

# Ms. Jade, Dream

[Intro]

Hey...hey  
Hey...hey  
Hey...hey  
Hey

[Verse 1]

Who the hell is this, paging me at 4:56 in the morning  
Crack of dawning, now I'm yawning, wipe the cold from my eyes  
See whos this paging me, and why  
Its my girl Yvonne from the hair salon  
Told me she was down the club last night  
Shit wasn't seemin too right  
These bitches hoppin out of Honda's and Gallat's  
talkin greasey out they lips as if they won't get popped  
I'm the same bitch from ninety eight  
with the twenty two in the boot  
Tape wrapped around the butt of the gun  
Heat about as hot as the sun  
Leave you tangled in my flow like a web spun  
Plot on me? You askin for a casket  
Your snotty-nose-ass son bout to be a bastard  
I gotta have it, for fuckin those who try to fuck me  
Ms. Jade, wolf in the dress  
Got them things waitin never the less

[Bridge BIG (Woman)]

(Hey hey hey hey hey hey hey)  
Gonna be a lot of slow singin and flower bringin  
if my burglar alarm starts ringin

[Verse 2]

Keisha, Tracy and Lisa in the bathroom  
while Yvonne was in the stall  
Play hushin, heard the door  
They was talkin 'bout how they was gonna get me  
Gonna dip with the fifth or just to slip a micky  
They said I was gettin too much shine how I came up  
How I switched from the Lum' to the Benz truck  
How I fucked wit Lisa's ex and I got 'em stuck  
Linked up with Timbaland but it was pure luck  
They said they know where I rest at, in Nicetown  
Livin home with mommy, gonna make us both lay down  
Big knives, one pound, I'm tellin y'all now  
If them bitches chump, then they better bounce  
Top story, Daily News, three bodies found  
Family mournin over lost ones, it ain't fair  
Don't wanna but I gotta do it like a pap smear  
Keisha lockin the door to a broke Delta  
soon as I seen her put the bitch in a Full Nelson  
Kicked her in the back and shot her in the knee caps  
Went up in the pockets while askin her where the weed at  
Hopped up in the Delta, saw Tracy and Lisa  
Popped they ass one by one while I was puffin Reefa  
Now I'm lookin for that bitch Yvonne  
Cause when them hoes was talkin it  
she didn't say shit, punk bitch  
Them hookers got me goin out my mind  
I'm all stressed and weed sweatin, gotta take my time  
Settin me up, everybody schemin  
Telephone woke me up, the whole time I was fuckin dreamin'