

Ja Rule, Down Ass Bitch

(feat. Charli Baltimore)

[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 measures 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)