The Life

Ja Rule

Yeah my nigga Rule, Hussein Fatal
The outlaw don in this piece motherfucker
I want to welcome y'all niggaz back to the streets (it's alright!)
You's confused for a minute but here we are
My nigga Cad in this motherfucker
I got my niggaz man, them bricks (finish bitch!)
Ride out nigga
Uh, yeah
The life, the life (the life, the life)
The life, the life (the life, the life)
The life, the life (the life, the life)
Yo, what up world, it's Rule public enemy number one
It's cool, my new best friend is my pistol
And anybody that want it or got jewels run it
And end over your head, don't make me gun butt it
Do you like Manolo, put two in your stomach
And flash the burner on bitches like stacks of hundreds
I'm livin my life (my life), what gets better than ice in hell
When you cookin up coke to sell
It be the little statistics, some pictures, some prints
Some informants to get the operation pitched
We enormous, some would say the "Inc." is "Murderous"
You don't want us to strap up and bang the strip
But if need be, we'll bang out like Bloods and Crips
Styrofoam the noozles and extend the clips
Murder meets gangsta shit
And all my niggaz that live it from hood to hood bang to this, nigga
The life, the life (the life, the life)
Whether your Blood or 'cause we all gangsta
The life, the life (the life, the life)
Whether it's dope or coke we all slang drugs
I'm the street's poster child
I'm supposed to wile
With the toast I'm foul
My Murder Inc. mob money, Oprah style
From here back to the block, they get that green
Known to put a hole through a nigga's shoulder soon as the beam glow
Probably graze you in the face, give me a break
I'm a rapper, out here to stay, don't make me do what I say

Just let me say what I do
Cause I'm a put it in a rhyme, every time, about to spray up your crew
And I ain't lickin off shots to warn 'em
Just a pop swift to the dome, on the real "G-Unit" nigga, glock and all this
So believe I'm not the one when it get stupid in the booth
I told y'all with Rule it was a gun in this bitch
Now I expose how scary you niggaz is
And when you want the bis
My brick city outlaws' a bury you niggaz
I'm so cool, when I ain't doin my numbers
Let the
Okay, motherfuckers when the bounce came to your waist
And shells get to droppin
You better duck, and get up poppin
Don't get left with the cops
Gangsta, yeah, put that work in
Put a nigga dick in the dirt
Lace shots to the face

Hopin it shut case, John Doe
Unidentified, I always hit 'em high when I dump and let it fly
Now once with 45 nigga I had a picture on top of the coffin
Murder Inc. bosses
The life, the life (the life, the life)
Whether your Blood or 'cause we all gangsta
The life, the life (the life, the life)
Whether it's dope or coke we all slang drugs
The life, the life (the life, the life)
Whether your hoein or stuck up, we're still gon' fuck
The life, the life (the life, the life)
Niggaz don't want it with us, cause it's Murder
Okay you hard as fuck
But when the slug hit, you dead if your name ain't armored truck
Murder Inc., Outlawz and the Floys is here
Bang, bang, shoot 'em up, cowboys is near
Stampedin anythin in our way, we'll attract war
If your smart you'll slide over like handicap doors
I ain't a killer, I just spark a lot
So when I squeeze I'm turnin your whole block to a parking lot
Understand I'm the grimy Floy
Wanna trip to death then try me for it
Crazy since '94, that's why cats don't hang around me like Chinese stores
One step ahead of you, get more guys
You strapped with four fours, we pack four fives
Fuck talk get the chalk out

You'll be lucky if your able to crawl or walk out
I'm in the pop life
So when I pop up in your life, and I pop twice
Get down, I spits more than rounds
And niggaz bleed heavier than hoes on they period
This sound gotta movin "Faster Than Furious"
But nah I ain't Ludacris
I'm here to let y'all niggaz know I ain't new to this
Gun butt your bitch
That's the way I get down, believe my style is Murder
Clap a nigga, dipped and hide the burner
The rule to learn ya bomb ya like embalmin fluid
Until your limbs feel a loss of movement
In the hospital in critical livin
Must minimal (who done it?) it's Murder
Yeah, that's subliminal
Who gets down and bangs with nothin but criminals (c'mon, c'mon)
Rule nigga you know it, these others cats is pitiful
Bein a rap God is spiritual
Your God is Ja Rule nigga let's not get it confused, haha
The life, the life (the life, the life)
Whether your Blood or 'cause we all gangsta
The life, the life (the life, the life)
Whether it's dope or coke we all slang drugs
The life, the life (the life, the life)
Whether your hoein or stuck up, we're still gon' fuck
The life, the life (the life, the life)
Niggaz don't want it with us, cause it's Murder
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