

Mary J Blige F/ Ja Rule

"Do You Qualify?"

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First Verse:

Now young bitches got it goin' on and here's a new thing,
She looks of twenty-one, but she's under eighteen,
Now picture a man with a plan, what's he gonna do?
She's only sixteen, but looks twenty-two,
And age isn't a factor cuz she's fine to the dude,
And plus she's built like a truck there must be somethin' in her food,
Or her water,
Because she's somebody's daughter
Who's attractive to a son, as well their father's,
And they know this, that ass sticks with us,
And like my homie told me once she's quite bootylicious,
Watch your mouth drop with them dubs that she threw on,
Dandy like candy, so you can get your chew on,
What'cha wanna do? What'cha gonna do?
When you find out that she's far from twenty-two?
Yo it's not the same G, when you game G,
With the dames drop a line like this before you do

Chorus:

Do you qualify? It sure looks good to me.
Do you qualify? It sure looks good to me.

Second Verse:

What's up with these bitches tryin' to play us like a fool?
Lookin' of age real proper, but just enrollin' in high school,
I'm callin' 'em collard greens cuz they're corn bread fed,
Runnin' more game than what your homie Simon said,
Yo what is this, new statistic?
Went from pants and vaseline to short skirts and lipstick,
You ask who to blame? I don't know but I'ma,

Take it upon myself, and blame it on they Mama,
For beatin' that ass with a baseball bat,
Swole it all up now it's proper and fat,
Fed 'em attitudes, Big Macs, and milk,
Leave 'em all alone and it's on in the jilt,
Or the house, cuz that's where they open up they
mouth,
So in the day she's a child, at night she's an adult,
And Diggity Domino I like to ride it like a tractor,
But there's a question at hand because that age is a
factor

Chorus

Third Verse:

There was a man named Bill, on a Saturday night he
went to a club,
And read a sign before he entered it saying "eighteen
and up",
But we know that's just a game for the man, that's
runnin',
Thangs cuz he's lettin' all the fly bitches come in,
Regardless of the age and shit,
But since this story's about Bill let's get back to it,
Bill met a collard green, she looks mean,
Ran a little game now she's on the team,
You know what comes next, took her to the snooty,
Treated her like a salad, tossed up the booty,
Bill played it wrong, and he got lazy,
No protection, guess what, oopsy daisy!
Now baby's pregnant,
Cuz Bill neglected,
To be protected,
Now he's arrested,
One year under eighteen and you're through,
So if you're game drop a line like this before you do:

Chorus (2x)

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