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Jagged Edge "Girl Is Mine"

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Yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, see, I'm sick of all these No game having, gold chain wearing Last year clothes wearing that keep sweating me They bitch want me, it ain't my fault nigga

You need to stop calling my house We ain't got nothing to be talking about It might be tough to swallow but that's how it be 'Cause nigga your bitch chose me fellas

The girl is mine, can't you see Know the game 'cause your bitch chose me

Somebody please tell me how How's that everybody knew The rules to how we get down? Now he wanna act a fool now, I'm the first to say

She gotta man, gotta leave her long gone, run away But still she wants her way It ain't my fault It ain't my fault she chose me

You need to stop calling my house He ain't got nothing to be talking about It might be tough to swallow but that's how it be 'Cause nigga your bitch chose me fellas

The girl is mine, can't you see Know the game 'cause your bitch chose me The girl is mine

Mad dude, but your attitude needs to halt 'Cause ooh it ain't my fault It might be tough to swallow, that's how it be And you know the game, your bitch chose me

The girl is mine, can't you see Know the game 'cause your bitch chose me

Many girls go around, actin' like they got nobody You better find one that you know stays down

One who's eyes ain't wandering If her eyes fall on me then I know she's coming Better find one who wants to be with you, oh

Girl it's really too bad for you, says he'd rather wrestle you

Baby you should let him know, baby you wanna try me J E maybe we'll be together for eternity Reside till I be happy, till I be happy, happy

Ja's flow so hot, niggaz don't wanna be near me When the bomb drops and I Knew niggaz would fear me from the time I spit on wax Niggaz was leery like who the fuck is this cat?

Ja baby, understand that, Rule one, second to none When y'all bitches start strutting I hit it and run 'Cause I'm destined to cum on your tongue while we sexing

Like Lubricant, Ruff Ryde with the X-man

You, we hollering, it could all be this simple Know what? I'm gonna kiss you, 'cause daddy gonna miss ya

Now that's love when a nigga not wanna pimp on a hoe But sometimes this love shit is claustrophob

And I love thy, love to send you hoes the money Love bitches with attitude, a hundred miles of running New York thugs, and my niggaz is pimps too And your bitch chose me before they chose you nigga

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The girl is mine, can't you see Know the game 'cause your bitch chose me

Yo, yo, yo We're here to make y'all rock We're here to make y'all rock We're here to make y'all rock This shit it's nothing

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