Me

Ja Rule

I know you niggas ain't fuckin' with me[Chorus]
How dare these niggas 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 a little something 'bout me
Pops tags, things fresh to death like me
Who pulls more whips out the stash than me
Y'all bitches wanna ride, c'mon 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 on the news
Papers, haters never pay they dues
Always got their feet in somebody shoes
Walk with me, or ride this old Bentley
With the rims you can sit in
Or the Enso 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 singing you'se a "Gold Digger"
But bitches, "you ain't fuckin' with no broke niggas"
That's why I ride, ain't you see I put you on the CLS
We on the point your voice sound like sex, yes
There's no real way to stop me, that's why y'all copy
I know you niggas ain't fuckin' with me[Chorus]Yea, I know, one more gin, 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 Sasson Vidals, fifty four eleven
Reebok classics Remind me of '87 when
Niggas was playing with blocks like little kids and
Even though we men we still big wheelin'
Still cop cribs, six beds, four baths, high ceilings
All 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'mma walk in the path the Lord has paved for me
One foot at a time, niggas 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 you niggas ain't fuckin' with me[Chorus]I know what a nigga that do right, can't do no wrong
And everything's alright, till everythin' goes wrong
No part to piss in, no shoulder to cry on
You get to thinkin' why can't we let by-gones be by-gones
Rule the icon, who killed the industry like iPods
Had these niggas runnin' like track stars
Except runnin' backwards when I sit back rollin' the backwoods
Loadin' my trey-deuce for them niggas that act hood
Ridin' my six-deuce uptown, I'm so hood
Bitches love the coupes when them doors swing upwards
Money long, I'm putting from the green like T-Woods
Hard white is not to be confused with white good
White 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 niggas ain't fuckin' with me[Chorus]

Songwriters
LORENZO, IRVING / MCGHEE, DEMI / ATKINS, JEFFREY / MCGREGOR, MARLONPublished by
Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/