

# The Murderers

## Ja Rule

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Word to God, y'all know who the fuck this is  
You know we would kidnap yo kidz  
You know what the fuck we do  
Murder bitch niggaz like you For real, all the time, any place, anywhere  
Y'all niggaz could get it, act like y'all don't know  
In a world that's ice cold, blacks die slowly  
Cats snatch rollies, gats'll leave you holy My momma always told me the streetz will slow me down  
Daddy never showed me how the heat will hold me down  
So now I rob and steal, spit shit you feal, wit a clique that kills  
Yeah my shit's that real, I hustle hard all my life, ran the streetz all night My wife alwayz said everything was  
gonna be a-ait  
And she was right and that's one reason why I love her  
But everything she said went in one ear and out the other  
Word to mother, look at it from a thug point of view When the kids need clothes, what a thug gon do?  
Hit the streetz and hustle, pick up the heat and bust you  
I'm tryin' to eat like Russel, murda is my hustle  
But you keep chasin' yesterday, you gon miss tomorrow It's murda motherfucker we don't beg or borrow  
We take shit, fuck you and yo fake bitch, when the eight spit  
You could feel the hatred, taste it  
You high right now, you ain't ready to die right now The four five will calm you down, you under trauma now  
It's drama how a child will shut shit down  
Kill a nigger for the fuck of it I get you touched for chips  
Fuck that shit, fuck the whip, and fuck you bitch  
You can just suck my dick If you chasin' yesterday, you gon miss tomorrow  
It's murda motherfucker, we don't beg or borrow  
We take shit, fuck you and yo fake bitch  
When the eight spit you could feel the hatred, taste it  
It's your blood, when we show blood, we murderers  
We throw slugz, we huselazz we sell drugz  
And tell thugz live it up till yo time stopz Yo I give a fuck if y'all niggaz hate me, I drop bodies off  
Where the lakes be but lately, I've been hitin' cribz  
And safes where the cake be, I take three to the vest

For the love of the dollas I put that hot shit thru you  
And watch you holla holla, the same niggaz that I ball wit  
I'm a brawl wit I'm a tank running in banks and takin' all of it  
Player we're flawless, wit nutten to loosin' gunz bustin'  
And brossen niggerz y'all can't live  
Funny shit about it, niggers wanna hit me, forget about it  
Thug shit I'm still livin' y'all niggaz just spit about it  
I rob and stomp niggaz two third of my life  
The other one third spent sittin' on curbz chasin' those birdz  
If you ever get the urge to come by and try to test  
There's only one and then you get numb and lied to rest  
It's murda the only code to the ghetto  
It's murda, nigga hand me the bezzle  
And dance with the devil, gunz rapidly spit  
Gangsta shit, attractin' yo bitch, gettin' head and lean back in the sip  
I mastered the chipz, nigga I'm tryin' to tell you  
You're holdin' hammers and nails and  
We have you where the dogz couldn't smell you  
If you chasin' yesterday, you gon miss tomorrow  
It's murda motherfucker, we don't beg or borrow  
We take shit, fuck you and yo fake bitch  
When the eight spit you could feel the hatred, taste it  
It's your blood, when we show blood, we murderers  
We throw slugz, we huselazz we sell drugz  
And tell thugz live it up till yo time stopz  
Ja's a muthafuckin' problem, any nigga think not, I'ma pop him  
Put the lean on niggaz the minute I spot 'em  
Who's gettin' it, I got him nigga dead and gone  
Gonna guide 'em to the cross roads show 'em how those gunz blow  
I'ma degenerate nigga addicted to hydro,  
switchin' four lanes  
Top down wit my eyes closed, got a death wish  
Money, drugz, and murderer shit  
What you want with this, we'll kidnap yo kids  
Clap up yo crib, it's the murderaz  
Who you know wit gunz that kill shit  
Just because we're them hot niggerz  
Sell mo records than rock niggaz  
I'ma lock it down for six months and shock niggaz what's my name?  
J the A. R U L E with them hoez get between more sheetz than isley  
You can't deny me, I'm the muthafuckin' one, druggin' bitches like heroin  
The God be the rule, if you're hot keep eyes on your jewels  
To cop a Benz twenty inch chrome, the shoes, I got  
nuttin' to lose  
But everything to live for thorough bread demand and supply the raw  
I put my smash down from N Y to Chi town INC murder spittin' in roundz  
You don't wanna hear how it soundz, when we cock them flames  
It's murda and ain't shit gon change niggaz  
Motherfuckers understand that  
Let the God be his here nigga smirloff  
Motherfuckers  
Oh my murdaraz  
Murder INC niggers

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