Exodus (outro)

Ja Rule

In case you don?t know the call me Loc, short for L O K I
I?m speck for rule saying his last goodbye
This is Exodus, this been a hell of a ride
From Vinni Venni Vicci to Blood In His Eye
In the next plan in time I've seen the rock split
In the ride it?s as rough as the ride gets
And you know that they all want to murder The Inc
But they can?t kill us and now we got to finish these niggaz
And if finish it means murder
(Murder, murder, murder)
([Unverified])
So be it
Last that I recall, they tried to murder the God mimic my style
Then leave them in memory of
But smile, some memories lost, the new identity was born
And no, this ain't a movie, dog
This is murder
(Murder, murder, murder)
And you need a second for me
Yo Gotti, I make the hits, you just give me the nod
But the air play the gun, play from New York to L.A.
The S.K's will make these niggaz spin like Pirelli's
We had some good years but I?m tired and ya niggaz despierin'
And trying to put the dalce to the fire, it?s like an episode of the wire
The only difference is the vengeance is taking us in real life
Now, everybody wanna look at us and think twice
And point there fucking fingers like damn the bad guys
Y?all nigga?s don?t know, we them niggaz, man
Murder INC we done bin through it all done n seen it all
There ain't nothin' you can tell me, nigga
I just wanna let y'all know man I've been through so many things
N if it wasn't for the way I live life
Would a nigga pray every night to Christ?
Jesus I'm just asking
'Coz my prayers never seem to get answered
Ma mama didn't raise no bastard
I was born with the talent you can?t touch
I call magic, you call it music once it get remastered
I got with Gotti started makin' classics

It?s murder, it?s the courses of traffic
Trust was my only niggaz force of habit
At the time in the game everything was average
Pac catches die, big catches die
And my nigga had a plan to keep Def Jam alive
First he sign D then he sign me
Then he introduced Jay and the rest is history
Thanks for the memories, thanks for the misery
Reminiscin' the Spike Lee them was the school days
We graduated with A's
But these niggaz make you wanna bring out the AR's and AK's
And till they back up 'coz that what they gave us
When they read the vendikas and various papers
But no heart, no foul y'all, niggaz is funny style anyway
Now, we go hard shit till the edge
That?s a good question though, see I don't understand
Why they would think what they thinking about
It's just not the case though I love my niggaz that's all I'm guilty of
And that all that I ever was guilty of is the love for my niggaz
It's all good though I ain't stressing that shit man
Sometimes God has to put you through things
That bring out the best, very in who you are nigga
Sam said it to me, he said, "Sometimes greatness
Is not what you accomplish, it's what you overcome"
Still breathin', feel me?

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