

## 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