

Memphis Bleek F/ Jay-Z, Missy Elliott

"Down Ass Bitch"

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(Ja Rule - talking)
Ja Rule, Chuck B-more
Every thug needs a lady
And every thug needs a down ass bitch, huh, feel me
Every thug needs a lady
Baby I'm convinced, you my down ass bitch

(Chorus - Ja Rule)
Baby say yeah, (baby say yeah)
If you'd lie for me, like you lovin me
Baby say yeah, (baby say yeah)
If you'd die for me, like you cry for me
Baby say yeah, (baby say yeah)
If you'd kill for me, like you comfort me
Baby say yeah, (baby say yeah)
Girl I'm convinced, you're my down ass bitch

(Ja Rule)
Uh
I know that you're lovin me, 'cause you thug with me,
who bust slugs for me?
My baby
Who gon' kill for you, like I comfort you, who else but
the Rule?
You feel me
Girl when we connect the dots we hit the spot
Twin Benz's, you ride hard, I ride drop
And to make it better, baby got the nina' Beretta tucked
low
And I'm two cars back with the four-four
And it freaks you out, on your momma's couch, that's
what us thugs be 'bout
You know me
And when I pray for love, baby pray for us, who
celebrates the thugs?
My lady
Got me seekin capital game when I spit sixteen
Whether bars or sixteens in the doors of cars
A star is born
In the hood, made a name live on, R-U-L-E, ladies, feel
me

(Chorus)

(Charli Baltimore)

Now I'm show you blood or love, there's no belly you
bounce from
Blow sellin, dough amounts to no tellin
There'll be no tellin, snitches get it back
Those gats to your backs for my boy
What part of the game is that, huh?
Niggas and they feelings 'cause I handle your
dealings, keep your name in tact
My fame's in tact so cops won't know what it's hittin for
Now hoes wanna know what you shittin for
'Cause I'm your bitch, the Bonnie to your Clyde
It's mental, mash your enemies, we out in the rental
I'm your bitch, niggas run up on ya, shift ya lungs,
who's your organ donor?
What they know about, extreme meaasures I'm a ride
with you
And my baby three-eighty at my side
And we lock the town, I'm as down as any thug
My love, they gotta take us in blood, what

(Chorus)

(Ja Rule)

You could die from love, at any given time I could die
from slugs
But that's what this life is capable of
The death and the life of a bitch and a thug, is what I'm
scared of
But got a woman that ain't afraid to, tuck the toast in
the Escalade
Pop on niggas that showin me shade, but only for the
Rule 'cause that's my baby
Got me a down ass bitch with red hair, that don't care
Blazed by the shots and flares
Girl c'mon, follow me, and bust back at police, conceal
ya heat
It's a bit much to blaze up
Rule and Chuck and I.G., the Murderers, I-N-C
With one on the hip, one in the holster, nigga will toast
ya quick
Especially a down ass bitch

(Chorus)

(Ja Rule)

Thug on, 'cause you my down ass bitch
Thug on, ladies

Thug on, 'cause you my down ass bitch
Thug on, baby
Thug on, 'cause you my down ass bitch
Thug on, ladies
Thug on, 'cause you my down ass bitch
Thug on, baby

(Chorus) 2x

Baby say yeah, (baby say yeah)

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