

Ja Rule Feat. Lloyd "Caught Up"

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Word to mother, my nigga Buck 3000 on the boards
Holla back, hey Terry you gon' be big boy
You know what I'm sayin'? Aiiyyo, aiiyyo Jody
Hey you can tell somebody to go downstairs
To the car and shit, get that bottle of Voo
Out the back of the back for me baby
I need to get right before I do this here, uh huh

(Why me and you?)
Had to meet, talk, fuck and get caught up
(What we been through)
It's enough to get any man caught up

(I'm feelin' you)
And I'm feelin' we should both be free
(If we were through)
Just imagine what life be without me

Mami I put my best foot forward, though it's kinda
awkward
'Cause I'm pigeon-toed and bow-legged, but you ain't
too proud to beg
First time we got alone, you gave me some head
And been callin' me ever since, to do it again

When we met you was a seven, just creepin' to ten
And now your my lucky quarter, the days get shorter,
lights get longer
You know when the weather is cold, feelings grow
stronger
Wanna perform her, your pussy feel like walkin'
pneumonia

Got me snifflin', sneezin', coughin', and achin' and shit
And I'm startin' to think I'm fallin' in love with this bitch
I'm havin' dreams about her jeans and how they fit
In that Urban Jeffrey baby tee

She's wearin' my name already, so you know she's
fuckin' me
I'm a G like that, but for you I fell backwards
The only question I ask myself is shit

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Why me? Better yet why you and I?
Why I always pick the ones not in they right mind and
crazy?
Singing, "Dangerously In Love" and this a dangerous
broad I'm fuckin'
Like Al it's the 'Scent of a Woman'

That got me playin' hardball like Doc Gooden
Excuse my intrudin', I don't mean to be rude
But our situation is kinda amusin'
'Cause we both like each other, but scared of each
other

It's like we more than friends, but less than lovers
And my niggaz can't tell us, what we been doin' is
wrong
And your girl's gettin' jealous, 'cause we been gettin'
along
Hold on, this is how it all begins

You call your friends, I'll call my friends, we'll all be
friends
And hang out at the mansion, in the Hampton's on
weekends
Then it all ends, and the question is

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Have you even been touched like I touch ya?
Been held like I hold ya? Been loved like I love ya?
Be real, be real, have you ever been seen like I see
you?

Been heard how I hear you? Been felt how I feel you?
Be real, be real

Girl your my, but sometimes it gets a little cloudy don't
it?

(Sunshine)

Them sunny days, I see the sunrise, and wish that it
could hit ya face

It'd be great to get up every morning to eggs and steak

But you can't relate, so we separated on good terms

No one's concerned, about who ya been fuckin'

And who ya fucked last?

But when I see you, still the question I ask is

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