

Ms. Jade, She's A Gangsta

[verse 1:]

who da hell wan test me big guns and things
see me in the source book bitch frozen rings
never bin a follower always bin a leader
y'all to need is get down on ya knees
when you agreed i'm a gangsta
see me in a ball wit my niggaz
? dudes ain't afraid to pull da trigger
get shit trucked ima fuckin' icon
niggaz in da streets whispering 'bout my rock
cos i'm da broad from da east
smelling like gucci and envy linen pants with
the crease
ya wanna piece i dont think ya hand ready
c 55 but i used to push da shell in
fucked up tracks which y'all just rap
never touch paper most a y'all just act high these flights pimp rap
must tell y'all da truth i get it in
but y'all messed around in da boot
what da fuck y'all suck comin all y'all smuts
poppin' up worldwide everywhere like starbucks
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poppin' up worldwide everywhere like starbucks

[hook:]

she's a gangsta not a prankster y'all
not a follower but a leader now can y'all feel dat
[timbaland:] she's a gangsta girl, she's a gangsta girl
[ms jade:] now can y'all feel dat
[timbaland:] she's a gangsta girl, she's a gangsta girl

[verse 2:]

i got a sick giff, roll me a big spliff,
crazy when da mic palm in my black fist
you do it like you, i do it like dis
ms jade powerful da project piss
now how y'all want play, spit it for da big pay
i leave dat ass up in smoke like eminem and dre
semi auto a.k, do da shit da philly way
we roll out the ? just to get away
best 'bout time we settle this
up in da club throwin' bows acting ghetto-ish
and if i stop i'm a still be a rebel chick,
hey you fuckas lookin' quick
puffin' in a tin of it be da case like puffy did
legistyle i'm poppin' big , when i'm gone trust me i'm a still live
take but i'd rather give you fuckin' with the bigger kids,
bigger ones, bigger funs, bigger foods,
timbaland give the beats

[hook x1]

[verse 3:]

choosing down 95 with a cup in my hand
hot grills large bills top up in da rubber band
got da anger math, wont let 'em burn me out
'cos i'm a strong black women ya grown black woman
games do i really play 9-5 bin paid
pills are da grim shit, never fuck widda trays
i don't care if it bothers you i'm still gon blaze
so sick like a virus that never goes away
hey hold ya breath you can smell da success
spit 16 if da pit pat on your chest
yes i'm so blessed ya cats is so stressed

yeh da streets bin talkin' 'bout my pin a due da rest
future mapped out, money linked all in
i'm a saturate da game then sink y'all in
snakes fates and dick riders what i despise
out to take it all over and will not compromise

[hook x2]