

Mary J Blige F/ Ja Rule

"Getto Jam"

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-Chorus-

Here we go, here we go as the tune starts to bloom
With a phat, phat, phat cho-re-eus
1-2-3 if this is O.G.
The freaks would ya move ya boo-ty-yys
The getto jam is about to slam
With some notes from the diggady d-e
As I key what's really goin on
Would ya reminisce with me-e

Saturday morning, just gettin up
With a hangover, smellin like a fuck
I really can't remember cause I'm still kinda fady
so I close my eyes and thank God that i made it
Now I'm gettin flashbacks of some O.J.
With a green glass that says Tanqueray
Took it to the hand gulped it down with the quickness
Now I need a bitch so i can handle my business
What do you know, a freak's in my reach
threw her on the flo, suckin in her deep
She's screamin and she's screamin and she's screamin
Gettin horrors, but then I busted a nut, and that was
that
so kick the chorus

-Chorus-

My homies are down, chillin in the hood
Nuthin my bitches, but thet ain't no good
to another man well she might be some good cat
But the homies in the hood label her as a hood rat
She's scared to love
So those with game can fuck
And ooh, she'll pound yo ass real fast, if your quick
enough
And when your in that thi-ing
She'll make that nigga si-ng
??
But you don't hear me doe
Ain't nuthin wrong with being a Trojan man, when ya
ridin

So let's kick the chorus please if ya lyin

-Chorus-

My homey's clownin in his doped yellow chevy
Too O.D.'ed to be dropped
Kenwood's kickin out the funky big trunk
Clean with the rag on top, yeah
Rollin down the store, guess what we saw, some
bitches
The finest one is on my nuts, she's blowing kisses
So I approached the freak of the week
And I played it like a game of blackjack
And for all that ass that she towed in around
Well I offered a backpack
And since I'm a mack
Well you know how the story goes
So all ya hoes and their bros here we go

-Chorus-

(x3)

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