

# Jade's A Champ

## Ms. Jade

Whoa (Jade the Champ)  
Who am I (Jade the Champ)  
Whoa (Jade the Champ)  
Who am I (Jade the Champ)  
I got 'em, I got 'em (Jade the Champ)  
I got 'em, I got 'em (Jade the Champ)  
Jade the Champ, Jade the Champ Big dreams and hurt feelings  
Call me Jade the Champ  
I put the weight on my shoulders where other bitches slack  
Who else you know can breath life into a murdered track?  
I done see what y'all can do, nevermind that  
Like the old mixed with the new, like a Philly throwback  
Take your best shots, I promise I'ma throw back  
We can take it back to the days of the cadillac  
Jumps out  
And handle that  
Heat melts your candle wax  
Maybes and matter facts, Ms. Jade's the fucking champ  
Play the low and kill you softly like Roberta Flack  
And then they, And then they mad 'cause I'm stating facts  
And then they, And then they hate when I cop the cat  
That old nursery rhyming this shit ain't about that  
My flow I mix between one-eighty proof and six packs  
Spit circles around you, see if you could get back  
Before you jump best know exactly who you getting at Champion, watch the people call my name (Jade the  
Champ)  
Champion, watch the people call my name (Jade the Champ)  
Champion, watch the people call my name (Jade the Champ)  
Champion, watch the people call my name (Jade the Champ) Ho Ho, this thing is real you could play it back  
They said I couldn't do it, now look at me, Jade the Champ  
A lot of squads is out, but Tim, he got the  
And we ain't worried at all cause y'all pretty wack  
I been bending and cracking tracks, call me Jade the Champ  
See it coming, eyes in back  
Blaze up a twenty sack  
y'all need team participation, what's really up with that?  
And so they, and so they, drill when you getting stacks  
But they don't know shit until it's sitting in they lap  
They handle it in more ways, make 'em holla back

In the ring with the thing thing, make me twist your cap  
 You fools is selling your soul for a little plaque  
 Let's take it back to the hood where niggas is shooting craps  
 And everybody rapping, we ain't do it for the stacks  
 I bet they really really pissed cause they knowing that  
 The robe is crested and steamed and is nicely packed  
 Clubs in the backpack, lights off, that's that Who am I (Jade the Champ)  
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 Who am I (Jade the Champ) Champion, watch the people call my name (Jade the Champ)  
 Champion, watch the people call my name (Jade the Champ)  
 Champion, watch the people call my name (Jade the Champ)  
 Champion, watch the people call my name (Jade the Champ) Oh oh, it's kind of hard being Jade the Champ  
 But Ima do exactly what them losers said I can't  
 Gotta stay on my toes and I ain't afraid of that  
 You niggas pimp on, I leave you where your gators at  
 This is for every person that I owe, I'm paying back  
 And every nigga turned groupie, I know you heard of that  
 People that smiled in my face and talked behind my back  
 For every dream that got lost, I promise I'm winning back  
 To all my peoples that knocked, we gone bounce back  
 And all the babies in the hood, gotta announce that  
 I can't give up, I won't give up, I crown myself the champ  
 So I don't think y'all want to see me when I'm really amped  
 Ain't no stopping me, I'm a long way from breaking man  
 I'm Ms. Jade, bout to show you how to take a chance  
 Corner full of rappers, show you how to take a man  
 A squad full of thugs, show you how to break a man  
 Niggas full of pride, show you how to make them dance  
 They can't stand to walk in my shoes and my favorite pants  
 Before you try know exactly who you getting at  
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Songwriters

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