It's Murda (freestyle)

Ja Rule

It's Murda, it's Murda, we back up in this muthafuckar
It's Murda y'all know who we be, yeah, aiyyo don't let me catch, ya Runnin' from the back of BET either nigga, my nigga, Fatal
On tha muthafuckin' ones and twos, holla back you bitch ass, niggaz
Yo, cock sucka', I get squat and post and cocked tha nina'
In tha five series beamer, dump and lean, ya, I fell off on
A misdemeanor ride red over black madina's take crazy for genuis
Hated like Jesus Christ, my weakness have always been bad bitches
And new bills with Krisis', my thesis more than extraordinary
And that nigga that got shot nine times can tell ya' that I don't
Give a fuck, I don't give a fuck, God may I ask yo' permission
To take his life this is a man be I N C to R U L E extrordinary one
For tha ages when then sawed off with tha front of them gauges
To engage in combat, to send you and fem where yo, moms at
Motherfuckar you hear that and I ain't talkin' about them heaven
From skies, I'm talkin' about them fire from nines or maybe
The fifty call 'cause you like five, oh, or maybe somewhere in Cal
Where you like to lay low you bitch made and I heard about that bitch
You be slayin' layin' up with some where off of Sunset
Y'all haven't heard yet that nigga, change is Loose and I got
Proof, get it, I got Proof, yo, vest is no use when we cock and flame
It's Murda, yeah, Murda incorporated, it's Murda, yeah
Hussein Fatal nigga, it's Murda
Muthafuckas, Rule these niggas, crazy reppin' him without me
A.I ain't in tha click believe they won't win without me, yo, I'm small
Lil' homies frail but bold went from base to some bullshit
Like Jalen Rose got my blind D O Gs readin' brail and coats
Keep tha heat in tha winter I can't tell it's cold clean my set
Pieced out flame tha tec
Throw shots out niggas catch like Wayne Cherbet, son of a gangsta Talk dirty son I'm a bang ya, I'm tha truth with tha ox
Keep gum on tha banger, Hussein the only reason hoes chase
Tha thugs, nigga blade part two I got tha taste for blood
Log on 'Fatal.com', see fatal drop bombs more militant minded
Then y'all faded with Pac Rhymes
Clucthing tha stick beam, suckin' tha stick green out tha window
Or tha sunroof, buckin' tha sixteen you ain't a gangsta 'em'
This is gangsta shit and 50 you ain't nuthin' but a gangsta bitch
Pac would have never did no song with no wanksta snicth

He confusin' ya'll he ain't tha shit we sex, money and murda
You niggas, ain't no playin' around with this rap shit
Banana clip, mack's spit bodies rap up in plastic
This tha city where tha skinny niggas die, no
You heard my dogs this is tha city where tha skinny, niggas
Ride nigga, Hussein tha don, believe we got this shit poppin'
In this muthafucka Rule it's good and we into tha muthafuckin' club
You punk niggas, walkin' out brick city, Rule, Rap a lot, mafia
Murda, Yound D', Merc, Exsaless, these niggas, ain't ready for this Gansta shit right here, we been doing this shit for a long time
Ya'll niggas got the streets confused, nigga, we been on this
Gansta thug shit, bitch ass, niggas you know what it is
Every time we touch tha muthafuckin' booth, nigga
It's gonna be fire, fire on you niggas asses, niggas, better
Gracefully bow tha fuck out nigga, Hussein Fatal nigga
Rap a lot mafia, nigga, M.I.B nigga, murder I N C bosses Rule
We here, baby, brick city jerses mafia, yeah, shadows, let's get it, yo

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/