

# The Wrap

Ja Rule

Buck 89 on the boards . . . what up Buck  
Word to God, Hussein, what up nigga  
Haha, life is good . . . a yo  
It's a reality that . . . all the real niggaz  
Have to smash on the bitch niggas  
And you know I like to call this The Wrap, hehe, yeah, uh, yeah

It's a Wrap and any men that don't wanna get clapped  
Better not violate the camp, get shot down by chance  
I'm real advanced with that cock and blast  
Cause the feds wont look back, for cleaning cash  
What cashes we cleansing, it's all about the Benjamins, what  
If it's dirty then we rincing it off  
You niggaz don't give a fuck, mobbed up in H2s  
Niggaz is tlaking shit, aw bitch, that's old news  
They say I rap to rhythm and blues  
But when I turn on the radio, I hear y'all niggaz rappin' it too  
He's like "Baby can you give it to me"  
Nah, I'ma give it to you  
The same way that we gave it to Proof  
The same way that we gave it to Loose  
Put that bang, bang, bang to use nigga  
Cause Rule's the truth nigga, for show  
Uh-oh, uh-oh, uh-oh, uh-oh, uh-uh-uh-oh  
Hit 'em in retro, throwback like West 'Paul  
Niggaz wanna ball, but can't on the West Coast  
Dre Day's been dead a long time ago  
Respect the Inc/Row/Rap-A-Lot collabo  
Just know that you nigga ain't save on the globe  
And while the world probes, I arrest verse I.N.C.  
I'm still wishing y'all the R.I.P.  
Can I Live, for I D.I.E.  
I'm talkin', M.O.B, murder inc bosses  
Count your losses

Now before they start runnin' they lips  
I thought I should warn these motherfuckers, there's a gun in this bitch  
And I know he's got one on his hip  
But I got the drop, and outside, Rule got the Drops  
All it takes is a cock and a pop  
Money for bail, ain't seeing no more sales  
Instead, I'm poppin' on Yahts  
They told me J.Prince runnin' the south  
And I'm beast from the east, that'll come and put a gun in your mouth  
I got bricks for days, dicks to make a bitch behave  
Had to baldhead my shit threw, had to switch the waves  
Just that quick, slip and the mac spit, bladdat  
Four up in they chest and reload while they back flip  
We in this together, bad weather, rippin' the storm  
They some dictionary rappers, they just spittin' the norm  
You supposed to know the La Costra Nostra flow  
I did it, cause I lived it, you can quote the flow  
Hit your six up with sixteen in sixty seconds  
Get your whips up, we split beams, keep fifty weapons  
To you coppers that's posin' a threat  
Fire up the air, wholes in the tec  
to put a hole in your neck

See I rep for the four forty but I'm about the five  
Ride by, blazin' out the five, nigga I'm so cool  
Bitches say, Hizzy, you remind me of the old school  
In the club posted, snatching hoes with no jewels  
Nigga

You know  
As the world turns, these bitch niggaz is runnin'  
and hiding and shit (You know these motherfuckers be ducking' hidin')  
But I'm fucking chasin y'all faggots  
All across the globe (Smashing they ass)  
Out the back of BET, out the back of clubs  
Nigga, you ain't POPPIN' BUB IN NO MOTHERFUCKIN' CLUBS, nowhere  
NIGGA, BE HONEST WITH YOURSELF you FUCKING CLOWNs  
You niggaz is fucking clowns, y'all ain't gonna nowhere  
I'm right here, I'm right here, huntin' you'll motherfuckin'  
Bitch ass niggaz down, it's a wrap niggaz, it's a wrap niggaz  
it's a wrap niggaz, it's a wrap niggaz  
A yo, this nigga, this nigga runnin' around talkin' about  
"I got shot nine times, I got shot"  
Want everybody to be motherfuckin' sympathetic  
A yo 50, pull your skirt down B,  
A yo, Niggaz get shot everday b, you tough? HAHAAHA  
Yeah ... Murder Inc shit . . . bitch ass nigga  
WE OUT