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 youFor 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 holyMy 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 nightMy 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 viewWhen 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 tomorrowIt'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 nowThe 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 dickIf 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 stopzYo 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 youAnd 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 liveFunny 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 birdzIf 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 bezzleAnd 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 youIf 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 stopzJa'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 blowI'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 kidsClap 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 niggazI'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 jewelsTo 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 her how it soundz, when we cock them flames
It's murda and ain't shit gon change niggazMotherfuckers understand that
Let the God be his here nigga smirloff
Motherfuckers
Oh my murdaraz
Murder INC niggers

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