

# Blood In My Eye

Ja Rule

And what ever it is then that's what is gonna be nigga  
Hussein Fatal, the outlaw don, "Blood In My Eyes"  
Shyia', Triple O stand up, Got your mind's back right  
Jerse's mobbin' these cowards all the time  
You know gunning them down, Every thing like that  
Smooth stayin' forty below on these cowards, early nigga  
Outlaw status only got these niggaz on freeze  
Get down and lay down, Draw heat and protect your self  
Rule' holla at yo' peoples nigga..

For now on call me the don, and bictes call me don da da  
Where ever I go niggaz soon to follow'  
Like when I dropped my first joint making the world "Holla"  
I kept it "Between Me And You"  
Cause that what real street niggaz do  
"Put it on Me, cause even thugs get lonely  
Sometimes "I Cry", fo' niggaz I'm a baptized  
when will they realize I "Live It Up"  
cop tha coke sell it and re' it up  
I'm "Always On Time" got bitches "Memsmerize"  
from the "Thug Lovin" load the clip  
cock back the nine, open mouth shove it  
look in his eyes, and squeeze like fuck it  
And just to think my niggaz do this shit for nuthin'  
When my wild Rule' thuggins, lookin' to get a come up  
Come on in and catch the angel that's all in  
Call me Lord remis' my time, and I'll arrive with  
Blood in my eyes

That's what real niggaz do u know  
We hold it down for each other  
We don't waste time we get it done  
Why not, Why would'nt we, you know  
That what goes down you know  
You draw yours, I draw mine  
Who ever get the drop that what it is  
The object is to get it done, let's go it's nuthin' (Yo)

Fuck tha world and niggaz that proceed to run it  
Rule' for prez cause I'm one of the best that done it  
On the M-I, these niggaz spittin' semi, to get by  
But never really get right, livin off of the hit I  
"DMX" was my dog, but now we just dog fight  
Sucking on glass dicks, calling them crack pipes  
And I'm hearin' you letting yo' health slide these days  
And yo lady's dicked up, and you contracted to aids  
Who the fuck you callin' gay nigga, must a been talk to  
Em' and "Dre", nigga, pour out a little liqour  
And rest in peace to "Tupac Shakur", cause you let us know  
that Dre was a queer before  
And "Marshall" how dare you use his name in vain  
Son of a panther, you'll never understand his pain  
But you do understand trailer parks and cocaine  
Disrespcting your mother what fuckin part of  
the game is that man , I guess this world need change  
so we got it, and now I gotta put 'em in the grave  
Red, guide 'em before they put us in the cage

Rule' and Gotti america's most wanted to many..  
Come and get me!!! (Pretty soon ya gonna pay)