

Ricky Martin % Madonna

"Stick Up Girl"

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(Intro - Timbaland)

Uh, come on, yeah, *fck-fck*, Ms. Jade

[Verse 1 - Ms. Jade + (Timbaland)]

I come crazy wit it, the beats sinkin in it
Leave niggaz shook and timid, bang just to dent it
Living probably zero, and rats runnin deniro
I'm sick, makin 'em settle like cheap tricks
I've the right to be cocky, long, lanky or stocky
I went to they lobby charge me wit assault and all
robberies
Snatch they souls, ride them on they pry
Show dem how to hold they crutches, spit like I was a
guy
They wanna date, you'll recieve they bleed just like I
bleed
It ain't the same my game is at a much faster speed
I'm Ms. Jade y'all flowin through the rainfall
Like thunder this gon' be a hot summer (Hot summer)
I got it figured out, go the regular route
'Cause short cuts, only end up in short bucks
Get the dough and just stack, leavin em feelin like
track
Cheaper the rat, my damn voice platinum at

(Chorus - Timabland)

She's a stick up girl, not a sociable girl
Unapproachable girl, everyday type of girl
She's a stick up girl, just a stick mans girl
People love this girl, they go to war with this girl
She's a stick up girl, not a sociable girl
Unapproachable girl, everyday type of girl
She's a stick up girl, stick up girl
She's a stick up girl, get it girl

(Verse 2 - Ms. Jade)

Down with me runnin that new chick
Crashin' like a new whip for insurance money
It ain't funny, down really runnin wit the young snappily
You and that cold cheddar, pissin' on a sofa like a weak
bladder

Come and see my switch, flows up like this
Makin' y'all back flip, and try to get my twist
Rocked up powder, baking soda and flour
Gettin' paid by the hour, see it proper devour
Ms. J-A-D-E, from the P-H-I
Ruin gals and guys, y'all know why
Ask why, cats sayin' too much and doin' too much
Never purchase but be quick to run and go get a dutch
I'm the brother relate to, never lie or forsake you
Gloves on in the ring I'm the chick that could take you
Stayin' here for a while came prepared for the miles
Keep it cool, so the only thing I draw is a crowd

(Chorus - Timbaland)

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(Verse 3 - Ms. Jade)

Never will I settle, man I speak for the ghetto
Missouri, Spain (???), classic rap, heavy metal
Different cities and states, take it back to the skates
Two wheel scooter, spit bananas like I'ma ape
I'm the best in the great, I expect 'em to hate
But wait, they ain't even heard the half yet
Blast shit, forfeit, best bet, trash that
Open your mind I'll show you a different aspect
I ain't a rap princess, im a rap pimpstress
Yeah I pay off the witness and leave 'em chilled like
Christmas
I'ma warn y'all now, bout to tear shit down
I ain't playin rap pangin', hittin' hard to the ground
Man I mangle with this, oughta treasure my spit
Should be against the law, how we puttin out hits
I'm nice man like the corner nigga dice man
Hundreds on your nice damn, told ya I'ma aight man

(Chorus - Timbaland)

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