

Ms. Jade, Count It Off

(feat. Jay-Z)

[Chorus]

Now let me count it off [3x]
Hey you, blow your whistle
Now let me count it off [3x]
Hey you, blow your whistle
Now let me count it off [3x]

[Verse 1 Ms. Jade]

I know it's rare, but niggas they feel me everywhere
I'm from the land of white tees, Vickie's and Roca-Wear
NY guys spit at cats, do-rags
Pop it in turn it up, bang my shit in they Jags
I got dem niggas in LA crip walkin' in the truck
Atlanta, down south bamma's, you know they get it crunk
Now I'ma float on, roll me somethin' to smoke on
You hope I go away, continue to get your hope on
Rap game, regardless I stack change
the same affect as the game
Ms. Jade is tha mutha-f-in' name
I got a L-O-C-K down the freeway, BK back up to Philly
Won't stop 'til they kill me
I get it done, rap chicks see me and run
Only mixin' coke with the rum
Ain't scared, niggas be bums
You wanna see me, beats fuck up ya hooptie
Suburbans, Benz or the two seats
Major numbers the first week

[Chorus]

Now let me count it off [3x]
Hey you, blow your whistle
Now let me count it off [3x]
Hey you, blow your whistle
Now let me count it off [3x]

[Verse 2 Jay-Z]

Uh, come on if you comin', get down with it now
Uh, come on if you comin', get down with it now
Yea, it's young Vitto, voice of the young people
Roc C-E-O, hot hits for the P-O