

# Me

## Ja Rule

I know you niggaz ain't fuckin' with me

How dare these niggaz try to fuckin hate on me  
Come out and make records sound just like me  
But nobody does this here quite like me  
Now let me tell a little something 'bout me  
Pops tags, things fresh to death like me  
Who pulls more whips out the stash than me  
Y'all bitches wanna ride, c'mon it's on me  
I guess it's my time, all eyes is on me

Man everybody wanna rhyme like Rule, sing like Rule  
Talk some shit to get they name on the news  
Papers, haters never pay they dues  
Always got to be in somebdy shoes  
Walk with me, or ride this on Bentley  
With the rims you can sit in  
Or the Enzo with them TV's that's hidden  
I stay in menages with various women  
Huh, I'm just kiddin' that's not how I'm livin'  
The realest, the nigga in the realest state  
I got real estates in different states, go figure  
Cause I ain't singing you'se a +Gold Digger+  
But bitches, +you ain't fuckin' with no broke niggaz+  
That's why I ride, ain't you see I put you on the CLS  
We on the point your voice sound like sex, yes  
There's no real way to stop me, that's why y'all copy  
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Yea, I know, one more gin, bitch you better come on in  
Relax a while, sip on hypno and henn  
I like your style, you're so old school  
In them Sasson Vidals, fiftyfour eleven  
Reebok classics Remind me of '87 when  
Niggaz was playing with blocks like little kids and  
Even though we men we still big wheelin'  
Still cop cribs, six beds, four baths, high ceilings  
All of the art of drug-dealin' cause every mil  
Is two for me, when it's all tax-free  
Pray for God's children, all except for me  
I'mma walk in the path the Lord has paved for me  
One foot at a time, niggaz follow my footsteps  
Put the world on my shoulders, leave one set of footprints  
Man, y'all motherfuckers can't stop me, that's why y'all copy  
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I know what niggaz to do right, can't do no wrong  
And everything's alright, then lyrically goes wrong  
No part to piss in, no shoulder to cry on  
You get to thinkin' why can't we let by-gones be by-gones  
Rule the icon, who killed the industry like iPods  
Had these niggaz runnin' like track stars  
Except runnin' backwards when I sit back rollin' the backwoods  
Loadin' my trey-duece for them niggaz that act hood  
Ridin' my six-duece uptown, I'm so hood  
Bitches love the coupes when them doors swing upwards  
Money long, I'm putting from the green like T-Woods  
?? is not to be confused with white good  
White gold should never be percieved as platinum  
And cubic-zirconia never gon' shine like diamonds  
Cause, no matter how hard they copy, they still not me  
Y'all bitch niggaz ain't fuckin' with me

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