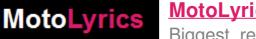
MotoLyrics.com



Biggest, regularly updated and free lyrics database

## Germs "Best Meets Best"

Visit "Best Meets Best" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro - Ms. Jade + (Lady Luck)]
B-Brokers, Best meets best (The best)
It's about time, don't you think?
(Hey) Some real chicks
Doin' real shit (Concern ya self)

(Woman singing chorus x2) It just don't get much better (Whoo-ooo) You can't get enough of this (Whoo)

(Verse 1 - Ms. Jade) I'm easily spittin' facts, ya opinions don't matter No matter the motherfucka we bustin' This motherfucka 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

(Woman singing chorus x2) It just don't get much better (Whoo-ooo) You can't get enough of this (Whoo)

(Verse 2 - Lady Luck) Ms. Jade holla at me... Yo I ain't in to rappin' funny, click clack 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

(Woman singing chorus x2) It just don't get much better (Whoo-ooo) You can't get enough of this (Whoo)

[Verse 3 - Ms. Jade + (Lady Luck)]

(Yo, yo, yo, it just don't get no better, no hotter)
(No momma can touch, fuck with Jade, and)
It just don't get no sicker, no bigger
Best meets best mothafucka, who would figure
(Yo sista pass the liquor) 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 sparker 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 dump three in ya mug, uh

(Woman singing chorus x4) It just don't get much better (Whoo-ooo) You can't get enough of this (Whoo)

[Outro - Ms. Jade + (Lady Luck)] 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

Visit <u>Germs</u> page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.