First Degree

Ja Rule

Da franchise-
Uh, {chuckles}
Ey yo chris man, what you think these niggaz was thinking man?
Fuck y'all niggaz thinking, man? ain't no violators except us man
Why these niggaz trying to violate shit without us man huh?
I told these niggaz man a piece of the pie come in the game
We want in man, franchise want in
I love niggaz who talk drama till the gun is stuck in they face
Screaming for they mama,
Left with three in the dome three in the chest and waist
Don't let this young nigga decieve you,
If you want beef then tell me where to meet you
I'll bring so much heat, one side of the earth will melt, then step off
Bitty boppin, chain rockin, notch in my belt,
My niggas rock raw and stick barrel style
Niggas mouth till they catch lock jaw,
I got plans to spend a million and more
Before I hit a million and four, before death,
Pull a gun on me squeeze one in me
I'm trying to make sure, niggaz want none of me
You just don't know what these streets have done to me, what's become of me
I was raised in a world so cold it's numbened me, I'm so dirty I'm filthy
I done scared so many niggaz, it's gonna take a scared nigga to kill me
If it's murda, drugs, guns or related to thugz I'm guilty
(chorus) x2
Ja rule-
It's murda, we gon leave you in, nigga
Franchise gonna fill you wit lead, nigga
No more crying over spilled blood
Throw yo gunz if you a real thug
Uhh
Yo, you see y'all sometime niggaz, boy, you gon speak to the four

Cause you'se a sometime thug, sometime seeking the law
I'ma seek to you it you breathe no more, when we crash the door
It's not a game, pesci don't laugh no more, black tahoe
Stashing the door, fitting beautful in it
A nigga jinxed so there's a urinal in it, on the belt do the usual limit
You know, double five, heading to l.i to buckle the pies

Before I die I want you speakers to bleed my name
Cafe, weed leaky k, franchise three of the same
I let my niggaz hit this man, cause ain't nuttin but x's on my hitlist, man
And I'm a buisness man in the city, don't force the kid
I'm a gangsta once I cross the bridge and I toss yo wig
Frontin niggaz, don't fake for me
Cause for them cakes I'm running in yo bakery
It's murda
(chorus) x2
Ey yo my niggaz stay on the job and if there's any drama involved
We grip shotguns, maddex are the one's that revolve
See me hoppin out a gray 5, dope in the trunk
And enough coke to have these blocks open for months
When I pop up, niggaz better head for the hills
Act up and you gon see how many heads'll get killed
Starter for war, dog I'm holdin plenty of gunz
Niggaz come home to find a bomb taped to they son
Bunch of violent niggaz taking your one's
Went from copping a bird now we cop em by the tons, ya heard?
I down henny till my vision is blurred
Shit I'm only trying to live it up, get high and drunk till I hurl
Type of nigga that'll bag up yo girl and twist her
I got no love for these niggaz and these bitch ass niggaz
Hatin me cause they wish they had it like me
I'm from brooklyn and I'm glad to be (brooklyn!)
It's murda
(chorus) x2

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/