

# Ja Rule, Bitch Betta Have My Money

What up love  
You thought I wouldn't recognize ho like stats  
I peep you at the strip joint  
You and that little black chick  
Acting like you so innocent  
When you in the six  
Usually that bring the freak right out of a bitch  
I knew something was wrong  
Lesbian I go on  
Ain't nothing wrong with bump n' grinding right  
I like mines tight  
You like yours licked  
And we both like bitches to get high high wit  
You opted to leave a nigga with no options  
You freak hoe dance topless baby  
What's ya sitch  
You ride dildo  
Plastic nympho  
Only see dick in porno  
Hun lidten  
I can make your life a world of difference  
Throw me in the mix of your sexual experiences  
See what happens  
In like two weeks  
These hoes is freaking  
Making about two g's a piece a weekend  
That's what I'm saying

[Chorus x2:]  
It ain't easy pimped out  
Flossing furs  
Diamonds  
Matching sets his and hers  
Keep ya hoes on point  
Tell them watch the fuzz  
Cause  
Bitch better have my money

Keep my ones on top  
My tens on lock  
My hoe in the drop  
Got a hot little co-op  
Prestigious  
Rock a cuban link with Jesus  
Lord have mercy  
Let me touch this  
Tease it  
For reasons  
I can't explain to you lord  
Cause you know my actions are censored  
Don't diss chips to fuck with no broad  
This one can get it  
Damn near split it  
Yeah picture me paying for some pussy I ain't even smelled yet  
Let alone got wet  
But I'm willing to make a bet  
That the next time we riding  
If she ain't riding  
On the turnpike you you bobbing  
While I'm weaving  
Getting weede  
Believe me  
This pimp shit ain't easy baby  
I tell you ain't no hoes like the ones I got

They make you fiend for that pussy coming up out ya pockets

[Chorus x2:]

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Baby girl you so hot I feel like Iceberg Slim  
I pimp plenty women  
Got to tip my hat to a ten  
Just been in too many run ins with dead ends  
Comparisons range from thick ones to thin  
Explosive sex thoughts coming from this young work horse  
I spend hard times like D.A.'s in criminal courts  
Fro the love of my life I'll cut down on the sport  
For the jewels with ice and creep to never get caught  
You know the game  
You and I is one in the same  
But you got my name  
tattooed on ya leg  
Shit is serious  
Now you caling me acting delirious  
Used to be my best bitch  
Now somewhat resistant  
Street life got you hot like Heather Hunter  
Worn out and don't nobody want ya  
First time i met ya you played me out of pocket  
I ain't know no better bitch  
Now stop it  
Game is the topic  
And what's between your legs is the product  
Use it properly  
And you'll make dollars biatch

[Chorus x2:]

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