

## **Ms. Jade "Different"**

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Yo, yo, yo, why you looking at me?  
Why you looking at me?  
Why you looking at me?  
Why you looking at me?  
Come on, tell 'em Jade

People look at me wrong 'cos I dress different  
'Cos I talk different, 'cos I walk different  
People look at me wrong, think I'm so different  
Wear my hair different, make the world listen

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People look at me wrong 'cos I  
Hate women that wanna be other women  
Since they won I never fit in  
I'm a rock the world with no games or gimmicks

Plan on winning ain't no limits  
You hear it all in my sentence going  
Shock up the world with something new and improved  
Ain't stoppin' I'm makin' moves

No choices then I'm a choose  
They can tell me to stop but it's obvious I'm gonna go  
They say yes I say no you hear it all in my flow  
This is young America steering you in your area, area

Do what I want and that's period  
I get up and put on what I feel like putting on  
When I don't blend in people look at me like something  
wrong  
As if I'm crazy, strange, weird or throwed off

New chick driving fast in a old car  
I'm still pimpin', still pimpin' just tryin' make a living  
From the end to the beginning  
It's a damn shame when you stick out thinking you  
insane

Rock everything from name brand to hand made  
This is my life this is who I am I will not escape  
Don't want a piece of the pie I just want a bigger plate  
I'm just tryin' live and watch how the plot thickens

Ain't no problem 'cos everybody's just a little different  
Open your ears and eyes and make the world listen  
Be an original individual is my mission

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People is gon' stare, gon' hate, gon' talk  
But never will they expose what they doing in the dark  
If you don't give a shit but you know you got it together,  
fuck it  
They gotta put you down to make they-self feel better

Black or white, dark brown or light  
Short, thin and small, thick, big or tall  
And I think it's a mess we judged on how we dress  
How many cars we got, how many bitches we pop

If a nigga got girls then he considered the pro  
But if a girl got niggas then she considered the hoe  
And if a white person hang around blacks he a wigger  
And if a black person hang around whites he a nigga

And if we try to make it out the ghetto we a sell-out  
Pressure gets so deep at times I wanna yell out  
This shit is crazy it's time we take a stand  
Focus on ourselves and stop worrying about the next  
man

It's your prerogative tight pants are sagging  
Can't please 'em all with a hotter poppin' of has-beens  
It's just the world we live in that amaze me  
People claim they real but most of them must feel gazy

Quick to judge when they so artificial  
Shit it's obvious I guess people just got some issues  
Counterfeit and crazy, so shady  
What else can I say, I'm just a different kinda lady

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Who are you to judge me?  
Who are you to really call me ugly?  
You don't even know the half  
You don't even know the half

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Who are you to really call me ugly?  
You don't even know the half  
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