

Ja Rule f/ Lil Wayne

"Uh-Ohhh!"

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* first single

[Ja Rule] + (Lil Wayne)

Murder Inc. nigga

(Young Money just crept in like uh-ohhh!)

Em-pire, em-pire! Hehe, let's get 'em~!

Inc Gang nigga, young money Cash Money, collabo'

Listen, listen

[Chorus: Ja Rule]

To all my niggaz my bitches my bitches my niggaz my gangsters

Hoes, pimps, and pushers keep workin with it, we doin it

We gettin it, got money we takin it, got bitches we takin them

Empire just stepped in and they like

Uh-ohhh! Uh uh uh-ohhh! Uh-ohhh! Uh uh uh-ohhh!

Hitting the uh uh-ohhh! Uh-ohhh! Uh uh uh-ohhh!

Cause they know we gettin it, got money we takin it

Got bitches we takin them, Empire just stepped in (fuck niggaz!)

[Ja Rule]

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 because I'm livin it

Money over bitches period, and I'm dead serious

These bitches is feminine

Nigga so I T-T-T-T-touch 'em up e'ry time I see 'em

Are you feelin it, it-it-it's comin through the barrel of the fi-ih-ifth, out the sunroof of the si-ih-ix

lh-ih-if, you willin to bear wit-ne-ess

How I take money, take bi-ih-itches, niggaz is fascinated with the kid, love my style

Your bitch too'll be on the dick you let her come out

Quit handcuffin these hoes, my pi-ih-imp game proper

I'm a pis-tal popper, fuck around and get shot up

My niggaz all riders, our bitches all done up

Fuck~! I know y'all niggaz hate to love us; what

[Chorus] with Lil Wayne ad libs

[Lil Wayne]

Uh-ohh! You did it, now, you gotta get it
Weezy F is in yo' buildin, I will step, on yo' buildin
From the steps, of my buildin, raise hell, hell's risen
Call me young Raekwon, I'm a Chef in Hell's Kitchen
And flow, sweet as devil's food, I eat angels for dinner
Call me what'cha want, I don't give a finger in the
middle
I'ma hold it down and blow up, the anchor is the missile
When I say we got them brrrrrrrrrr! I ain't tryin to
whistle
Longbody Maybach, it make me feel so little
I'm ballin on the suckers and I won't pick up my dribble
Retarded on the beats, sick, I spit hospitals
And she couldn't stand under my umbrella if it drizzled
My pimp game proper, my inf' aim proper
So run and I will hit you like Jeremiah Trotter
Yessuh! Call me, young Carter
My leather so soft and I be stunt'n like my daughter
Ya dig?

[Ja Rule]

Yep yep, I d-d-d-d-dig it!
But our jewelry's so fri-di-di-di-digid, damn
How dare bitches look at Atkins, Carter and Crocker
Like we don't make that crack that get real butter
Did-did-did-did I stu-st-stah-stutter the first time nigga,
nah
They like uh-ohhh! Uh uh uh-ohhh! This nigga's tr-uh-
ouble
It's the Inc., nigga act like ya know-ow
Who's gettin it, livin this, gangster shit

[Chorus]

[Ja Rule] + (Lil Wayne)

Murder Inc. nigga
(Young Money just crept in like uh-ohhh!)
Em-pire, em-pire! Heh...

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