

Damn Right

Ms. Jade

[Intro Ms. Jade] Uh, Ms. Jade, yeah
It's like that old "back in the day" house party
Dance contest shit right here

[Verse 1 Ms. Jade] They got me, watcin' my back, looking over my shoulder
I'm the best part of wakin' up, like a cup of Folgers
I'm the oldest and the youngest at the same time
Assitent to the beat, like we both got the same mind
I got the feelin' for the flava of the figgas
Ya'll dont know what ya'll done triggered
Squad'll ride and turn big whipper, they love me
From block niggas that shot cracks, college boys
Them niggas with dreads and knapsacks
I spit greasy like an S curl
I don't just get 'em naucious
I make them muthafuckas hurl
Step it up, next level once I get involved
Back flip, kick, then I spit like I'm Lara Croft
The game is off, I made every shot, from every block
Hydro to the ready rock, I semi pop like I got beef wit ya
Dem things gonna get cha, better bring ya peeps wit ya

[Chorus Bubba (Ms. Jade)]
Is you a problem for them faggot boys (Damn right)
Would you finish off this bottle wit me (Damn right)
Could you lose it all to get some more (Damn right)
Do you eat, sleep and shit Philly (Damn right)

[2x][Verse 2 Ms. Jade] Since I was suckin' on bottles, and playin' wit my rattles
Cocky wit the flow, plus I'm itchin' for a battle
Grab you and choke you up, toss you in the corner
Flows make you drown when you sinkin' in the water
Callin' for the coroner, funeral in Florida

Ya'll don't wanna deal with this broad, nigga i'm warnin' ya
Hot like Timmy, push ya buttons like I'm Jimmy
Peep shit, street shit, Broady game in me
It's a gimmick, fuck the house, I'll take it to the limit
Turn ugly like a gremlin, if you messin' wit my spinach
Smoke green in them Bonaville seats, lean
Ms. Jade, need an army to beat me
I gotta stuff you, one time you'll get it

A little talent but you don't know what to do with it
I'm through wit it, all that other shit is minor
Key element, right next to water, sun and fire
I'm from the 215, so ya'll guys better recognize
Handle half and leave the rest to God
Nothin' to lose and somethin' to prove
I save the bender for the suckas, shit I'm breakin' the rules
[Chorus 2x][Verse 3 Ms. Jade]Ain't no way ya'll folks don't smell what I'm preparin'
I ain't carin' 'bout ya mom, pop or aunt Karen
I do damage on a daily basis
Words boil you like hot soup and I'll let you taste it
I'm the bang bang, minus the chitty cocksucka
Born like 16th Street to the damn Ruckas
I'm dumb nice, ruin ya dumb lives
See a watch but you broke, look at ya dumb ice
Sometimes I feel outta place 'cause I stick out like a sore thumb
Wild out so I can't wait 'til the tour come
I'm like Gladys without them damn Pips
Plus I smoke on them L's til my fingernails is black tips
I'm so hip, ya'll see the shit that I be on
Talk tough, niggas be like plastic like neons
I'm disgusting, known for ball bustin'
Crushin', bluffin', dustin', it's nothin'
[Chorus 5x]

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