

## 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

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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