

# Story To Tell

## Ja Rule

Niggas, bitches  
Gather 'round  
I got a story to tell  
Hear this, hear this  
Get the whole worldThe Swatch bred, thoroughbred, shockingly took two to the head  
Knowledge me God, the shit I'm 'bout to holler is hard  
From start, this little nigga had a Hell of a heart  
His pops, bangin' that shit in his arms, broken  
A young mind distorted emotions, is there an upside?  
His brother got murdered up North by Milletas  
Ma-ma, battlin', cancer, of the colon  
At the tender age of thirteen, watchin' his world close inBlood damn near frozen, from a heart so cold  
It ain't pumpin' out the love no mo', and I feel that  
'Cause God when you really need it, where the love at?  
That's why a lot of niggaz got more faith in they gat  
Freeze that like a photo, take it with you and know  
This lil' nigga 'bout to kill all comers for cash flow  
His role model, the heat, 'cause it runs streets  
His motto, 'Nobody eats but me!'Finally this young thug turned pro  
Used to show love now he got nuttin' but hatred and foes  
Five-double-O's, hoes so deep  
He the type of nigga that got it and break down a key  
Remember me, J to the A, R U L E baby  
Smell the beef, it continued to uhh, give 'em Hell  
Fill they bodies with shells and leave niggaz  
With a story to tellListen up I got a story to tell  
On the streets we got guns and drugs for sale  
'Cause you hoes know the game that we play is real  
Keep your mind on the money and your weapons concealedListen up I got a story to tell  
I'm prayin' to God, know I'm goin' to hell  
If it's out of my hands, I'll let time prevail  
Listen up I got a story to tell  
Listen up I got a story to tellShit, niggas motherfuckin' die for this shit we do  
Hustle hard from city to city  
From state to state  
All my niggas  
Let me holla at y'allSon in B'More, we scored more, than ever before  
Copped the two door, six-double-O off a raw  
Show no love for loss since big eight be that lucky

Number, we slammed eight of those in Kentucky  
Kept the currency comin', mo', diamonds  
New clothes L.A. hoes that'll ride us pronto  
Once you, lived in luxury, you can't leave it  
Find yourself, turnin' broke bitches into Divas  
Can you believe this? In Cleveland we cuttin' these niggaz  
creepin'  
Tie 'em on every block, 'til we shut down shop  
So keep your glock cocked, one in the head  
Push the five series drop just in case we gotta spit and spread  
The alibi be simply, we was in the Carribean  
With two of our women friends sippin' Remy and Henny  
From there we'll flow, to the Florida Keys and blow trees  
Fuck a couple of hoes and spend some cheese  
That's how a boy's life is supposed to be  
Make our way to N.O. 'cause we, 'bout it 'bout it  
Then down to D.C. where they, cock it, pop it  
Listen up life is nuttin' but the hot shit, from here to Wisconsin'  
Y'all niggaz can get it constant  
It ain't hard that's like pushin' dope in the 5th Ward  
And just to get to God, I'll go through Hell  
And leave the world with a story to tell  
Listen up I got a story to tell  
On the streets we got guns and drugs for sale  
And you hoes know the game that we play is real  
Keep your mind on the money and your weapons concealed  
Listen up I got a story to tell  
I'm prayin' to God, know I'm goin' to Hell  
If it's out of my hands, I'll let time prevail  
Listen up I got a story to tell  
Listen up I got a story to tell

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