Race Against Time II

Ja Rule

Yeah, yeah, uh huh
Race against time, ha part two
You know, ha ha, uh, c'mon
Yeah, yeah, yeah, ha ha
Nothin' like the futureGuess who's back to personify money, power, and bitches
But when bitches been gettin' money, that's when shit get ridiculous
I'm hittin' switches like six fo's, bouncin' and leanin'
The West coast seemin, keep the fo' fo' demonAnd the rock's all stashed up
Roll up a little diesel, keep it hashed up
Then 'Holla, holla' at the whores, is hollerin' back
Let 'em know a few facts like if your ridin', your back's slidin'This is the 'Race Against Time' and I ain't got time to waste
To give chase, I put a hole in your fitted
Put your head to the barrel like DJ's a spin it
Backward, to blow off the backwood, I'm so hoodBut what's really hood, when you ain't doin' your hood
No motherfuckin' good, and bein' misunderstood
I would die if I could, Rule the lion
And I'ma keep 'Ri-da-da-da-da-in'Race against time, I can't stop
Runnin' through the red light livin' my life
Even if I'm gettin' too hot
Still I can't stop 'Ri-da-da-da-din'Race against time, I can't stop
Runnin' through the red light livin' my life
Even if I'm gettin' too hot
Still I can't stop 'Ri-da-da-da-din'Bless the day that the God was born two
Twenty-nine, seventy-six when cocaine was heavily mixed
And all the niggaz had a fixation for bad reputation
For pimpin' hoes, and shootin' fo', to bring the free basinIf this is time erasin', the devil is runnin' like Betties
And got his guns out lookin' for ways to behead us
You can die in a matter of seconds, so I'ma slow it down
Turn back the hands of time with the .40 CalClaimin' your style is 'Guerrilla'
So I'ma define the meanin' of 'Murder', it's killer
You outta your mind, the burner's designed for the fill up
No gas, and when I spits like acidSmoke reefer, blow ether, spit ashes
'Cause young Rule is in his prime like 'Clay Cassius'
Hated by the masses, but overwhelmed with love and passion
For when I die niggaz keep 'Ri-da-da-da-din'Race against time, I can't stop
Runnin' through the red light livin' my life
Even if I'm gettin' too hot
Still I can't stop 'Ri-da-da-da-din'Race against time, I can't stop

Runnin' through the red light livin' my life
Even if I'm gettin' too hot
Still I can't stop 'Ri-da-da-da-din'If Jesus Christ was criticized, then why not me
What the fuck am I special? I struck a deal with the devil
Ha ha, if a kid a prophet, which one seem like its logic
Me in church, or me in bed with bitches menagenI can chase like sergeant, addictive like heroin
Outsiders just lookin' in, through a barrel that's pinned to the peep hole
They seein' all or nothin' like Jazz from Clisco
Hit 'em up and let's goJump over the threshold I just got married
To bangin' pistol, drugs and other shit
Fell in love with a bitch that I call Crime
She reminded me that nobody can beat time
If you get enough of it niggaSo I looked her dead in her eyes and pulled the trigger
Thinkin' that the music and film would be somethin' different
But this the same old criminal vibin'
I ain't hidin', I'ma keep 'Ri-da-da-da-din'Race against time, I can't stop
Runnin' through the red light livin' my life
Even if I'm gettin' too hot
Still I can't stop 'Ri-da-da-da-din'Race against time, I can't stop
Runnin' through the red light livin' my life
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