Me

Ja Rule

I know you niggaz ain't fuckin' with meHow dare these niggaz try to fuckin' hate on me?
Come out and make records sound just like me
But nobody does this here quite like me
Now let me tell ya a little something 'bout mePops tags, things fresh to death like me
Who pulls more whips out the stash than me
Y'all bitches wanna ride, come on, it's on me
I guess it's my time, all eyes is on meMan everybody wanna rhyme like Rule, sing like Rule
Talk some shit to get they name in the newspapers
Haters never pay they dues
Always got they feet in somebody shoesWalk with me or ride this old Bentley with the rims you can sit in
Or the Enzo with them TV's that's hidden
I stay in menages with various women
Huh, I'm just kiddin', that's not how I'm livin'The realest, the nigga in the realest state
I got real estates in different states, go figure
'Cause I ain't singin' "You'se a Gold Digger"
But bitch, you ain't fuckin' with no broke niggazThat's why I ride, ain't you see I put you in the CLS
We on the phone your voice sound like sex, yes
There's no real way to stop me, that's why y'all copy
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I guess it's my time, all eyes is on meYeah, I know, one more gain, bitch, you better come on in
Relax a while, sip on Hypno and Henn
I like your style, you're so old school
In them Sassoon Vidals, fifty four elevenReebok classics remind me of '87 when
Niggaz was playing with blocks like little kids and
Even though we men we still big wheelin'
Still cop cribs, six beds, four baths, high ceilingsAll of the art of drug-dealin' 'cause every mil
Is two for me, when it's all tax-free
Pray for God's children, all except for me
I'ma walk in the path the Lord has paved for meOne foot at a time, niggaz follow my footsteps
Put the world on my shoulders, leave one set of footprints
Man, y'all motherfuckers can't stop me, that's why y'all copy
I know ya'll niggaz ain't fuckin' with meHow dare these niggaz try to fuckin' hate on me?
Come out and make records sound just like me
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Y'all bitches wanna ride, come on, it's on me
I guess it's my time, all eyes is on meI know what niggaz to do right, can't do no wrong
And everything's alright till everything goes wrong
No pot to piss in, no shoulder to cry on
You get to thinkin' why can't we let bygones be bygones?Rule the icon, who killed the industry like I-pods
Had these niggaz runnin' like track stars
Except runnin' backwards when I sit back rollin' the backwoods
Loadin' my trey-deuce for them niggaz that act hoodRidin' my six-deuce uptown, I'm so hood
Bitches love the coupes when them doors swing upwards
Money long, I'm puttin' from the green like T-Woods
Hard white is not to be confused with white goodWhite gold should never be perceived as platinum
And cubic-zirconium never gon' shine like diamonds
'Cause, no matter how hard they copy, they still not me
Y'all bitch, niggaz ain't fuckin' with meHow dare these niggaz try to fuckin' hate on me?
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I guess it's my time, all eyes is on me, me, me

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