

Ja Rule

"Uh-Ohhhhh"

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Murder Inc., nigga
(Young Money just crept in like, uh-ohhh!)
Mpire, Mpire, lets get 'em
Young Money, Cash Money, Calabo
Listen, listen

All my niggas, my bitches, my bitches, my niggas
My gangstas, hoes, pimps and pushers
Keep workin' with what we dealin'
Nigga gettin' it, got money, we takin' it
Got bitches, we takin' 'em

Empire just stepped in and they like
Uh-ohhh! Uh uh, uh-ohhh! Uh-ohhh! Uh uh, uh-ohhh!
Hit it and go, oh oh, uh-ohhh! Uh uh, uh-ohhh!
'Cuz they know we gettin' it, got money, we takin' it
Got bitches we takin' 'em, Mpire just stepped in
(Fuck niggas)

Uh-ohhh! uh uh, uh-ohhh! Here I, go, oh oh oh
It's the Rule, nigga, you already know, oh
I'm gettin' it, I don't gotta talk 'cuz I'm livin' it
Money over bitches, period, and I'm dead serious

These bitches is feminine, nigga
So I t-t-touch 'em up every time I see 'em, are you
feelin' it?
I-I-It's comin' through the barrel or the fifth
Out the sunroof of the six

I-I-If you willin' to bear witness, how I take money, take
bitches
Niggas is fascinated with the kid, love my style
Your bitch too would be on a dick if you let her come
out
Quit hand cuffin' these hoes

My pimp game proper, I'm a pistol popper
Fuck around and get shot up, my niggas all riders
My bitches all done up
Fuck, I know ya'll niggas hate to love us but

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Uh-ohhh! You did it
Now you gotta get it, weezy 'fore it's in your building
I will step on your building from the steps of my
building
Raise hell, hell's risen, call me young Raekwon
I'm a chef in hell's kitchen

Flow sweet as devils food, I eat angels for dinner
Call me what you want, I don't give a finger in the
middle
I'ma hold it down and blow up my anchor as the missile
When I say we got the brrr I ain't tryna whistle

Long body Maybach, it make me feel so little
I'm ballin' on the suckers and I won't pick up my dribble
Retarded on these beats, sick, I spit hospitals
And she couldn't stand under my umbrella if it drizzled

My pimp game proper, my aim proper
So run and I will hit you like Jeremiah
Trotter Yessir, call me young Carter
My leather so soft and I be stuntin' like my daughter, ya
dig

Yup, yup, I d-d-dig it but our jewelry's so fitted
Damn hot, damn, bitches with the Atkins, Carter
And Crocker like we don't make that crack outta real
butter
Now d-d-did I s-s-stutter the first time, nigga, it's nah

They like uh-ohhh! Uh uh, uh-ohhh! This nigga is
trouble
It's the Inc, nigga, act like you know
Who's gettin' it, livin' this gangsta shit

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