

Intro

Monica

Come on, get out of the way
The light's green, move
I hate these gangsta singers with their music loud
Ma'am, ma'am, can you please turn your rap music down?
You just woke my baby up, dammit
Okay, I just called the cops
Don't you ever interrupt me when I'm listening to a Monica record
Yeah, straight out the slumming streets of A.T.L
I know you waited for her arrival
Through the hurricanes and tornadoes and thunderstorms
The climate has now changed and the storm is now over
I repeat, the storm is now over
Let us begin, hey yo, Monica, turn the volume up