

Paris Hilton Feat. Fat Joe & Jadakiss "Fightin' Over Me"

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Every time I turn around
The boys fightin' over me
Every time I step out the house
They wanna fight over me

Maybe 'cause I'm hot to death
And I'm so, so, so sexy
All the boys, all the silly boys
They wanna fight over me

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Up in passin' the Hilton Suite
I'm still chasin' ya
Still patiently waitin' ma

Come lay off them Hampton guys
And I'mma take ya to the x
Where them boys' lie

Play the corner all day
Just plays cuz G's money
From deep all day
I'm straight swoosh

I'mma tie 'em at the Rucker
I'm at the Kanye ride
Doors up, doing donuts
On the half court line

And any block we pass
Niggas scream out crack
Yeah ma, you with the realest
How simple is that?

And you don't need him
You just need me
We can keep this on the low
We banned from TV

And he ain't gotta know
We ran through DC
Club Dreamin' ain't never
Be the same, we OD now

Dis is dis is your boy Joe Cook
And this nigga all mad
'Cause his chick got took

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We in the VIP, killin the ouncin'
Whoeva' ain't two steppin'
Is Willy bouncin'

Yeah, and you know the name of the game
So let go of ya dame
She chose me, ever since
The DJ announced 'em

And she got the right to
Low button down, or WSL shades
The ice is bright too

And I'm around Gomes
Might as well let me get her
I promise to send her back
Tomorrow 'round noon

Sore loser but a good winner
Besides that she could use
A little hood in her

A 40 from auto bond and a hood inner
You can bend her in the Range
Back seat, at the center

Get violent, if money wanna try me
There's somethin' on the top of my flicky
That spits silent

I don't feel haters and if you feeling
Some kinda way, e-mail him
And tell him your still Jada's

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Boys, boys, boys, boys, fightin' over me
If you wanna go abroad
You're gonna need a black dodd
And welcome to Paree

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