Kill 'Em All (Feat. Jay-Z)

Ja Rule

It must be the way that I spit shit
That make you say damn this nigga ridiculous
The way I hit 'em and move nigga I can't lose
Inconspicuous incognito niggas ain't ready
For whoever who has the flow nigga know I spit deadly
Fear me to the day I'm dead on the street with holes in me
The ghettos got love for me cuz ima lay for 'em
If I have to gradually down or after
The only fib be love and disaster
Tears before laughter but who gonna cry?
My style be so touchin' nigga wipe yo eye!
Get used to obvious lies and dead wise guys
And any bitch niggaz feel they fuckin wit my's
C'mon let's get it on, to the break in the dawn,
Before long if you wrong you be dead and gone
And now i'm the bomb to clarify my name in vain
What you thought motherfuckers I was playin? Baby I hit 'em allLord I won't be denied... I'ma Hit 'em Hit 'em
For as long as I'm a alive I'ma Hit 'em Hit 'em
I want my piece of the pie I'ma Hit 'em Hit 'em
Respect mine till the date of my demise...
Baby I'ma Hit 'em all
Thinkin' its a game I'ma Hit 'em Hit 'em
Show 'em I ain't playin' I'ma Hit 'em Hit 'em
For operatin' like planes I'ma Hit 'em Hit 'em
Hit 'em Hit 'emBaby I kill 'em all whatcha wanna do with this
Nigga nuthin so shut the fuck up
And learn somethin' see my team can get a whole town gamin'
Give it up we even take the small change
Nigga yeah uh you think my way of life fucked up right?
Till you live it and the cash gets to eattin at yo spirit
Fear it you be a broke nigga, you near it,
You be the next nigga,never have to go back and been it
Cold stares thought you need a killa 'round here
Y'all niggaz really have some pitiful ideas
I keep tryin to get this world to see
Hustle hard my mind on that money
My motto to be stack it if you got it for when you get it
Don't talk about it just be about it that it
Went all odds against niggaz gettin' rich figure

To earn a dollar makes sense Baby I Hit 'em allLord I won't be denied... I'ma Hit 'em Hit 'em
For as long as I'm a alive I'ma Hit 'em Hit 'em
I want my piece of the pie I'ma Hit 'em Hit 'em
Respect mine till the date of my demise...
Baby I'ma Hit 'em all
Thinkin' its a game I'ma Hit 'em Hit 'em
Show 'em I ain't playin' I'ma Hit 'em Hit 'em
For operatin' like planes I'ma Hit 'em Hit 'em
Hit 'em Hit 'emBaby I come in style comin' fresh out of Queens (Brooklyn)
I recognize how my killa cliques gettin' down
Everyday is while takin' yours into process niggaz is stress
Leavin' peep holes in yo chest god bless the next that get laid to rest
Frustration and stress make me question death
I wanna shoot all niggaz I feel should be shot on the spot
Let 'em rot with lead in their knot
Oh shit you bitch ass niggaz be lit
Smoke weed it give you the heart to proceed
Whatcha game plan you da man
Go for your guns feel no remorse
When i leave your brain ???
Now settle down get your shit tight
Should we expect move right
And everything is aight
But if you slip son that ass is gone top dogg motherfuckers recognize
Baby I'm Hit 'em allLord I won't be denied... I'ma Hit 'em Hit 'em
For as long as I'm a alive I'ma Hit 'em Hit 'em
I want my piece of the pie I'ma Hit 'em Hit 'em
Respect mine till the date of my demise...
Baby I'ma Hit 'em all
Thinkin' its a game I'ma Hit 'em Hit 'em
Show 'em I ain't playin' I'ma Hit 'em Hit 'em
For operatin' like planes I'ma Hit 'em Hit 'em
Hit 'em Hit 'em

Songwriters
Carter, Shawn C / Hinson, Edward / Atkins, Jeffrey B / Lorenzo, IrvingPublished by
Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Universal Music Publishing Group, Roba Music, RESERVOIR MEDIA MANAGEMENT INC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/