Loose Change

Ja Rule

[Talking]These faggot ass niggas,
Ay yo Buck, word to mother,
Yo they had young Malcom silenced too long baby,
They can't fuckin hold me down nigga,
What the fuck these niggas thought,
It's the I-N-C nigga, it's murder,
M-I-B nigga, Murder Inc. Bosses, motherfuckers,
Ja Rule, haha
Ay yo Buck, turn this shit up in my motherfuckin headphones,
Turn me up niggas, fuck these faggots, haha
It's real nigga, yeah, it's real nigga (ay yo, word ta motha)
(FUCK YOU LOOSE CHANGE, YOU FAGGOT!) yeah (FEMINEM I'MA SLAP THE SHIT OUTTA YOU BITCH!)
MURDA INC NIGGAS!!!
[Rapping]How many niggas hold they heat like Rule?
Sidearm, barrel ta mouth ta blow ya head out through tha south,
An' let 'Lil J get ta airin' ya out.
An' if there's any change left I toss ya on down ta tha west,
An' let (westside!!) tha road ride down on ya
California, love is what ya crave so on ya grave
it's gon' read: "Here lie Fifty, who snitched on many.
That half a dolla, that nickel, them dimes, an' died like penny."
An' Murda Inc. will send they deepest condolences and sympathies
ta Aftermath, ta Shady, Interscope and Jimmy Iovine,
Ya know ya team they really some pee-ons, gettin' peed on,
an' leaked on.
I'm talkin' 'bout faggot ass gay Dre young,
an' Suge told me all about how ya used ta take transvestites home,
an' occasionally wear thongs.
No wonda Feminem be cross dressin' in pumps an' tight 'lil dresses,
my pumps, they leave big messes...

An' I know tha 'Truth Hurts' when I bus' records,
Battle of da sexes, is dat a woman or a man?
I really don't care ta stand but Fifty you gon' get shot again
by the M-U-R-E-D-R, INC! I'm tha rappa that sings,
totes guns an' blades. An' these Fed's can't discuss 'em
cause while he violatin' ?? cryin' bitch to Russell like:
They shootin'...ahh makes ya shook an' got Bus' rhymin' tha same ol' hook.

Like, they shootin'...I ain't shoot up ya land,
I'd a put ya in tha coroner van.
Like my nigga J *muah*
Tha Vanguish will be tha ghetto car when I clap at ya garage.
An' Em, whats tha du-rag for?
You neva gon' have braids, you'll never know black pain
but you can become tha first white rappa slain.
Jus' get yo money mayn, tha INC is runnin' thangs,
hideout wit 'Loose Change'.
An' you nigga Ima send you ta mommy...
wit strict ordas from Gotti ta hide tha body.
An' Dre, ya days comin' too 'cause I got a team of misfits thats quiet
an' handle they business, Cause....
IM SHOOTIN'...at all yall niggas,
an' 'Lil Mo you jus' one of dem bitches
that ain't had a hot song in how long? NEVA!
Ya betta off wit a dick in ya mouth, shutup!!
Em ya claim ya mother's a crackhead and Kim is a known slut,
so what's Hailie gon' be when she grows up?
MURRRDAAA!! Yall know what it is.
MURRRDAAA!! Yall know what it be.
MURRRDAAA!! Yall know what it is.
MURRRDAAA!! I-N-C (BOOOOOM)

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