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, never mind that
Like the old mixed with the new, like a Philly throwback
Take your best shots, I promise, I'm a 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)
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(Jade, the champ)
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(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
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Oh oh, it's kind of hard being Jade, the champ
But I'm a 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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