

Believe

Ja Rule

[Dialogue from Daria Morgendorffer on MTV's "Daria":]

My advice is, stand firm for what you believe in
Until, and unless, logic and experience prove you wrong

Remember

[Ja Rule:]

Yeah, shhh

It was supposed to be you and I and the curtains closed

But somewhere along the lines we switched episodes

It's kinda like when Gina left Martin for New York

Speaking of New York, the city is so lost

Even with the Knicks lookin to make the playoffs

Spike is back on the court, and Jeter's still in the Bronx

Bloomberg got the city ready for seance

Go get your ouija boards out niggaz and pray on

You want "Drama"? Get your fuckin "Kay Slay" on

Still got the world on my shoulders, a nigga headstrong

About to go in; you can lock my body

Contract my mind, my thoughts keep escapin

Power of the pen it work provoc' like Basquiat

They fancy, 'cept I paint my pictures lyrically

But fancy enough, bitch foamin like a Swiss B

And we ain't talkin hoes, we talkin Euros and raw weed

[Chorus:]

Who do you believe in?

Is it money or the man upstairs? Is it power or prayer?

God bless the dead and fuck the world fast

What's progression if you never been through backlash

Nigga what do you believe in?

Cause my money's on me, myself and I, my team and this music

Y'all ain't gon' believe this

Maybe it's my fault, or maybe y'all just makin excuses [Ja Rule:]

Who do you believe in?

Motherfucker the money is talkin to me and tellin me that it's lonely

In need of new friends, preferably Grants and Franklins

And the singles and the fives went to the bitches

Dubs is for wifin in the club, no mention

But you know who you are, nigga stop flinchin

Stop cuffin; you may not think that it's a bitch

But life's a hoe and everybody's been fuckin~!

See that's what I believe in

With n o logic, no need for experience

To fuck the world would be a lifetime achievement

You make it cum then e'rybody jump on the dick
Y'all niggaz full of shit, that's why you fuckin assholes
And never smell the shit stinkin 'til you get shitted on
Fuck 'em all, not for nothin

I ain't "Always On Time", too much ice in the vodka muh'fucker[Chorus]
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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