Worldwide Gangstas

Ja Rule

Wassup Chi town
Yea
Murder Inc. back up in your area
On that gangsta shit you know
Connect worldwide
Worldwide gangsta shit
You nah what I mean?
Chi town to Miami
Houston to motherfuckin' L.A.
We connect nigger
Gangsta shit
Mother fuckers
You frontin' we comin' with heat niggas
Aiya fifteen's sweep up the street bigger
(Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)
Guns make bigger niggas run
We squeeze triggers
(Ahh haa)
And leave niggas dead for the stacks
Slumped over, head in they lap
Yo, we constantly count cream in the crackhouse
Basically, we bangin' bitches back out
I feel like the last child
Throwin' bricks at a glasshouse
(Yeah)
Poppin' and puffin' till I pass out
(Ahh)
This gangsta shit is for all my youngs who flip birds
And hug the block
In club they pop cris and twist the bud, nigga what
We live it up, from Chi town to my town
(Ahh)
We diggin sluts, long dickin' in the guts
We just religious thugs, gangsta pimps
Hoes fall in love the way we throw this dick
The hummers on dubs look like tanks and shit
We came to stop the bank, don't blink be sick
(Oh)
Nigga all of our love is for the chips

And I don't chase hoes, just pesos and bricks
Nigga let me sum it up
Y'all niggas is dumb enough
Run on up, the guns we tuck, bust
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust
Holla at us, R O C K L A N D and I N C
With Boo and Gotti, Ferrari black and Cadillac tah
Nigga, we go hard
I'm loud when the shells pop
Still I sell rock
Got outta jail on bail, gettin' ready to plot
Yo I kidnap niggas
Then bitch smack niggas
Give me the crack nigga or get clap nigga
Nigga I ain't one of these rap niggas
I'm a big gat spitter
Bangin' and slangin' to be a rich ass nigga
Don't get tired in these streets
My nigga died in these streets
It's only one option, provide for these streets
My peeps out here so I ride with these streets
Spent weeks out here, grind on these streets
I know the deal out here
It's real out here
Got bitch bud murdered and I'm still out here
Rockland, Murder Inc. you get killed out here
Chi town, New York, blood spill out here
And thugs like me, still out here
Yeah you heard nigga, I'm still out here
A yo I ride up, lied up outta my mind
Black Cadillac truck nigga, loaded with nines
To my thugs on the block, holdin' them dimes
I got love on the block, look at my eyes
Rockland, Murder Inc. what the fuck you think?
Me and Gotti whole plan is to cover the streets
We don't wanna body you man, fuck the beef
We sell a lot of these grams, and clutch the heat
To many moves to be made, fake thug niggas
Get a few through they braids, I been plug nigga
It's rules to the game
Cats like me play not to lose in this game
You see this little nigga makin' moves in the range
I see you wack niggas still crusin' with lames
Get full nigga 'cause it's food to the brain
Rockland nigga spit fire and flames

Get it right nigga, we gangsta
Murder Inc. gets poppin' pills, clips
However you like it
Niggas get extorted, bitches get excited
Known to start riots, the rule and I N C
Got fedaraleighs watchin' me, the Y G and I G
Put it together family orientated
Through guns, drugs, and good relations
Real conversations, we call it real talk
And that shit spreads all the way from L.A. to New York
And I love talk, that's when you get to smash on niggas
Catch 'em in the dark spot and put the flash on niggas
Cameras, lights, action, go buck at the master
C's and past if when I die blow my ashes
Off the shores of Costa Rica, nigga to each is own
The rule ain't dyin' alone motherfuckers
Haha

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