

Murder Me

Ja Rule

Uh, uh, yeah
We back up in this motherfucker
Murder Inc
Ha ha
I go by the name of the Rule
You know
Got my nigga Chink Santana in the house
My nigga Buck, my clique niggaz
My murder by number niggaz
My nigga black, 0-1 you know
My new nigga life...what's happenin?
Yeah
Bout the let these bitches know like you know
When we fuckin em and shit all crazy
You want a nigga callin shit
We ain't got time for that ma
We just come threw and murder the puss that all
Ha ha ha ha

Baby when your sexin me
I kinda like when ya...murder me
Baby....murder me
(2x)

Listen love I know your used to gettin sweet nothings whispered to ya
But my dick game will ruined ya mind and influence ya to do certain things
Like hop in the range, in the rain, ass naked, to get spanked
This is your world and your doin your thing go ahead momma
I got no problem being on the bottom
The way you shake that ass like ho's from Harlem
Reminds me to call ya the same time tommora
Cuz baby I'm impressed, by the way you, shake them ass and hips
By the way you make me wanna leave the one I'm wit
Take the spot of being my "down ass bitch"
Baby murder me, heh
The way I murder you, heh
That look in your eyes is like the sunrise when your fuckin me

Baby when your sexin me
I kinda like when ya...murder me
Baby....murder me
(2x)

Yo, yo
We can go from the bed to the hot tub
Until you get enough
Mommy I'll call ya bluff and put it up in ya gut
Cuz I'm a gangsta, so I'll hit her wit the gangsta touches
Bottle of henesey, dro and some dutches
Man I'll pull up in like three in the mornin, honkin
You at the door wit a t-shirt on and a thongs
And tellin me come on in get out of the cold
But never the less I hit the flesh and gotta go, rarely though
Let me put a buck in your ear
and let you know I'm the thug of the year
And the last thing I do is care
Legs up, killin it, drillin it

Man she feelin it, shiverin, talkin in tounes
Caddy gotta sprong, daddy long shlong
We get it on, like pong
Stars wit a gangsta twist to it
Now lets do it
So whenever your ready just page me
And you'll see, How I murda, and hearda, the pussy

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(2x)

Hold on baby you gotta holla at the king as your sexual pralus
Is more than wild it's border lined and foul
Your look, your style, that freaky smile
Got me layin dick to ya god bless the child
I get hold it's on I make ya scream and moan
The thugs nature, how could a nigga hate the
Way I flip it, smack it, bounce it, ride it, taste it
Lick her tits, break down the walls the basics
Face it, your fuckin wit a cocksman love
And you defend on the ball like Garry the Glove
Paintin, no relation
Not alot of sation
Brought her own K-Y ready for penetration
I patient, I'll murder the puss when I'm ready
But meanwhile, and me doin this Marvin Gay medley
And you'll murder me the same way I murder you
Baby

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I kinda like when ya...murder me
Baby....murder me
(2x)