

# Believe

Ja Rule

My advice is, stand firm for what you believe in  
Until, and unless, logic and experience prove you wrong  
Remember

Yeah, shhh

It was supposed to be you and I and the curtains closed  
But somewhere along the lines we switched episodes  
It's kinda like when Gina left Martin for New York  
Speaking of New York, the city is so lost  
Even with the Knicks lookin to make the playoffs  
Spike is back on the court, and Jeter's still in the Bronx  
Bloomberg got the city ready for seance  
Go get your ouija boards out niggaz and pray on  
You want (Drama)? Get your fuckin (Kay Slay) on  
Still got the world on my shoulders, a nigga headstrong  
About to go in; you can lock my body  
contract my mind, my thoughts keep escapin  
Power of the pen it work provoc' like Basquiat  
They fancy, 'cept I paint my pictures lyrically  
But fancy enough, bitch foamin like a Swiss B  
And we ain't talkin hoes, we talkin Euros and raw weed

Who do you believe in?

Is it money or the man upstairs? Is it power or prayer?  
God bless the dead and fuck the world fast  
What's progression if you never been through backlash  
Nigga what do you believe in?  
Cause my money's on me, myself and I, my team and this music  
Y'all ain't gon' believe this  
Maybe it's my fault, or maybe y'all just makin excuses

Who do you believe in?

Motherfucker the money is talkin to me and tellin me that it's lonely  
In need of new friends, preferably Grants and Franklins  
And the singles and the fives went to the bitches  
Dubs is for wifin in the club, no mention  
But you know who you are, nigga stop flinchin  
Stop cuffin; you may not think that it's a bitch  
but life's a hoe and everybody's been fuckin!  
See that's what I believe in  
With n o logic, no need for experience  
To fuck the world would be a lifetime achievement  
You make it cum then e'rybody jump on the dick  
Y'all niggaz full of shit, that's why you fuckin assholes  
And never smell the shit stinkin 'til you get shitted on  
Fuck 'em all, not for nothin  
I ain't (Always On Time), too much ice in the vodka muh'fucker

Who do you believe in?

Is it money or the man upstairs? Is it power or prayer?  
God bless the dead and fuck the world fast  
What's progression if you never been through backlash  
Nigga what do you believe in?  
Cause my money's on me, myself and I, my team and this music  
Y'all ain't gon' believe this  
Maybe it's my fault, or maybe y'all just makin excuses