

# She's A Gangsta

Ms. Jade

[ad-libs: Timbaland]  
Yo, what I need right here..  
Is my ladies on one side..  
And my fellas on one side..  
This goes out to all the ghetto clubs..  
And this how we gone put it down..  
BEEEAATTT CLUUUBBB!! OHH![Verse One]  
Who the hell want to test me? Big guns and things  
See me in the SOURCE book, big frozen rings  
Never been a follower, always been a leader  
y'all to meet us, get down on ya knees when you greet her  
I'm a gangsta, see me in the ball wit my niggas  
Rowdy lil' dudes ain't afraid to pull triggas  
Get shit crunk, I'm a fuckin' icon  
Niggas in the street whisperin' about mine, why?  
Cause I'm.. the broad from the East  
Smellin' like Gucci, Fendi linen pants wit the crease, huh  
You want a piece? I don't think ya half-ready  
See fifty-five, but I used to push the Chevy  
Fuck up tracks, but y'all just rap  
Never touch pape, most of y'all just act  
Heidi-flights, pimp rap, must tell y'all the truth  
I get it in, but y'all mess around in the booth  
What the fuck, y'all suck, come at all y'all smuts  
Poppin' up worldwide, everywhere like Starbucks  
What the fuck, y'all suck come at all y'all smuts  
Poppin' up worldwide, everywhere like Starbucks[Chorus]  
She's a gangsta  
Not a pranksta, y'all  
Not a follower  
But a leader, y'all, feel that  
She's a gangsta girl  
She's a gangsta girl  
Now can ya feel that?  
She's a gangsta girl  
She's a gangsta girl[Verse Two]  
I got the sickest, rolled me a big spliff  
Crazy when the mic palmed in my black fist  
You do it like you, I do it like this

Ms. Jade, power food and project piss  
Now, how y'all want to play? Spit it for the big pay  
I leave that ass Up In Smoke like Eminem and Dre  
Semi or the AK, do this shit the Philly way  
We ball out to Hamptons just to get away  
Best 'bout time we settle this  
Up in the club, throwin' bows, actin' ghetto-ish  
And if I stop, I'm still be a rebel chick  
Have you fuckas duckin' quick, puffin' in a tinted whip  
Beat the case like Puffy did, legend-style like 'Pac and Big  
When I'm gone, trust me, I'm a still live  
Take, but I'd rather get you fuckin' wit the bigger kids  
Bigger ones, bigger funds  
Bigger fleece, Timbaland, bigger beats..[Chorus][Verse Three]  
Cruisin' down 95 wit a cup in my hand  
Hot throws, large bills tucked up in a rubberband  
Got the aimed amount, won't let 'em burn me out  
Cause I'm a strong black woman, yup, grown black woman  
Gangs, do I really play? Nine-to-five barely pay  
Pounds of the green shit, never fuck wit the trays  
I don't care if it bothers you, I'm still gone blaze  
So sick like a virus that never goes away, hey  
Hold ya breathe, you can smell the success  
Spit sixteen off the pit pattin' ya chest  
Yes, I'm so blessed, y'all cats is so stressed  
Yeah, the streets been talkin' but my pen'll do the rest  
Future mapped out, money linked all in  
I'm a saturate the game, then sink y'all in  
Snakes, fakes, and dick riders, what I dispise  
Out to take it all over and will not compromise[chorus: (2X)][fades out]

Songwriters

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