

# Dead Wrong

Ms. Jade

Ms. Jade, Nate Dogg, Timbaland  
We head strong, we head strong  
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Fricky, fricky, fricky Ms. Jade

Y'all know, pimp in my walk  
Pimp in my talk y'all don't wanna start  
Niggaz can't ever play they [Incomprehensible]  
So I quit dealin' wit yo [Incomprehensible] with the cars

I ain't got to price them things  
Keep it comin', cops rollin' like them things  
Get 'em for their cash and things  
Get a bitch [Incomprehensible] if he gon' trash them things

Buyin' up all the bar  
Strummin' like strings on a guitars  
Think one minute I'm up by the [Incomprehensible]  
Now you can steady stop gleamin' the floor

I spit shit for the drops  
In a square bench truck nigga blastin' The Lox  
Better dial up the cops  
Wait till they come, I'ma show you what I got

Head strong  
End up on the pavement dead wrong, dead wrong  
Rest of my chrome  
Once I get my paper I'm gone, same song

I drive for your [Incomprehensible]  
Man you must have made a wrong turn, dead wrong  
I gotta hold on  
'Cos niggaz in these streets is dead wrong, dead wrong

I been in the hood, hood  
Been to the islands, been to the woods, woods  
Smoked by the lake, lake  
Seen niggaz love me, seen niggaz hate, hate

Let me freak it one time, time  
Same in the dark and the same in the light, light  
Go get 'em on the grind, grind  
Like a fiend for the white in the heat of the night, night

Get your wait up today, [Incomprehensible] still playin' them games  
Hustle for [Incomprehensible], rings give me the chains  
Oops, my betty ain't part of the game

I got friends in the front  
Ho's in the back, Nate Dogg in the 'lac Timbaland on the track  
Bubba Sparxxx, Petey Pab and Sebast in the back

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Why these niggaz hate hard  
Spit many flows, many styles, comin' way hard  
Never was known as a thug but you say you are  
These ho's be walkin' round broke, thinkin' they superstars  
Them things they get in cars, awnaw

Never been here before  
But if you want a war, you better make sure  
Dog that you all the way down to the floor  
Trust then you walkin' out of the door

Gotta break lanes  
They spittin' pork that ain't beef, they don't say names  
It's Ms. Jade, motherfucker, I will break Danes  
I'm from the hood, born and raised I can take pain, name

I can take pain, name, see it ain't that I'm great  
And it ain't that I'm paid, and it ain't that I'm [Incomprehensible]  
I'm a bitch, just came out the cage  
You know you dead wrong so you ought to be afraid

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I drive for your [Incomprehensible]  
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Ah, ah, you dead wrong  
Ah, you dead wrong, oh  
Ah, ah, you dead wrong