
Kept the currency comin', mo', diamonds
New clothes L.A. hoes that'll ride us pronto
Once you, lived in luxury, you can't leave it
Find yourself, turnin' broke bitches into DivasCan you believe this? In Cleveland we cuttin' these niggaz creepin'
Tie 'em on every block, 'til we shut down shop
So keep your glock cocked, one in the head
Push the five series drop just in case we gotta spit and spread
The alibi be simply, we was in the Carribean
With two of our women friends sippin' Remy and Henny
From there we'll flow, to the Florida Keys and blow trees
Fuck a couple of hoes and spend some cheeseThat's how a boy's life is supposed to be
Make our way to N.O. 'cause we, 'bout it 'bout it
Then down to D.C. where they, cock it, pop it
Listen up life is nuttin' but the hot shit, from here to Wisconsin'
Y'all niggaz can get it constant
It ain't hard that's like pushin' dope in the 5th Ward
And just to get to God, I'll go through Hell
And leave the world with a story to tellListen up I got a story to tell
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