

## 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]