

## Ja Rule F/ Ashanti, Charli Baltimore, Vita "Dues and Don'ts"

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Uh huh  
That's right, be yourself, yo  
That's right  
Ya got to be yourself, yo  
That's right  
And do your own thing  
Yo, do your own thing

Yo, I slings from the waist with mines, but I don't waste  
time  
Once again here to set the new trend  
Whatever the plan, we shakes in all style  
Better check the file, don't change the dial  
You locked in, nigga, we raisin' the stock ten  
Better tell your friends, where it all begins  
Point blank, niggas ain't nothin' but low rank  
The cap-tain lookin at rippin' the ass clean  
The vaccine ain't nothin' but pure medi-cine  
The sure shot niggas should keep they door locked  
Ain't no block hotter than your's? Make sure  
While brothers is waterin' down rhymes stay pure  
One-hundred percent organic, goddammit  
Be doin' my thing until I'm yanked off the planet  
Hard like granite, your stones are zercon(ia)  
Costume, fillin' your lungs with gas fumes

Chorus(x2)

Yo, don't change yo' shit because you heard my shit  
Get back in the lab and try to reword shit  
I show you the hands, you get yo' vision blurred wit'  
It's Rasco here to enhance the cash flow  
(Second time through minus 'Yo')

(Get it off your chest then)

I got things on my mind, react and rhyme at the same  
time  
Never comin' close to mine, my stratosphere speaks  
loud and clear  
The same shit as last year  
Why do niggas change they style and then flip?  
Get a couple fans, some grands, and then slip

Don't you understand you should stand for yourself,  
to make sure your records don't stand on the shelf?  
Never make songs to please these emcees  
And next time, nigga, I'm charging you five g's  
Four hundred degrees, ice cold deep freeze  
And emcees be thinkin' they the fuckin' Bee Gees  
Sometimes you have to lead a feign to the fame  
To make sure you still stick around in the game  
Sit home and train, circulatin' through the veins  
You outta your brain, you know the goddam name  
The same cat that brought you back to the times  
When niggas was true and did it all for the rhymes  
Now it's all changed, these cats think short range  
Forgettin' the art, they do it all for the chart  
But is he really smart for doin' the same shit,  
that one thousand other motherfuckers came wit'?  
I don't think so, I got coins to invest  
While you clowns are still tryin' to win a contest

Chorus(x2)

(Last, but not least)  
Don't use the underground  
For tryin' to shield you and that wackass sound  
I'll still be around, watchin' niggas freestyle  
I came back, I know I've been gone for a while  
I may not be the best, what I be tryin' to stress  
Is how I can make a lot more doin' less  
Peace to the West, I just earned a piece  
I told y'all you shouldn't let the dog of the leash  
Don't bite, especially when you know it ain't right  
And don't drop your songs when you know it ain't tight  
I shines the light, do the best that you can  
You always should have a whole different sideplan  
My thoughts adjust to a different mind frame  
Be exact, no time for the little mind games  
I keeps my feet firmly planted in the street  
To get y'all wit' nothin' but the bonifide heat

Chorus(x2)

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