

# Ja Rule, The Manual

[Ja Rule]

Yeah, yeah, yeah  
You talk too much shit  
You know niggaz always talkin bout bitches ain't shit  
Money over bitches  
But give all our money to the bitches any fuckin way  
(I love my bitch) So I'ma send some love out  
to the bitches, holla

[Verse One]

Shit, here's somethin to remember  
When we met that day in September  
But, you've been gone since November  
Had to finish out yo' last college semester  
Her major - brokerage investor  
She probably go broke tryin to invest her  
time and money in somethin that she call love  
Cause, she love fuckin with thug niggaz  
That always get high and had to be drug dealers  
Eventually, she hooked up with some hood bitches  
The hood bitches turned her on to strippin  
Now the, gettin is good and it's well understood  
That money on the wood can make things get harder  
Be glad I'm not a pimp, if I was I'd charge ya  
But for all that you go through, just thought I'd let you know  
Hoes need love too, I'm fuckin witchu

[Chorus: Ja Rule]

Niggaz need to read the man-u-al  
To seperate your housewife from a hoe  
Cause there's no rules to this shit here  
Am I makin myself clear?  
What she don't know won't hurt her y'all  
So keep big pimpin on the low  
Cause there's no rules to what I do  
And I know, hoes need love too

[Verse Two]

You know what they say right? Bitches ain't shit  
And all men are dogs cause we just wanna fuck  
Sundown to sun up, one up on a hoe  
I might go down on the low, that's just me though  
From L-A-X to Heathrow, I'm one of them niggaz  
that really doesn't need no, introduction  
When I met her she was "Girl, Interrupted"  
Grew up became a woman not to be trusted  
Frustrated and flustered, living amongst  
these thieves hoes and hustlers, I'm diggin what's next  
She had a studio apartment in the projects  
With her and her girl from D.C. used to bus checks  
And hold the coke, her niggaz ain't sold yet  
In hopes the copes don't know about all this  
Shiiiiit, for all that you go through  
Just wanna let you know, hoes need love too

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

Fake nails, fake breasts, fake eyes too  
It's oh-four, and that's kinda what we used to  
But you don't holla back like you used to, but I ain't mad at cha  
I'm happy for a bitch, even if I can't have her  
I remember when you was down in Atlanta  
Workin gentlemen's clubs and you didn't even know what a gentlemen was

Forty to love and I wanna serve  
That body like Serena's with less curves  
But actions speak louder than words, and you gettin your money  
Mami every month, 15th and 1st  
Shit could be worse, you could be in the struggle  
Or born with no ass and have nothin to hustle  
Go on flex your muscle, cause that ain't the case is it?  
Go on get your paper keep flossin on these bitches  
Cause for all that you go through  
Just thought I'd let you know, hoes need love too, I'm fuckin witchu

[Chorus - repeat 2X]

[Ja Rule]  
Ha ha ha, yeah, Rule