Represent

Ja Rule

[Ja Rule]
I represent Gangsta Shit
Niggaz that spent time on the brick for keys on the strip
Loadin my clips givin ass niggaz the shits
Life's a bitch gotta murda to get rich
And infamous that's when the game gets deep
Gotta re up cop heat and hit the streets
Now the feds is buggin me D.T. straight fucking me
The whole operation shook bitches ain't loving me
No more see I gotta make a switch
Should I lay low or run wild and stick shit
Ran up a team, that's striclty dedicated to cream
It's time to go outta town and wash niggaz clean
For everything they got, leave nothing to spare
But the shells on the ground when that ass is shot
And once again it's hot, but this time there's a snitch
Thought he was dead when he got hit in state Mich.
Turn states to evidence, we on the run
Reprisentin all illegal drugs and guns
[Chorus]
Where all my gangsta niggaz at?
Supply the town with coke and Hen(Hennesey) and cuban contacts
We keep them coming back, plus the one's that copped crack
Raw cut, overdose off the feedback, alone
Intoxicated from the Cognac, charge that Al Capone suite to Ammex
Valley to Lex, that black hand is on deck
We rollin in, peelin notes off of G stacks, We Murderaz
[Verse2]
This fuckin life's got me feeling like a lefty
It's aight, I'll go hard, make sure this world don't forget me
It's like my game's virtual, based on reality
I'm speeding like a bullet at high velocity
You think you stopping me, I think not
Ain't too many who known to do it properly
I'm likely to get so high like Tony be, toasted bein free
And trip out occasionaly, you know
Cause it ain't nothing for me to touch you
But for you to touch Ja, yet to been proved, I'm still breathing
Current age, those dopes wanna live, gotta get paid to do so

The average mind can't elevate and grow, calculate the dough
Analyze and invest where it's profitable, marketable
Billboards hot shot debut
Ja Rule Unstopable

[Chorus]
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[Verse3]
Fear, that is my logic, the suit's made a composite sketch of this object
Blazing throught the projects, E.S. Lex coach edit, new shit
Got a nice connect, 12, five the brick, Heading o.t.
With this chick who like to slay, drink baby, snort coke and weed
Half Trinidadian and Vietnamese
She made a habit of calling a nigga daddy
Would die for me gladly, feloniously, I taught her well
Took her heavenly body and showed it hell
I made a lot of dought with her, she was my top nigga
Knew the rules to the game but painted her own picture
She wanted everything black and white
Never paying attention to the gray areas in life
Stayed up half the night, wondering is my dough all right
Is she high on the job, or maybe she's getting robbed
Quick picked up the mac milli, ready to get involved
Cause my .44 revolves around this
Fucking with Black Gang, all you get is hot lead
Muthafuckaz, cause you know that shit
[Chorus]
Where all my gangsta niggaz at?
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We keep them coming back, plus the one's that copped crack
Raw cut, overdose off the feedback, alone
Intoxicated from the Cognac, charge that Al Capone suite to Ammex
Valley to Lex, that black hand is on deck
We rollin in, peelin notes off of G stacks, We Live It
Where all my gangsta niggaz at?
Supply the town with coke and Hen(Hennesey) and cuban contacts
We keep them coming back, plus the one's that copped crack
Raw cut, overdose off the feedback, alone
Intoxicated from the Cognac, charge that Al Capone suite to Ammex

Valley to Lex, that black hand is on deck
We rollin in, peelin notes off of G stacks, We Murderaz....

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