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Ms. Jade "Jade's A Champ"

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Whoa

(Jade, the champ)

Who am I

(Jade, the champ)

Whoa

(Jade, the champ)

Who am I

(Jade, the champ)

I got 'em, I got 'em

(Jade, the champ)

I got 'em, I got 'em

(Jade, the champ)

Jade, the champ, Jade, the champ

Big dreams and hurt feelings, call me Jade, the champ I put the weight on my shoulders where other bitches slack

Who else you know can breath life into a murdered track?

I done see what y'all can do, never mind that

Like the old mixed with the new, like a Philly throwback
Take your best shots, I promise, I'm a throw back
We can take it back to the days of the Cadillac
Jumps out and handle that, heat melts your candle wax

Maybes and matter facts, Ms. Jade's the fucking champ Play the low and kill you softly like Roberta Flack And then they, and then they mad 'cause I'm stating facts

And then they, and then they hate when I cop the cat

That old nursery rhyming this shit ain't about that My flow I mix between one-eighty proof and six packs Spit circles around you, see if you could get back Before you jump best know exactly who you getting at

Champion, watch the people call my name (Jade, the champ)
Champion, watch the people call my name (Jade, the champ)

Champion, watch the people call my name

(Jade, the champ) Champion, watch the people call my name (Jade, the champ)

Ho, ho, this thing is real you could play it back They said,?I couldn't do it?, now look at me, Jade, the champ

A lot of squads is out, but Tim, he got the And we ain't worried at all cause y'all pretty wack

I been bending and cracking tracks, call me Jade, the champ

See it coming, eyes in back, blaze up a twenty sack Y'all need team participation, what's really up with that? And so they, and so they, drill when you getting stacks

But they don't know shit until it's sitting in they lap
They handle it in more ways, make 'em holla back
In the ring with the thing thing, make me twist your cap
You fools is selling your soul for a little plaque

Let's take it back to the hood where niggas is shooting craps

And everybody rapping, we ain't do it for the stacks I bet they really really pissed cause they knowing that The robe is crested and steamed and is nicely packed Clubs in the backpack, lights off, that's that

Who am I
(Jade, the champ)

Champion, watch the people call my name (Jade, the champ)
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Oh oh, it's kind of hard being Jade, the champ But I'm a do exactly what them losers said I can't Gotta stay on my toes and I ain't afraid of that You niggas pimp on, I leave you where your gators at This is for every person that I owe, I'm paying back And every nigga turned groupie, I know you heard of that

People that smiled in my face and talked behind my back

For every dream that got lost, I promise I'm winning back

To all my peoples that knocked, we gone bounce back And all the babies in the hood, gotta announce that I can't give up, I won't give up, I crown myself the champ

So I don't think y'all want to see me when I'm really amped

Ain't no stopping me, I'm a long way from breaking man

I'm Ms. Jade, 'bout to show you how to take a chance Corner full of rappers, show you how to take a man A squad full of thugs, show you how to break a man

Niggas full of pride, show you how to make them dance

They can't stand to walk in my shoes and my favorite pants

Before you try know exactly who you getting at (Jade, the champ)

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