

# Connected (ft. Eastwood - Crooked I)

## Ja Rule

Woooooo

Murder Inc. motherfucker[Chorus:]

We world wide connected, and ya'll don't want to fuck with us

In the streets we respected, so ya'll don't want to fuck wit us

World wide connected nigga, ya'll don't want to fuck wit us

We gangster ass niggaz and we hard to hit

Murder Inc in the role who could fuck wit this[Eastwood]

It ain't no verse mother fuckers who fake east thugs

Its murder Inc In the role nigga throw up your dub

They show us love in the club real niggaz bossed up man

We heavily intoxicated so toss it up

Attacks your mind and your conscience

Written to enhance this verbally thugs grammar

I'm bout to touch the roof wit it

Extraordinary and I was never ordinary in cemetery

Visit my thugs in mortuaries

End all most reality young name and 'Pac

I'm a keep my heat tucked until my soul goes pop

I hear a lot of niggaz rapping

But there ain't that many rappers out there scraping and keep it cracking

We keep it happening

I'm a million out the gate

No scratch that eight from CD's to tapes we rock like earthquakes

I'm Eastwood catch me dipping a Fleetwood like a G should

Young Eastwood is so damn good[Chorus][Crooked I]

Nigga think that I is raw spit

Murder Inc in the role, we all sick

So niggaz Involved get mauled quick as a dog and the raw gets you involved

And I'm a draw quick, nigga awww shit

Punks talking lick I haul off quick

Wit a sawed off kick It's like they fall off cliffs

Y'all call it off before all y'all get stoned

Like you're fallen off in a raw mosh pit

Get tossed in a ditch your coffin is sick

While I floss in the awesomest whips and I toss in your chicks

Your caution when your calling your six

Cause your talk can get you crossed and lost in the mix

I'm a pause in the bitch bossed in the pits

Burn I serve niggaz stay off at ya clique

Spend off with ya grip my land of gangrene  
You have the doctors taking your leg off of your hip  
Motherfucker! [Chorus] [Ja Rule]  
All y'all niggaz need to get off my dick  
I spit it how I live it plus the flows real sick  
I got killers ranged from Compton to Cleveland  
World wide connected any type niggaz there's no breathing  
Give me the reason I put a halo throw your mental  
And give your the Holy Spirit and see you to gods temple  
I'm the avenging angle and earth be thy claim  
And Ja be thy name, I know your all praying  
For the day of my diminishing,  
Why don't somebody finish them off and put it right through his cross  
The X is the 50 y'all got to be kidding me  
These niggaz is my sons I raised them from young  
Curtis and little Earl should of been little girls  
Cause they bitch made and they act like one of my itch-bays  
Touche! The Rule is more than ready  
Gun heavy and world wide connected (feel me) [Chorus]

Songwriters

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