

# Emerica

Ja Rule

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...

Welcome to Emerica  
(Don't hate me) Cuz I done made this world what it's gon be  
Welcome to Emerica  
(Don't hate me) Cuz I done made this world what it's done to me  
(2x)

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  
Cuz shes 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 aaight ma you rollin wit the Inc.

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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 buisness  
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 availible  
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

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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  
Cuz 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

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