

Ms. Jade, Step Up

(Intro)

Ms. Jade's the name comin to ruin the game (Do It) (repeat 3)

(Verse 1)

I got a master plan knocking these bum broads outta my way
Just came in the door and they got somethin to say
Tell em step up if they wanna act hard
I don't need no great big bodyguard
Only dump dimes when it's time to blaze the L
You can do it just as long as you don't hurt ya self
Pull up, hop out start spitting like the A.R.
1-5 cake or sky high oh my
Got the science and the formula for hatin chicks
And whatcha do, if you don't like me you can suck a dick
I'm smoother then a pair of lizard skins in '88
A lotta suckas portrayin us when we know they ain't
Get the fuck outta here your dealin with a rider here
The chef in hell's kitchen, I'm stayin here for alotta years
And for my thugs, real bitches and all my hustlers
Keep it movin I ain't got no paitence for you bustas (DO IT)

(Chorus paraphrasing Audio Two)

Step up if you wanna get hurt
Ms. Jade's gonna pull your skirt (oh)
Step up if you wanna get hurt
Ms. Jade's gonna pull your skirt (DO IT, OH)
Step up if you wanna get hurt
Ms. Jade's gonna pull your skirt (OH)
I am chillin (OH), we is chillin (OH), what else can we say? TOP BILLIN

(Verse 2)

Now I don't mean to be rude cocky and arrogant
I Guess that's just the PHILLY in me, and I don't even care
I Guess that's just the PHILLY in me, and I ain't even scared
This rap game is a war and I done came prepared
It ain't nothin to me to just pack up and leave
but why shouldn't I give it every breath that I breathe
And why shouldnt I kill it every time that I leave
When these fake mutha fuckas is so easy to read cuz
My family got needs, my city need me
So I'mma do it from the muscle bitch believe me
Think cuz I'm with Tim that I got it easy
but that don't stop me from smoking up in the Crown V
Stayin sucka free, weed in the truck with me
This music biz keep a bitch puffin heavily
3 in the mornin listening to Frankie Beverly
I wont stop till the whole world lovin me (DO IT)

(Chorus)

(Verse 3)

You can Cha Cha Cha to this mardi gras
I'm the sickest rap bitch you done heard thus far
And it will get be-tta I'm bout my che-dda
and noone gets hurt (as long as you let her)
Do my thing whether 2003 swing
or I'm poppin that thing thing and lockin the game mane
wont fuck up my game plan, dealin the same hand
Just getting started and I'm only getting hotta mane
So getcha feet into the heat start lurkin
A dollar or a million I'mma be the same person
Ms. Jade bout to take this shit
And even if I'm through with ya'll couldnt catch my twist (DO IT)

(Chorus)