

# 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 beautiful 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

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