

Best Meets Best

Ms. Jade

[Intro Jade (Luck)]B-Brokers, Best meets best (The best)

It's about time, don't you think?

(Hey) Some real chicks

Doin' real shit (Concern yaself)

[Chorus Woman]It just don't get much better (Whoo-ooo)

You can't get enough of this (Whoo)

[2x][Verse 1 Ms Jade]I'm easily spittin' facts, ya opinions don't matter

No matter the muh'fucka we bustin', this muh'fucka ain't poppin' or duckin'

Oh, easy ox, this is gangsta girl talk

Money long and strong and I'm a pimp, see it in my walk

These niggas get more than bitches, expect that

BSin' and half-steppin', how I'm 'posed to respect that?

Naw, easily could get gone, lucky Jade is much harm

Ya'll pissin' over the beats, I'm shittin' on ya front lawn

You want it, it could be on, fuck the piano's and horns

Take it back 'round the time Eddie Murphy was raw

The hood was happy and poor, now we poor and pissed

No Belve' no Cris, rap music, son-of-a-bitch

[Chorus 2x][Verse 2 Lady Luck]Ms. Jade holla at me...

Yo I ain't in to rappin' funny, clik clak crackin' dummies

Have 'em wrapped like mummies, wait til the tires get dunny

Baby the pussy's free but my time costs money

Chain hang, look like I got Alaska on me

Me and the homie Ms. Jade, switch lanes, spit game

Cocksucka, we Thelma and Louise, with hammers to squeeze

Huh, mami came to thug it, spits piss colored

Escada jeans in the Gucci, fuck it (Let's go)

I live it for real, spit steel grippin' the wheel

I cut ya grill, 'til you look like Seal

Holla at me

When them 380's buck, even old ladies duck

Dubs on the truck, by the way my name is Luck

[Chorus 2x][Verse 3 Lady Luck & Ms. Jade]

Yo yo yo, it just don't get no better, no hotter

No momma can touch, fuck with Jade

It just don't get no sicker, no bigger

Best meets best muh'fucka, who would figure

Yo sista pass the liquer

Or pass me the Swisha and roll up a fat one

I'm still high off the last one
These rap bitches do not know who they dealin' wit
I'll pimp-back-slap 'em, get 'em hoes that spit
We too sick, this is how it's 'posed to be done
Them misses got too prissy, cocked, thinkin' you fuckin' wit Luck?
You fuckin' wit Jade, then the Uzi will spray
Right through ya prostate, turn projects into the world trade
I am a major shit talker, back it up
Come and test
I'ma quick spark and leave a hole in ya chest
Luck is you still with me?
From Jersey
And Philly, zippin' down the turnpike
Tricks right, burn right, Def Jam, Beat Club, pretty bitches
We thugs, play tough then we duff three in ya mug
[Chorus 4x][Outro Luck (Jade)]Turn it up!!! (Turn it up!!!)
Rock wit it (Rock wit it)
Rewind it back (Rewind it back)
I like that (I like that)
Ms. Jade (Lady Luck)
Ms. Jade (Lady Luck)
Uh uh hahaha

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