

*[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]*

*[Charlie 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 who 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, N-I-G, the Murderous, 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)