

Niggas & Bitches

Ja Rule

Yeah ... ha, uh huh
You know how we do (we're gonna do how we do)
Uh, uh, yo my nigga Cad what's hangin nigga (gangsta shit)
Nigga Terry what's goin on nigga
Let me talk to 'em for a minute (Murder Inc. bosses in the building)
Yeah, haha

R: Bitches! Work your clit keep that pussy hot
Cause it's all about the benjamins and nobody ain't doin it like us
C'mon what y'all want?

Niggas! Grip the iron and keep it cocked
Bitches! Work your clit keep that pussy hot
Cause it's all about sex, money, and murder
Bitches that burn ya, niggas with burners
Cocked and let go!

Fuck all y'all motherfuckin bitch ass niggas
I'm talkin to whoever wanna be ridin my dick
And you know your gon' get it as hot as I spit it
It's the Rule and nobody wanna be bothered with
If I hit 'em in every direction with four fifths
Will expend like 45's with compact discs (c'mon)
It's a disappointment to see niggas flip on Rule like they double jointed
When I'm one of rap's anointed
Who else used to order it all on the dick
Like when I come through with spinners on the six
And got bitches bouncin like Ronnie in Tricks
But some whores in this game really don't make sense
Bomb roof and via Cal's and clonin Ems
But when bullets go through your film, we break your limbs
A horror show, yeah picture this
Cause I guess you can't see it, it's Murder again

R: Bitches! Work your...

Rule I fuck with bitches in Manolos and thick Louie Vuitton logos
Cause I don't love these hoes
I'm above and beyond everything that your seein
And I'm the only real nigga left rappin this freakin
If I could be one of the seasons, you'd call me summer
The way I bang the heater out the back of the Hummer
The bull just move like runners from city block to city block
Layin down the foundation for what's really hot
Y'all niggas really not on my level (c'mon)
I'm like slugs when they pierce the metal, you see sparks (what)
My voice is a brush, they hear it it's like art
And nobody can really tell the twins apart
I call one Nina, other one Santa Maria
I might roll up on your set, dump and lean ya
My bitch is cocked to bang men in Virginia
Don't make me run up on ya, put a few in ya

R: Bitches! Work your...

Yeah, yeah, yo, Murder's outlaw, that guess I get a city's a broads
So I push the Porsche high and truck to court

Holla at the judge if the judge made a bad decision
I feel like the nigga that triggerin guns with mittens
It's hard to get done, I'm hearin that security runs
around 30K, if they don't get hit with an AK
And found out that the security's runnin another way
Like with me, it's Murder, probably
If I could drop in to manslaughter get a bail and flee
Cause my downess says bitch up, let her handle the pick up
Snow cone the country leave no market untouched
Call me drugs if this is how they pushin us rafters
But I don't do it cause I need it, I do it cause I want more
Definition is greed, I do it cause I want yours
And y'all niggas is teasin, y'all don't really want war
But if you really do, your gonna need a lot more

R: Bitches! Work your... (2x)

Faggots, haha (Panna Banana what up)
Yeah, shout out to my nigga 01 (my nigga Holla, I see you baby)
Baby, you know what I mean? My nigga Black Child (Joe, what up nigga)
Big Caddillac, my motherfuckin partner my brother
What up Gotti, you know how we gonna do these niggas
You ain't got to pick up no mic either my nigga
I got this, I got these niggas Gotti
Holla back nigga [laughing]
Yeah, uh, yo my nigga Burns in the building
Blow somethin up nigga [fades out]