

Ja Rule, Lost Little Girl

[Ja Rule]

Yeah, uh, Ja Rule uh uh uh
Here to talk about the lost one

It's a damn shame
Fuckin Shakin that ass, Shakin that ass, yo, huh

[Chorus: Ja Rule]

Lost little girl
I seen how love can turn to lust inside a
Lost little girl
I seen how pain can turn to trust within a
Lost little girl
She can get a man to do anything but she's a
Lost little girl
This sexy thing is only 17 and she's a
Lost little girl

[Verse 1: Ja Rule]

I admit I get a lot of love from women
It's only cause if i put that thug lovin in them
It's hard as a mitten
Gotta hit the club and bang out
Song after song till I end up in the wrong route
Tank top, sweat it out
Where she's shakin that ass shakin that ass
And got her breast pressed to the glass
Strobe lights flashin
That X is kickin in
And I'm orderin the chrissy open bottles of tin
On our stairway to heaven baby bring a friend
putaya sayin, fuck in a stretch benz
You know me I like it wet, rode slowly
By the way baby, how old is you codie
You lookin a little young to me
And how many you had that girl on, two or three
It's a damn shame
But she coulda had the world
And now she's nothing more than a

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Ja Rule]

Chill little girl put up in a world of confusion
Pop was abusin one of gods children
Can't wait for losin my soul is dead
And she's feelin like her worth is between her legs
She start fuckin niggas and learn to show'em respect
They a father figure she honor love and protect
To your down ass bitch
One you could cuddle up and wile out with
We call it thug love
Hot sex and hard drugs was a thing of the past
But look here murder inc nigga bringin it back
We got them stressed strung out beatin to be hung out
Cry in their crib backs when they say why
would i get involved with niggaz
involved with killaz
involved with dealers
involved with niggaz that make millions
She coulda had it all Including the world
Now she's nothing more than a

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Ja Rule]

She can't deny, she ain't livin her life right
She got a man but her mans livin his own life
With his wife and kids his crib and Bev Hills
The benz that only spins on them chroamy wheels
What has he done for you lately
Only remind you of when them times a little bit rider
A dick and hes crazy and will reminds us
And then he hit you with that one last promise
You want it to be the truth so bad
You lookin in his eye and your cryin, sayin he ain't lyin
But you know he is
But your a glutton for punishment
And you know pain is love
So whats wrong with sufferin
The hard times have past, the good times are comin (cumin)
All over your chest baby thats how your lovin it
And its sad cause you coulda had the world
now your nothin but a

[Chorus]

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