The Life

Yeah my nigga Rule, Hussein Fatal The outlaw don in this piece motherfucker I want to welcome y'all niggaz back to the streets (it's alright!) You's confused for a minute but here we are My nigga Cad in this motherfucker I got my niggaz man, them bricks (finish bitch!) Ride out nigga Uh, yeah

The life, the life (the life, the life) The life, the life (the life, the life) The life, the life (the life, the life)

Yo, what up world, it's Rule public enemy number one it's cool, my new best friend is my pistol And anybody that want it or got jewels run it and end over your head, don't make me gun butt it Do you like Manolo, put two in your stomach And flash the burner on bitches like stacks of hundreds I'm livin my life (my life), what gets better than ice in hell When you cookin up coke to sell It be the little statistics, some pictures, some prints Some informants to get the operation pitched We enormous, some would say the "Inc." is "Murderous" You don't want us to strap up and bang the strip But if need be, we'll bang out like Bloods and Crips Styrofoam the noozles and extend the clips Murder meets gangsta shit And all my niggaz that live it from hood to hood bang to this, nigga

The life, the life (the life, the life ...) Whether your Blood or cuz we all gangsta The life, the life (the life, the life ...) Whether it's dope or coke we all slang drugs

I'm the street's poster child I'm supposed to wile With the toast I'm foul My Murder Inc. mob money, Oprah style From here back to the block, they get that green Known to put a hole through a nigga's shoulder soon as the beam glow Probably graze you in the face, give me a break I'ma rapper, out here to stay, don't make me do what I say Just let me say what I do Cause I'ma put it in a rhyme, everytime, about to spray up your crew And I ain't lickin off shots to warn 'em Just a pop swift to the dome, on the real "G-Unit" nigga, glock and all this So believe I'm not the one when it get stupid in the booth I told y'all with Rule it was a gun in this bitch Now I expose how scary you niggaz is And when you want the bis My brick city outlaws' a bury you niggaz I'm so cool, when I ain't doin my numbers Let the ...

Okay, motherfuckers when the bounce came to your waist and shells get to droppin

Ja Rule

you better duck, and get up poppin Don't get left with the cops Gangsta, yeah, put that work in Put a nigga dick in the dirt Lace shots to the face Hopin it shut case, John Doe Unidentified, I always hit 'em high when I dump and let it fly Now once with 45 nigga I had a picture on top of the coffin Murder Inc. bosses

The life, the life (the life, the life ...) Whether your Blood or cuz we all gangsta The life, the life (the life, the life ...) Whether it's dope or coke we all slang drugs The life, the life (the life, the life ...) Whether your hoein or stuck up, we're still gon' fuck The life, the life (the life, the life ...) Niggaz don't want it with us, cause it's Murder

Okay you hard as fuck but when the slug hit, you dead if your name ain't armored truck Murder Inc., Outlawz and the Floys is here Bang, bang, shoot 'em up, cowboys is near Stampedin anythin in our way, we'll attract war If your smart you'll slide over like handicap doors I ain't a killer, I just spark a lot So when I squeeze I'm turnin your whole block to a parking lot Understand I'm the grimy Floy Wanna trip to death then try me for it Crazy since '94, that's why cats don't hang around me like Chinese stores One step ahead of you, get more guys You strapped with four fours, we pack four fives Fuck talk get the chalk out You'll be lucky if your able to crawl or walk out

I'm in the pop life so when I pop up in your life, and I pop twice Get down, I spits more than rounds and niggaz bleed heavier than hoes on they period This sound gotta movin "Faster Than Furious" But nah I ain't Ludacris I'm here to let y'all niggaz know I ain't new to this Gun butt your bitch That's the way I get down, believe my style is Murder Clap a nigga, dipped and hide the burner The rule to learn ya bomb ya like embalmin fluid Until your limbs feel a loss of movement In the hospital in critical livin Must minimal (who done it?) it's Murder Yeah, that's subliminal Who gets down and bangs with nothin but criminals (c'mon, c'mon) Rule nigga you know it, these others cats is pitiful Bein a rap God is spiritual Your God is Ja Rule nigga let's not get it confused, haha

The life, the life (the life, the life ...) Whether your Blood or cuz we all gangsta The life, the life (the life, the life ...) Whether it's dope or coke we all slang drugs The life, the life (the life, the life ...) Whether your hoein or stuck up, we're still gon' fuck The life, the life (the life, the life ...) Niggaz don't want it with us, cause it's Murder The life, the life