

George Michael & Lisa Stansfield

"Best Meets Best"

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[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 mamma 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

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