The Manual

Ja Rule

Yeah, yeah, yeah, you talk too much shit
You know niggaz always talkin bout bitches ain't shit
Money over bitches
We give all our money to the bitches any fuckin' way
I love my bitch, so I'ma send some love out to the bitches, hollaShit, here's somethin' to remember
When we met that day in September
But, you've been gone since November
Had to finish out yo' last college semesterHer major, brokerage investor
She probably go broke tryin' to invest her
Time and money in somethin that she call love
'Cause, she love fuckin' with thug niggazThat alwasy get high and had to be drug dealers
Eventually, she hooked up with some hood bitches
The hood bitches turned her on to strippin'
Now the, gettin' is good and it's well understoodThat money on the wood can make things get harder
Be glad I'm not a pimp, if I was I'd charge ya
But for all that you go through, just thought I'd let you know
Hoes need love too, I'm fuckin' witchuNiggaz need to read the manual
To separate your housewife from a hoe
'Cause there's no rules to this shit here
Am I makin' myself clear?What she don't know won't hurt her y'all
So keep big pimpin' on the low
'Cause there's no rules to what I do
And I know, hoes need love tooYou know what they say right? Bitches ain't shit
And all men are dogs 'cause we just wanna fuck
Sundown to sun up, one up on a hoe
I might go down on the low, that's just me thoughFrom L A X to Heathrow, I'm one of them niggaz
That really doesn't need no, introduction
When I met her she was "Girl, Interrupted"
Grew up became a woman not to be trustedFrustrated and flustered, living amongst
These thieves hoes and hustlers, I'm diggin what's next
She had a studio apartment in the projects
With her and her girl from D.C. used to bus checksAnd hold the coke, her niggaz ain't sold yet
In hopes the copes don't know about all this
Shit, for all that you go through
Just wanna let you know, hoes need love tooNiggaz need to read the manual
To separate your housewife from a hoe
'Cause there's no rules to this shit here
Am I makin' myself clear?What she don't know won't hurt her y'all
So keep big pimpin' on the low

'Cause there's no rules to what I do
And I know, hoes need love tooFake nails, fake breasts, fake eyes too
It's O four, and that's kinda what we used to
But you don't holla back like you used to, but I ain't mad at cha
I'm happy for a bitch, even if I can't have herI remember when you was down in Atlanta
Workin gentlemen's clubs and you didn't even know what a gentlemen was
Forty to love and I wanna serve
That body like Serena's with less curvesBut actions speak louder than words
And you gettin' your money, mami every month, 15th and 1st
Shit could be worse, you could be in the struggle
Or born with no ass and have nothin' to hustleGo on flex your muscle, 'cause that ain't the case is it?
Go on get your paper keep flossin' on these bitches
'Cause for all that you go through
Just thought I'd let you know, hoes need love too, I'm fuckin' witchuNiggaz need to read the manual
To separate your housewife from a hoe
'Cause there's no rules to this shit here
Am I makin' myself clear?What she don't know won't hurt her y'all
So keep big pimpin' on the low
'Cause there's no rules to what I do
And I know, hoes need love tooNiggaz need to read the manual
To separate your housewife from a hoe
'Cause there's no rules to this shit here
Am I makin' myself clear?What she don't know won't hurt her y'all
So keep big pimpin' on the low
'Cause there's no rules to what I do
And I know, hoes need love tooHa ha ha, yeah, Rule

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/