

Step Up

Ms. Jade

Ms. Jade's the name comin' to ruin the game
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Ms. Jade's the name comin' to ruin the game 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 and spitting like the A.R.
1-5 cake or sky high, oh my Got the science and the formula for hatin' chicks
Whatcha do, if you don't like me you can suck a dick
I'm smoother than a pair of lizard skins in '88
A lotta suckas potrayin' us when we know they ain't
Now fuck outta here you're dealin' with a rider here
The chef in hell's kitchen, I'm stayin' here for a lotta years
And for my thugs, real bitches and all my hustlers
Keep it movin' I ain't got no patience for you bustas Step up if you wanna get hurt, Ms. Jade's
gonna pull your skirt
Step up if you wanna get hurt, Ms. Jade's gonna pull your skirt
Step up if you wanna get hurt, Ms. Jade's gonna pull your skirt
I am chillin', we is chillin', what else can we say? 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 shouldn't I kill it every time that I leave
When these fake muthafucka's is so easy to read
'Cause my family got needs, my city need me
So I'mma do it from the muscle bitch believe me
Think 'cause 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 won't stop till the whole world lovin' me Step up if you wanna get hurt, Ms. Jade's gonna pull
your skirt
Step up if you wanna get hurt, Ms. Jade's gonna pull your skirt
Step up if you wanna get hurt, Ms. Jade's gonna pull your skirt
I am chillin', we is chillin', what else can we say? You can cha cha cha to this mardi gras
I'm the sickest rap bitch you done heard thus far
And it will get better I'm 'bout my cheddar

And nobody 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
Won't 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 y'all couldn't catch my twist
Step up if you wanna get hurt, Ms.
Jade's gonna pull your skirt
Step up if you wanna get hurt, Ms. Jade's gonna pull your skirt
Step up if you wanna get hurt, Ms. Jade's gonna pull your skirt
I am chillin', we is chillin', what else can we say?

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>