

# Best Meets Best

Ms. Jade

(feat. Lady Luck)

[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