

Ms. Jade, Best Meets Best

(feat. Lady Luck)

[Intro Jade (Luck)]

B-Brokers, Best meets best (The best)
It's about time, don't you think?
(Hey) Some real chicks
Doin' real shit (Concern yaself)

[Chorus Woman]

It just don't get much better (Whoo-ooo)
You can't get enough of this (Whoo)
[2x]

[Verse 1 Ms Jade]

I'm easily spittin' facts, ya opinions don't matter
No matter the muh'fucka we bustin', this muh'fucka ain't poppin' or duckin'
Oh, easy ox, this is gangsta girl talk
Money long and strong and I'm a pimp, see it in my walk
These niggas get more than bitches, expect that
BSin' and half-steppin', how I'm 'posed to respect that?
Naw, easily could get gone, lucky Jade is much harm
Ya'll pissin' over the beats, I'm shittin' on ya front lawn
You want it, it could be on, fuck the piano's and horns
Take it back 'round the time Eddie Murphy was raw
The hood was happy and poor, now we poor and pissed
No Belve' no Cris, rap music, son-of-a-bitch

[Chorus 2x]

[Verse 2 Lady Luck]

Ms. Jade holla at me...
Yo I ain't in to rappin' funny, clik clak crackin' dummies
Have 'em wrapped like mummies, wait til the tires get dunny
Baby the pussy's free but my time costs money
Chain hang, look like I got Alaska on me
Me and the homie Ms. Jade, switch lanes, spit game
Cocksucka, we Thelma and Louise, with hammers to squeeze
Huh, mami came to thug it, spits piss colored
Escada jeans in the Gucci, fuck it (Let's go)
I live it for real, spit steel grippin' the wheel
I cut ya grill, 'til you look like Seal
Holla at me
When them 380's buck, even old ladies duck
Dubs on the truck, by the way my name is Luck

[Chorus 2x]

[Verse 3 Lady Luck & Ms. Jade]

Yo yo yo, it just don't get no better, no hotter
No momma can touch, fuck with Jade

It just don't get no sicker, no bigger
Best meets best muh'fucka, who would figure

Yo sista pass the liquer

Or pass me the Swisha and roll up a fat one

I'm still high off the last one

These rap bitches do not know who they dealin' wit

I'll pimp-back-slap 'em, get 'em hoes that spit

We too sick, this is how it's 'posed to be done
Them misses got too prissy, cocked, thinkin' you fuckin' wit Luck?

You fuckin' wit Jade, then the Uzi will spray
Right through ya prostate, turn projects into the world trade

I am a major shit talker, back it up
Come and test

I'ma quick spark and leave a hole in ya chest

Luck is you still with me?

From Jersey

And Philly, zippin' down the turnpike
Tricks right, burn right, Def Jam, Beat Club, pretty bitches

We thugs, play tough then we duff three in ya mug

[Chorus 4x]

[Outro Luck (Jade)]
Turn it up!!! (Turn it up!!!)
Rock wit it (Rock wit it)
Rewind it back (Rewind it back)
I like that (I like that)
Ms. Jade (Lady Luck)
Ms. Jade (Lady Luck)
Uh uh hahaha