

# The INC Is Back

Ja Rule

Geah, Lou turn it up a little bit nigga  
(rowdy I see you nigga)  
Yeah (Queens)  
Yo this Shadow in this motherfucker (holla)  
Representin Hoodstock (Hussein)  
The Stock Family nigga (yeah)  
Haha, and its a motherfuckin takeover (geah, Ferrari Black)  
We invested in the hood nigga in a lot of different ways  
Geah (c'mon), but right now nigga

The bricks is back, the bricks is back  
The bricks is back, the bricks is back  
Big 'Dow ain't the toughest  
so I'll tell you right now when it's on it's nothin  
Shadow gettin to bustin  
(2x)

Let me tell you who I be and who I am  
Shadow Stock, ready rock, that's what I'm sellin and  
E pills, four hundred for fifty get you a refill  
Twenty-three a gram nigga, let's do the deal  
Representin the Stock Family  
I don't really care how big you get pussy, you can't handle me  
Won't say I'm the toughest  
So I'll tell you right now when it's on, it's nothin  
Shadow gettin to bustin  
Every class at school nigga was special ed  
Teacher got bored a nigga so we was all red  
Twenty four with no diploma I don't really care  
These cowards don't got it crackin and I'm out there  
Lou we got the brown, Ferrari got the green  
Smells caught in between, nigga doin his thing  
What I'm sayin it's a hustler's pain  
Bein rich by myself, it's a treacherous dream  
Damn!

Queens is back, Queens is back  
Nigga Queens is back, Queens is back  
Man Sekou ain't the toughest  
I'll tell ya right now, when it's on it's nothin  
720 get to bustin  
(2x)

Oh my gangstaness  
All the anger in my heart who we thank for this  
Yo I can't thank a soul but God and guns  
Don't kill a damn fool it's a animant's steel (drugs)  
It's the liquor and the bills cause a man to steal  
It's the lack of Medicaid and these bitches got AIDS  
And they snaggin at the Y, player we too high  
I ain't really into ballin and tossin my chips (uh huh)  
Rather cop real estate then ride big whips  
Rather trick on my wife and go real a dick or hips  
Slick bitch that's strict man, she can't get shit  
But she get trashed on the car hood by Hoodstock  
We got good stock  
and size does matter bitch, that's why we slang good cock

Back the thirty eight slug, back out (what what)  
Look out the way, 'fore your whole hood shot up (yeah)

The Inc. is back, the Inc. is back  
The Inc. is back, the Inc. is back  
The Inc. is back, the Inc. is back  
Black Child is gutter, it's on motherfuckers  
(2x)

The Inc. is back, the Inc. is back  
The Inc. is back, the Inc. is back  
Black Child is gutter  
I don't give a fuck what I sell out with a gun motherfucker

I got stocks in the hood, sold rocks in the wood  
Pop up on your block, with the glock like its good  
Got niggaz scared to cop and drop like I'm Suge  
Pop if you could, watch if you would  
Nigga go platinum from the federal pen  
Go 150 months, and come home gettin rich again  
Nigga it's sicker than, I hope you listenin  
Nigga we glistenin, pop off and leave you in the dead man position  
Black Child is Murder, y'all forgettin  
The work I put in, the dirt I done did  
On this earth niggaz lives is worthless  
Unless you worth a few million, school your children  
Let the game get to 'em, then they brain get ruined  
Mine speak foreign languages fluently  
Hoodstock exchange ain't nothin new to me  
Cop and go, set 'em shoppin up to Unity  
I've been ticklin clit ever since puberty  
Might taste it if it smells clean to me  
Mama lean with me, holler and scream with me

The Rule is back, the Rule is back  
The Rule is back, the Rule is back  
Like 'Pac said "keep your head up man"  
Like Biggie Biggie "give me one more chance"  
Haha, niggaz  
(2x)

I +Clap Back+ just from my mental anguish  
This cash is aimless, cop the new yellow Vanguish  
And I ride swervin down the westside highway  
Get high like a G4 on the runway  
I can't land it man with gun in hand  
A hundred grand in escrow tryna expand  
A million niggaz that brick, whole bricks to grams  
Just leave with money, its seems like its Uncle Sam  
So keep (hustlin) I done roll that comes from all the pain and the (strugglin)  
(Look at here) federal agents (runnin in)  
Come again, it must be mistaken identity  
Like when Oswald took the rap for killin a Kennedy  
We in the street, not industry niggaz  
And because we're called "the Murderers" that don't make us killaz, now does it?  
Now it's not home but still them trumpets blowin  
Hold on cause the leader of this mission is a pro

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