

# Dream

## Ms. Jade

[Intro]

Hey...hey

Hey...hey

Hey...hey

Hey[Verse 1]

Who the hell is this, paging me at 4:56 in the morning  
Crack of dawning, now I'm yawning, wipe the cold from my eyes

See whos this paging me, and why

Its my girl Yvonne from the hair salon

Told me she was down the club last night

Shit wasn't seemin too right

These bitches hoppin out of Honda's and Gallat's  
talkin greasy out they lips as if they won't get popped

I'm the same bitch from ninety eight

with the twenty two in the boot

Tape wrapped around the butt of the gun

Heat about as hot as the sun

Leave you tangled in my flow like a web spun

Plot on me? You askin for a casket

Your snotty-nose-ass son bout to be a bastard

I gotta have it, for fuckin those who try to fuck me

Ms. Jade, wolf in the dress

Got them things waitin never the less[Bridge BIG (Woman)]

(Hey hey hey hey hey hey hey hey)

Gonna be a lot of slow singin and flower bringin

if my burglar alarm starts ringin[Verse 2]

Keisha, Tracy and Lisa in the bathroom

while Yvonne was in the stall

Play hushin, heard the door

They was talkin 'bout how they was gonna get me

Gonna dip with the fifth or just to slip a micky

They said I was gettin too much shine how I came up

How I switched from the Lum' to the Benz truck

How I fucked wit Lisa's ex and I got 'em stuck

Linked up with Timbaland but it was pure luck

They said they know where I rest at, in Nicetown

Livin home with mommy, gonna make us both lay down

Big knives, one pound, I'm tellin y'all now

If them bitches chump, then they better bounce

Top story, Daily News, three bodies found  
Family mournin over lost ones, it ain't fair  
Don't wanna but I gotta do it like a pap smear  
Keisha lockin the door to a broke Delta  
soon as I seen her put the bitch in a Full Nelson  
Kicked her in the back and shot her in the knee caps  
Went up in the pockets while askin her where the weed at  
Hopped up in the Delta, saw Tracy and Lisa  
Popped they ass one by one while I was puffin Reefa  
Now I'm lookin for that bitch Yvonne  
Cause when them hoes was talkin it  
she didn't say shit, punk bitch  
Them hookers got me goin out my mind  
I'm all stressed and weed sweatin, gotta take my time  
Settin me up, everybody schemin  
Telephone woke me up, the whole time I was fuckin dreamin

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