

# Ricky J, Lose Control

Ya get on up  
Ya lose control  
You are never too young or too old  
Ya get caught up  
The night unfolds  
People jumpin, party, bumpin  
Making you say oo ooo.  
March madness  
Who would of seen my star status  
You know who that is  
Robbin' the dodge stratis  
Rash in the game  
Now there"s cash in the game  
Getting ass in the game  
Why you last in the game  
I bask in the fame  
Why you askin the same  
Cats feel the pain  
When I"m fast in the game  
I like "em brown, white, Puerto Rican, and Asian  
And in my house too  
While we freak in the basement  
I take a girl out on a week-end away trip  
Yo Rick, party over man, she is under age, kid.  
It don"t matter, but  
We can flow fatter but  
You can go after us  
If ya so get on up

(Chorus)

Break it down a little  
Same my name  
Nice and loud now  
From the background  
Cuz Majess hold it down now  
Whatcha think now?  
-  
-  
Get the game down now  
Ya wonder how  
I flow easily  
Spend G's frequently  
All these chicks wanna freak with me  
What can it be  
there at my back door  
Collect 2 hundred thousand  
Every time I pass go  
Plus a few million  
every million being sold  
Why you getting mad  
Ain"t my fault your check slow  
You should see me in the show  
And what, guess what  
All my fellas grab your nuts and get on up

(Chorus)