

Blood in My Eye

Ja Rule

[Intro Hussein Fatal]

And what ever it is then that's what is gonna be nigga
Hussein Fatal, the outlaw don, "Blood In My Eyes"
Shyea', Triple O stand up, Got your mind's back right
Jerse's mobbin' these cowards all the time You know gunning them down, Every thing like that
Smooth stayin' forty below on these cowards, early nigga
Outlaw status only got these niggaz on freeze
Get down and lay down, Draw heat and protect your self
Rule' holla at yo' peoples nigga..[Verse 1 Ja Rule]
For now on call me the don, and bitches call me don da da
Where ever I go niggaz soon to follow'
Like when I dropped my first joint making the world "Holla"
I kept it "Between Me And You" Cause that what real street niggaz do
"Put it on Me, cause even thugs get lonely
Sometimes "I Cry", fo' niggaz I'm a baptized
When will they realize I "Live It Up" Cop tha coke sell it and re' it up
I'm "Always On Time" got bitches "Memsmerize"
From the "Thug Lovin" load the clip
Cock back the nine, open mouth shove it Look in his eyes, and squeeze like fuck it
And just to think my niggaz do this shit for nuthin'
When my wild Rule' thuggins, lookin' to get a come up
Come on in and catch the angel that's all in Call me Lord remis' my time, and I'll arrive with
Blood in my eyes[Hussein Fatal Talking]
That's what real niggaz do you know
We hold it down for each other
We don't waste time we get it done
Why not, Why would'nt we, you know
That what goes down you know
You draw yours, I draw mine
Who ever get the drop that what it is
The object is to get it done, let's go it's nuthin' (Yo)[Verse 2 Ja Rule]
Fuck tha world and niggaz that proceed to run it
Rule' for prez cause I'm one of the best that done it
On the M-I, these niggaz spittin' semi, to get by
But never really get right, livin off of the hit I "DMX" was my dog, but now we just dog fight
Sucking on glass dicks, calling them crack pipes
And I'm hearin' you letting yo' health slide these days
And yo lady's fucked up, and you contracted to aids Who the fuck you callin' gay nigga, must a been talk to
Em' and "Dre", nigga, pour out a little liquor

And rest in peace to "Tupac Shakur", cause you let us know
That Dre was a queer before And "Marshall" how dare you use his name in vain
Son of a panther, you'll never understand his pain
But you do understand trailer parks and cocaine
Disrespecting your mother what fuckin part of The game is that man , I guess this world need change
So we got it, and now I gotta put 'em in the grave
Red, guide 'em before they put us in the cage
Rule' and Gotti america's most wanted to many..
Come and get me!!! (Pretty soon ya gonna pay)

Songwriters

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