

Passion

Ja Rule

R: Nobody loves me
Sometimes the world can seem so cold
Looking through the windows of my soul
I see, the true fan now I know (I know, I know, I know)
Y'all gotta love me
When the weight of the world was on my shoulders
You were there
When it got heavy, I held it
You were there
The ones that stood by me like soldiers
You were there

I know you love me

But I'm still waiting for the Lord to come hug me
Send a sign or somethin'
This is all for nothin'
The talent and Passion of mine
I'm sick of sufferin'
I know your plans is greater than mine
So I'm asking
Why do you want me dead or alive
And how could you let the people see me through the enemy's eyes
Like, jealousy, envy, Feds wanna convict Gotti
I'm thinking probably we was gettin' too much money
Too many niggaz in whips sittin' on 20's
Too much connections to the streets, y'all niggaz doin' somethin'
And after overall assumptions, or it's all or nothin'
Ain't nothin' stopping the second coming, except the coffin
I may be incased, but even from there I still touch 'em
niggaz ain't promised tomorrow, that's why we still hustle
For all my niggaz that can't be here
For every tear, send my a prayer, I swear

R: Nobody loves me...

But what's love, when your friends become enemies
Your nightmares are no longer your worst dreams
And as bad as everything seems
Keep hustling
We gon' get it by any means
How unfortunate, January the sixth
Federal officers, raided our offices
Making it hard for us to eat, and breathe, and live
And they swear they got niggaz that's informing them
They've been handin' down indictments for about a year
And they send nobody to jail yet, we still in the clear
And the Bible that said, "Thou shall not fear no man but God"
Whoever said that, ain't never faced the law
And why all this fake ?? going on
I'm fighting niggaz, swingin' back against the wall
That's for my niggaz that can't be here
For every tear, send my a prayer, I swear

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How could you hate me, why would the Lord forsake me

Put the weight of the world on my shoulders
I thinkin' I could brush it off and nobody notice
Keep raisin' my kids: Britney, Jeffry, and Jordan
Keep coppin' new whips: Bentleys, Benzes, and Porsches
My niggaz, and my fans is the only thing of importance
It's crazy how the world turns
Sometimes, you gotta light up and let it burn
Sweep up your ashes, put 'em up in a urn
On a mantle from memories
I hear you callin' me, Lord knows you love me
The Passion of Rule is so real, just lend me your ear
You'll feel what I feel, you'll tear when I tear
The vision's real clear, just look in my eyes
I believe in putting my life in the hands of God
For all my niggaz that can't be here
For every tear, send me a prayer, I swear

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You know..... I give love to all my niggaz
Murder Inc. fam, my nigga Gotti, what up nigga
I nigga Prim, we with you niggaz
Been with a nigga, roll with a nigga
My whole career and shit
All the fans, fucking with a nigga
All my Rocafella, Terror Squad niggaz
My Def Jam fam, my Ruff Ryder niggaz
Dessert Storm niggaz, Bad Boy niggaz
Thugged Out Entertainment niggaz
My Slip-n-Slide fam, my Rap-a-Lot mafia niggaz
What up Prince? My niggaz from The Source
My fam, my nigga Zino, what's happenin' playa
Dave. All my niggaz at radio, retail, all the DJ's
You know what it is. All my Boston niggaz, Atlanta niggaz
All my New York niggaz, what's happenin' you know
All my niggaz down in Houston, Primo, down in Detroit
All my L.A. niggaz, L.A. My Death Row family
What up Suge? All my Miami niggaz, what up Ump
My nigga Freddy V, what's happenin' nigga?
Cool Joe, Soul, I see you, One Stizzy, what up nigga?
My wife, my kids, I know you love me
All my gangsta niggaz, all my bitches, hehe..... Rule
My nigga Buck from the boards
I got my family out here and shit
My nigga Burns, L Murda, J.R. Lil' Amber
Nothin' but love. My brother Denzel D. what up nigga?
My nigga Artie, Den-Ten, Hotzone, what up?
My nigga Sun, what up nigga? Fred, what's happenin'? HOLLA
Slig, what's goin' on, nigga? O-Easy, my nigga Black
Jodi, we here niggaz. Black Child, I see you
My nigga Lac, what up Caddy?
My nigga Jimi Hendrix, one of the best
Lloyd, what happenin' nigga? We been killin' 'em this year, huh?
My nigga Gutter, B Gizzy, Ashanti, what up baby girl?
C. Gotti what up? My nigga Phanter
My Leg Rock family, Jeff Don. All my Hollywood niggaz
All my niggaz, my nigga Nicholas, my nigga Todd
Short man, Santana the God
Wanna give a special shout to the woman who made me
Made all this possible, Debra, my moms
And the woman who made her, Mary, I love y'all
And I know y'all love me too, Rule