

# Kill 'Em All

Ja Rule

It must be the way that I spit shit  
That make you say damn this nigga ridiculous  
The way I hit 'em and move nigga I can't lose  
Inconspicuous incognito niggas ain't ready  
For whoever who has the flow nigga know I spit deadly  
Fear me to the day I'm dead on the street with holes in me  
The ghettos got love for me 'cause I'ma lay for 'em  
If I have to gradually down or after  
The only fib be love and disaster  
Tears before laughter but who gonna cry?  
My style be so touchin' nigga wipe yo eye!  
Get used to obvious lies and dead wise guys  
And any bitch niggas feel they fuckin' wit my's  
C'mon let's get it on, to the break in the dawn,  
Before long if you wrong you be dead and gone  
And now I'm the bomb to clarify my name in vain  
What you thought motherfuckers I was playin' baby I hit 'em all

Load 'em all be tonight I'ma Hit 'em Hit 'em  
For as long as I'm a alive I'ma Hit 'em Hit 'em  
I want my piece of the pie I'ma Hit 'em Hit 'em  
Expect my's to the day of my demise Baby I'ma Hit 'em all  
Thinkin' its a game I'ma Hit 'em Hit 'em  
Show 'em I ain't playin' I'ma Hit 'em Hit 'em  
For operatin' like planes I'm a Hit 'em Hit 'em Hit 'em Hit 'em

Baby I kill 'em all whatcha want to do with this  
Nigga nothin' so shut the fuck up  
And learn somethin' see my team can get a whole town gamin'  
Give it up we even take the small change  
Nigga yeah uh you think my way of life fucked up right?  
Till you live it and the cash gets to eatin' at yo spirit  
Fear it you be a broke nigga, you near it,  
You be the next nigga, never have to go back and been it  
Cold stares thought you need a killa 'round here  
Y'all niggas really have some pitiful ideas  
I keep tryin' to get this world to see  
Hustle hard my mind on that money  
My motto to be stack it if you got it for when you get it  
Don't talk about it just be about it that it  
Went all odds against niggas gettin' rich figure  
To earn a dollar makes sense Baby I Hit 'em all

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Baby I come in style comin' fresh out of Queens (Brooklyn)  
I recognize how my killa cliques gettin' down  
Everyday is while takin' yours into process niggas is stress  
Leavin' peep holes in yo chest god bless the next that get laid to rest  
Frustration and stress make me question death  
I want to shoot all niggas I feel should be shot on the spot

Let 'em rot with lead in their knot  
Oh shit you bitch ass niggas be lit  
Smoke weed it give you the heart to proceed  
Whatcha game plan you da man  
Go for your guns feel no remorse  
When I leave your brain ?  
Now settle down get your shit tight  
Should we expect move right  
And everything is aight  
But if you slip son that ass is gone top dogg motherfuckers recognize  
Baby I'm Hit 'em all

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