

Count It Off (Ft. Jay-Z)

Ms. Jade

[Ms. Jade]

You best come on, get that ass swung on
When dem thags load on, nig-gas best hold on
Make sure it's stick so Ricky ain't droppin' Mickeys
My bitches puts on them quickies, and skirts gets the itchy
Pimpin' this game quickly, and brody and niggas quit me
For cat that talk iffy, get swung on like K. Griffey
They spit willie, though half of the bitches feel me
The other half is trashed, 'cause words could never kill me
I got this thick, it's ridiculous how I switch shit
Look who I'm with, 215 and Timbaland, bitch
Whether it's friend or foe, Heiniken, Verde, Cris or Moe
I'm stackin' decimals, stoops, steps and best of yours
I write mine, like mine, now I gotta spark
All bite, no bark, play my damn part
I get inside you, show you how Philly bitches do
Pimp you, then I'll get rid of you, I'll shit on your whole crew [Chorus, Ms. Jade]

Now let me count it off
Now let me count it off
Now let me count it off
Hey you, blow your whistle
Now let me count it off
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Now let me count it off [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'm 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 want to see me, beats fuck up ya hooptie
Suburbans, Benz or the two seats
Major numbers the first week[Chorus + Jay-z][Jay-Z]
Uh, come on with it, get down with it
Uh, come on with it, get down with it
Yea, it's young Vito, voice of the young people
Roc C-E-O, hot hits for the P-O
I'm so trill, the wood pandlin', handlin' meals
Twenty inch jumpers from standin' on my wheels
They can't understand it, god damnit, he's ill
Everytime I drive, gotta prescribe 'em for panic pills
I'm gigantic, the Titanic would never sink
Even with the band playin', before that happend, that man sprayin' (BUCK!)
They all fifteens, glocks and tecs
AK's will pop, I bring ya all out the closet, girls
Niggas is homos really, but when they smokin' on purple
They get loco, but you know I know the drilly
It's for these positions, that's why I keep the biscuits
You ain't Tony Sopranno, you pussy, sleep with the fishes
You know I'm reppin from that 7-1-8
Shots to you f-in' son, class over, lesson's done
HOV'!!![Chorus]

Songwriters

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