

Emerica (feat. Chink Santana & Young Life)

Ja Rule

[Newsmen]
Extra, extra
Extra, extra
Hear all about it
Ja Rule has just been elected the President...
Of the united ghetto's of Emerica
And this is what he had to say at presstime
At press time this is what Ja Rule had to say
America...[Chorus 2X: Ja Rule]
Welcome to Emerica
(Don't hate me) 'cause I done made this world what it's gon be
Welcome to Emerica
(Don't hate me) 'cause I done made this world what it's done to me[Ja Rule]
Niggaz, if I could pledge my allegiance to the, United Ghettoes
of the Emerica, go on sell ya drugs
Cuttin taxes for strippers and thugs
It's all good, room for mayor in all hood and as well I should
I make it publicly desmist understood
When they caught me gettin high in the back of the ho-tel
Was you freakin them ho's?
Well, I just say I was gettin a lil head but so what
Bill and Hillery stay for them stills
That's a down ass bitch for ya
Wash em with some soap and water
And return them dirty bra's to their rightful owner
Now that's creep shit
One over one, I got this broad on the one-o-one
She's botherin, so don't even come up in here
'cause she's contious, no nonsense
She like to choke on the dick, and the lungs on the constant
Gettin the W1's you church girl
Proda stant, it's aiight ma you rollin wit the Inc.[Chorus][Young Life]
Yeah I'm here can you tell?
Mo' niggaz livin, livin in ?? in Emerica
I'm never gonna feel, Nigga I'm tellin ya
Young Life is a compeditor
And is into real my niggaz headed up hill
I'm lettin you know shit's real
I came into the game copped a deal

Aimin to get this shit still
It ain't been a minute I ain't been high
And I haven't handled my business
How I been fuckin you bitches right
Yeah you witnesses my life
Imperial night, in the ghetto holdin my medal tight
Still, in Emerica
Remilitary is terror nigga holds his medal
Of his never be available
That easy I'm a editor, restin up with the best of em
Minds of them bitches that stress givin em hard sex
I'm set for life, the lightin ho's that write
And hit the mic, not over night
You get the gift to be the best of something like
(Enough in Emerica) Young Life is comin home
Motherfuckers prepare to die[Chorus][Chink Santana]
Niggaz hit that crack houses hustlers and hoes
No youngins up on the corners nigga smokin them bones
I'm rattin away wit knots comin up, what's no pills?
That's why they'll find your ass slumped in the blacks of ville
But still, I spot that paper Jo, Blowin my weed
And ain't a thing a mother need is gotta be me
But now days these lil youngins rollin on E
And a nigga that supplyin that is who runs the streets
Now look, this ain't no crack day
I gotsa come up on the stash and get back man
'cause I done witness all this shit that they say them ho's do
Fuckin wit X, like finger fuckin that hot glock
While she swallow her tit
But real, there nigga want his dick sucked?
Bitches is why bitches turn that rehold into a intrick (It's pimp shit)
No limp dick, just a gangsta fuck
Why the murder put some major bust biatch[Chorus>Welcome to Emerica...

Songwriters

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