

Count It Off

Ms. Jade

[Chorus]Now let me count it off 3x

Hey you, blow your whistle

Now let me count it off 3x

Hey you, blow your whistle

Now let me count it off 3x

[Verse 1 Ms. Jade]I know it's rare, but niggas they feel me everywhere

I'm from the land of white tees, Vickie's and Roca-Wear

NY guys spit at cats, do-rags

Pop it in turn it up, bang my shit in they Jags

I got dem niggas in LA crip walkin' in the truck

Atlanta, down south bamma's, you know they get it crunk

Now I'ma float on, roll me somethin' to smoke on

You hope I go away, continue to get your hope on

Rap game, regardless I stack change

the same affect as the game

Ms. Jade is tha mutha-f-in' name

I got a L-O-C-K down the freeway, BK back up to Philly

Won't stop 'til they kill me

I get it done, rap chicks see me and run

Only mixin' coke with the rum

Ain't scared, niggas be bums

You wanna see me, beats fuck up ya hooptie

Suburbans, Benz or the two seats

Major numbers the first week

[Chorus]Now let me count it off 3x

Hey you, blow your whistle

Now let me count it off 3x

Hey you, blow your whistle

Now let me count it off 3x

[Verse 2 Jay-Z]Uh, come on if you comin', get down with it now

Uh, come on if you comin', get down with it now

Yea, it's young Vitto, voice of the young people

Roc C-E-O, hot hits for the P-O

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