

Girl Is Mine

Jagged Edge

Yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo
See I'm sick of all these
No game having
Gold chain wearing
Last year clothes wearing niggaz
That keep sweating me
Cause their bitch want me
It ain't my fault nigga

You need to stop calling my house
Weain't got nothing to be talking about
It might be tough to swallow but that's how it be
Cause nigga your bitch chose me
Fellas

The girl is mine, can't you see
Know the game cause your bitch chose me

Somebody please tell me how
How is it everybody knew the
The rules to how we get down
Now he wanna act a fool now
I'm the first to say
She gotta (what?) man, gotta leave her long gone, run away
But still she wants her way
It ain't my fault, it ain't my fault
She chose me

You need to stop calling my house
He ain't got nothing to be talking about
It might be tough to swallow but that's how it be
Cause nigga your bitch chose me
Fellas

The girl is mine, can't you see
Know the game cause your bitch chose me
The girl is mine

Mad dude, but your attitude needs to halt
Cause ooh it ain't my fault
It might be tough to swallow, that's how it be
And you know the game, your bitch chose me

The girl is mine, can't you see
Know the game cause your bitch chose me

Many girls go around
Actin' like they got nobody
You better find one that you know stays down
One who's eyes ain't wandering
If her eyes fall on me
Then I know she's coming
Better find one who wants to be with you, oh
Girl it's really too bad for you
Said he's not enough for you
Baby you should let him know
Baby you wanna try me

J-E maybe we'll be
Together for eternity
Reside till I be happy, till I be happy

Ja's flow so hot, niggaz don't wanna be near me when the bomb drops and I
Knew niggaz would fear me from the time I spit on wax
Niggaz was leery like who the fuck is this cat?
Ja baby, understand that, Rule one, second to none
When y'all bitches start strutting I hit it and run
Cause I'm destined to cum on your tongue while we sexing
Like lubricant ruff ryde with the X-man
We hollering, it could all be this simple
Know what? I'm gonna kiss you, cause daddy gonna miss ya
Now that's love when a nigga not wanna pimp on a hoe
But sometimes this love shit is claustrophob
And I love thy, love to send you hoes the money
Love bitches with attitude, a hundred miles of running
New York thugs, and my niggaz is pimps too
And your bitch chose me before they chose you nigga

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Cause nigga your bitch chose me
Fellas

Yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo
We're here to make y'all rock
We're here to make y'all rock
We're here to make y'all rock
Shit it's nothing