

Murda 4 Life

Memphis Bleek

Yeah, what y'all niggas want?

Street shit

Memph Bleek shit, Ja Rule

Ya heard nigga

[Incomprehensible]Nigga's live with it, money, drugs and murda for life

Bitches deal with it, only lovin' them hoes for the night

If you feelin' it, get high it's all right

But you can't get it, till the day, ride 'em highNigga's live with it, money, drugs and murda for life

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If you feelin' it, get high it's all right

But you can't get it, till the day, ride 'em highYo, you can holla at the dog

Haters want to see me fall

Bitches want to see me ball

Killers they don't want to see me at all

If I wasn't rolling with the roc would you nigga's pass roc

Yeah birds, or flash glocks

I walk around with two mac's, razors, and ice picks

Just 'cause you nigga's want to see me hurtin' like themIt's all about the benjamins, money, cash, hoes

Livin' through this shit I'm in, nigga stack dough

Street scholar, eight-figga nigga, white collar gat

Ain't the M E M P H man, bitch holla back

I'm a creature smokin' on hate since it was reefer

Drug ass flow, like I've been cuffed with Eta

Mark ass nigga don't want parts of this nigga

Spark with this nigga, blaze bark with this niggaMe and Ja Rule fuckin' you hoes is what these guys do

Ain't the type to buy you, mommy how are you?

Slide cock inside you supply you, with ten bitches times two

I'm a motherfucking animalNigga's live with it, money, drugs and murda for life

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Nigga's can't get it, till the day, ride 'em highFuck, the world 'cause it ain't quite ready for me

I'm livin' my life niggas take a look at these eyes

Witness what it's like to be real nigga's

Guns, drugs, hot slugs, coke rugs

Want some, get some, bad enough, pop some, nigga

Fuck around with Ja and may get hit up

Tearing your whole clique up, then we clip up
Nigga that's what the murder, Nigga that's us What the fuck? Is you ready to die right now Nigga?
Make you feel my style nigga
Growin' up with wild Brooklyn and Queens L niggas
Hit 'em, any nigga that breathe room reel 'em wit hot ones
Ain't no nigga like me, who you ridin' with?
Rollin' nothing but hot shit, yo' bitch my bitch
Only difference is bitches on my dick, blow dick
How I cock spread it, hoes love that shit You sel-a-bid I turn you in to the freakyist bitch
Have you topless, dancing in bars naked for dollars
Y'all bitches know how my style is, always in some foul shit
Rule bitch let the world know when I spit
Nothing but the murderous, live with it Nigga's live with it, money, drugs and murda for life
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If you feelin' it, get high it's all right
Nigga's can't get it, till the day, ride 'em high Yo, yo, yo
Holla what you think of that?
Bitch where we freakin' at?
Bum chicken I don't speak to that
Fly mama I'll creep with that
Live with it, lick and hit it
Don't stop, get it get it
Don't trick it
Bitch would you fuck with it? Brooklyn and Queens, yo it means mo' killas
(It's murda)
(It's murda)
Mo' guns, mo' drugs, mo' real ass nigga's
Holla, don't give a fuck dolla's
Nigga's what you want get it crump blazed stump
What the fuck y'all want nigga? None of me 'cause I hit 'em with too much style
In my energy, got nigga's creating little me's
I'm a lot game squeeze
Knowing it's my time if I leave and breathe
Nigga's hatin' on mines I'm a nightmare
Nigga's better prepare to die and deal with
Ja hollering murda for life Nigga's live with it, money, drugs and murda for life
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If you feelin' it, get high it's all right
Nigga's can't get it, till the day, ride 'em high Uh, uh, yeah nigga

Ja Rule
Memph Bleek
Holla Back
Roc-a-fella
It's murda, it's murda
Uh, uh
We out

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