The Wrap (freestyle)

Ja Rule

Buck 89 on the boards, what up Buck
Word to God, Hussein, what up nigga
Haha, life is good, a yo
It's a reality that all the real niggaz
Have to smash on the bitch niggas
And you know I like to call this The Wrap, hehe
It's a Wrap and any men that don't wanna get clapped
Better not violate the camp, get shot down by chance
I'm real advanced with that cock and blast
'Cause the feds won't look back, for cleaning cash
What cashes we cleansing, it's all about the Benjamins, what
If it's dirty then we rincing it off
You niggaz don't give a fuck, mobbed up in H2s
Niggaz is talking shit, aw bitch, that's old news
They say I rap to rhythm and blues
But when I turn on the radio, I hear y'all niggaz rappin' it too
He's like "Baby, can you give it to me"
Nah, I'ma give it to you
The same way that we gave it to Proof
The same way that we gave it to Loose
Put that bang, bang, bang to use nigga
'Cause Rule's the truth nigga, for show
Uh-oh, uh-oh, uh-oh, uh-oh, uh-uh-uh-oh
Hit 'em in retro, throwback like West 'Paul
Niggaz wanna ball but can't on the West Coast
Dre Day's been dead a long time ago
Respect the Inc Row, Rap-A-Lot collabo
Just know that you nigga ain't save on the globe
And while the world probes, I arrest verse I.N.C.
I'm still wishing y'all the R.I.P.
Can I Live, for I D.I.E.
I'm talkin', M.O.B, murder inc bosses
Count your losses
Now before they start runnin' they lips
I thought I should warn these motherfuckers, there's a gun in this bitch
And I know he's got one on his hip
But I got the drop and outside, Rule got the Drops
All it takes is a cock and a pop
Money for bail, ain't seeing no more sales

Instead, I'm poppin' on Yahts
They told me J.Prince runnin' the south
And I'm beast from the east, that'll come and put a gun in your mouth
I got bricks for days, dicks to make a bitch behave
Had to baldhead my shit threw, had to switch the waves
Just that quick, slip and the mac spit, bladdat
Four up in they chest and reload while they back flip
We in this together, bad weather, rippin' the storm
They some dictionary rappers, they just spittin' the norm
You supposed to know the La Costra Nostra flow
I did it, 'cause I lived it, you can quote the flow
Hit your six up with sixteen in sixty seconds
Get your whips up, we split beams, keep fifty weapons
To you coppers that's posin' a threat
Fire up the air, wholes in the tec to put a hole in your neck
See I rep for the four forty but I'm about the five
Ride by, blazin' out the five, nigga I'm so cool
Bitches say, Hizzy, you remind me of the old school
In the club posted, snatching hoes with no jewels, nigga
You know as the world turns
These bitch niggaz is runnin' and hiding and shit
(You know these motherfuckers be ducking' hidin')
But I'm fucking chasin y'all faggots
All across the globe
(Smashing they ass)
Out the back of bet, out the back of clubs
Nigga, you ain't poppin' no bub in no motherfuckin' clubs
Nowhere nigga, be honest with yourself, you fucking clowns
You niggaz is fucking clowns, y'all ain't gonna nowhere
I'm right here, I'm right here, huntin' you'll motherfuckin'
Bitch ass niggaz down
It's a wrap niggaz, it's a wrap niggaz
It's a wrap niggaz, it's a wrap niggaz
A yo, this nigga, this nigga runnin' around talkin' about
"I got shot nine times, I got shot"
Want everybody to be motherfuckin' sympathetic
A yo fifty, pull your skirt down B
A yo, Niggaz get shot everyday B, you tough?
Yeah, Murder Inc shit, bitch ass nigga
We out

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