

Ja Rule, Get It Started

(feat. Claudette Ortiz)

Yeah..
It's still Murder, I.N.C.

[repeat 4X]
[Ja] I got you mami
[CO] I got you daddy

[Chorus: Claudette Ortiz]
Let's get this party started
Throw your drink up and move your body
But you can't get up on it
'til I see you work harder for it
C'mon, let's get it started
Don't you leave me all hot and bothered
You want me? Come grab it
Show me that you got me daddy

[Ja Rule]
I got you ma, workin in New York City
It's Saturday Night Live, and I'm hot so bear with me
Plus a little tired from the time zone switches
But right on time to hit a club for a minute
I get in and get a table, get bottles, some bitches
come over, they claimin they models
Until they want a drink they ain't even know who I was
Until I took my hat off, and then they started backin that ass up
Whoa! She did this dance with her hands up
Then she touched her toes and made my thing stand up
Type of chick that'll have a nigga in handcuffs
Taste but don't swallow, look but don't touch
Forbidden, not to be eaten, but she is
feedin me rotten apples that fall from the tree
Why don't we leave, just us three, and get acquainted
Mama I'm just playin - but I'm sayin

[Chorus]

[Ja Rule]
I got you ma, I'm in L.A., I'm the latest
Caught the last flight in from JFK
Baggage claim sign read R-U-L-E
Takin me straight to the party so I can get started
Rubbin on bitches like full body massages
And takin dead aim on all open targets
Soon as I walk in I see the one
that I wanna be humpin, bouncin, and grindin on
Her lowrider sit low, you can see her thong
And she like to get low on her favorite songs
I'm like don't stop, get it get it, let me get up on it
Let me see how bad you really want it
like, them cold nights when you're hot and lonely
Give me your pager, pick up a phone and call me
I was thinkin that maybe we could have an orgy
Mama I'm just playin - but I'm sayin

[Chorus]

[Ja Rule]
I got you ma, and Miami's the scene
Filled with fast women when they stop intervene
Tanned up and their walk is mean
I don't wonder how she got in, I want her out of them jeans

It seems, me and my team got a routine habit
Of gettin rid of sweaters as soon as we snag 'em
In the club, gettin high, relaxin
I see a few asses that's pacin backwards my way
The DJ spinnin it backwards
Givin shouts to actors, athletes and rappers
Now, let's get it crackin, you know how it happen
After the party there's an afterparty happenin
(Let's get this party started)
Ain't that what you said, or am I hearin things?
Is you drunk, cause you look like you swerve in both lanes
Mama I'm just playin - but I'm sayin

[Chorus]

[Ja Rule]
I got you ma, y'know
Whenever, Murder INC
Flex-in