

# Ms. Jade, Damn Rightt

(feat. Bubba Sparxxx)

[Intro Ms. Jade]

Uh, Ms. Jade, yeah

It's like that old "back in the day" house party  
Dance contest shit right here

[Verse 1 Ms. Jade]

They got me, watchin' my back, looking over my shoulder  
I'm the best part of wakin' up, like a cup of Folgers  
I'm the oldest and the youngest at the same time  
Assistent to the beat, like we both got the same mind  
I got the feelin' for the flava of the figgas  
Ya'll dont know what ya'll done triggered  
Squad'll ride and turn big whipper, they love me  
From block niggas that shot cracks, college boys  
Them niggas with dreads and knapsacks  
I spit greasy like an S curl  
I don't just get 'em naucious  
I make them muthafuckas hurl  
Step it up, next level once I get involved  
Back flip, kick, then I spit like I'm Lara Croft  
The game is off, I made every shot, from every block  
Hydro to the ready rock, I semi pop like I got beef wit ya  
Dem things gonna get cha, better bring ya peeps wit ya

[Chorus Bubba (Ms. Jade)]

Is you a problem for them faggot boys (Damn right)  
Would you finish off this bottle wit me (Damn right)  
Could you lose it all to get some more (Damn right)  
Do you eat, sleep and shit Philly (Damn right)  
[2x]

[Verse 2 Ms. Jade]

Since I was suckin' on bottles, and playin' wit my rattles  
Cocky wit the flow, plus I'm itchin' for a battle  
Grab you and choke you up, toss you in the corner  
Flows make you drown when you sinkin' in the water  
Callin' for the coroner, funeral in Florida  
Ya'll don't wanna deal with this broad, nigga i'm warnin' ya  
Hot like Timmy, push ya buttons like I'm Jimmy  
Peep shit, street shit, Broady game in me  
It's a gimmick, fuck the house, I'll take it to the limit  
Turn ugly like a gremlin, if you messin' wit my spinach  
Smoke green in them Bonaville seats, lean  
Ms. Jade, need an army to beat me  
I gotta stuff you, one time you'll get it  
A little talent but you don't know what to do with it  
I'm through wit it, all that other shit is minor  
Key element, right next to water, sun and fire  
I'm from the 215, so ya'll guys better recognize  
Handle half and leave the rest to God  
Nothin' to lose and somethin' to prove  
I save the bender for the suckas, shit I'm breakin' the rules

[Chorus 2x]

[Verse 3 Ms. Jade]

Ain't no way ya'll folks don't smell what I'm preparin'  
I ain't carin' 'bout ya mom, pop or aunt Karen  
I do damage on a daily basis  
Words boil you like hot soup and I'll let you taste it  
I'm the bang bang, minus the chitty cocksucka  
Born like 16th Street to the damn Ruckas

I'm dumb nice, ruin ya dumb lives  
See a watch but you broke, look at ya dumb ice  
Sometimes I feel outta place cuz I stick out like a sore thumb  
Wild out so I can't wait 'til the tour come  
I'm like Gladys without them damn Pips  
Plus I smoke on them L's til my fingernails is black tips  
I'm so hip, ya'll see the shit that I be on  
Talk tough, niggas be like plastic like neons  
I'm disgusting, known for ball bustin'  
Crushin', bluffin', dustin', it's nothin'

[Chorus 5x]