

Destiny's Child F/ Master P

"Jewelry Shine"

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[Kool Keith]

I murder raps perhaps you come and get on
serious to spit on, flow on, double tracks and go on
Switch up the beat, practice tactics girls who bore me
Throw the booth hit the mattress, nigga you lack this
Fakin jacks like an actress
The more the time orgy, the more the rhyme'll be
off the hook you shook tours and shows to book
We gettin live tonight, shut down jive tonight
Move like planes in flight, lyrics are built and tight
Changin four lanes again, fools get tamed again
Clothes the right position, asked my name again
P.I. flossy, why would you talk G
Crowds'll hawk me, women support me
Danger deadly, she make it clap B

[Chorus]

Na na, na na na na
Na na, na-na na na na
Na na, na-na na na na
(Do you wanna spend some time?)
Na na, na na na na
Na na, na-na na na na
Na na, na-na na na na
(Let your jewelry shine)

[Kool Keith]

Girl turn around, let me peak at your thong
Table dance around - five dollars a song
Booty shorts is on, buttcheeks is warm
Pros move and perform, double back to the back
Let me touch your cat, supermodels'll cum
Chillin back with the hoodrats, single to broke
Give 'em out cause it's like that, throw 'em a stack
Opportunity smack, boss game you lack
Big girls and poles, flip steady like an acrobat
Rotate and shake around, bring small hate around
Bubble with funk quick, three thousand data sound
Floss your campaign, your man with champagne
Nothin to do, catch the freak spot when it rain
Get out the lane bro, it's still the same yo

[Chorus]

Na na, na na na na
Na na, na-na na na na
Na na, na-na na na na
(Do you wanna spend some time?)
Na na, na na na na
Na na, na-na na na na
Na na, na-na na na na
(You gotta let your jewelry shine)

[Kool Keith]

First reverse, my mink long with my coat on
My song playin, my CD pump that I wrote on
Feather in weight, my sneakers light when I float on
Takin my glasses off, butts around are soft
I come around people peak, but scared to cough
One major label like you cryin, you wanna get off
My closet pack, rappin for a stack with more
with Puffy and Jennifer cookouts, ridin along
On top of my building, midtown, playin some golf
6:30 with state, on phone, with Gorbachev
Mafia contracts, gettin rappers knocked off
Takin pictures with Michael Jackson and the 7 Dwarfs
(*repeat "dwarfs"*)

[Chorus]

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