

Funky Fresh Dressed (feat. Ms. Jade)

Missy Elliott

This is a Misdemeanor exclusive
If your radio is experiencing any kind of difficulties
Turn the volume up
Yes, turn the volume up
Yes, turn the volume up
This is an exclusive
Turn the volume up It's very necessary, on the contrary
No you do not scare me, is you drinkin' Bloody Mary?
But shit, you betta hurry, before I have to bury
My attitude is bitchy, 'cuz my period is heavy
I used to drive a Chevy, put twenties on that baby
My nigga was the shit, but then that stupid nigga left me
And now I'm lovin' Larry, but Larry go with Terri
And Terri is a freak, but it's his baby she will carry
The life he live's a fairy, cartoon like, "Tom and Jerry"
My flow is legendary and your style is temporary
Yeah, you need to worry, like Jason, it gets scary
The words that I spit don't fit in that category
Is my vision blurry? My speech is very slurry
Me without Tim is like Jamaicans with no curry
And yes, it's necessary, so hurry, nigga, hurry
'Cuz when this album drops, you whack MC's will all get buried Funky fresh dressed to impress
ready to party
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Funky, funky fresh dressed to impress ready to party
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Turn the volume up Your style's very crummy, that's why you have no money
You always looking bummy, I don't care if you don't love me
Don't try to come before me, unless you are a dummy
Repeat, you'll lose your teeth and I would hate to call you gummy
Rainy or sunny, battle no way, honey
This not a game of Hide-and-Seek, go call ya mummy
It's about get so ugly, and I'ma keep y'all runnin'
Hiding from me, 'cuz you know you are weak You ain't sayin' nothin', I keep it jumpin' jumpin'
In your Kenwoods, I'm bumpin' sumthin' in ya trunk'n

You can say I'm buggin', 'cuz when I come out bustin'
 That's why y'all be discussin' who I like and who I'm fuckin' Funky fresh dressed to impress
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 Turn the volume up C'mon, c'mon
 C'mon, c'mon
 C'mon, c'mon
 Fickidy, uh, uh, uh
 C'mon, c'mon
 C'mon, c'mon I had a little homie named Paul Revere
 Smokes blunt after blunt, guzzled 40's of beer
 He used to swear up and down every first of the year
 He was gon' quit smokin', but he never did
 Watch y'all huskey, it's about that time
 Gettin' ready for the club 'round quarter 'til nine
 Couple bottles of hypnotic in the back of the ride
 Might spit like a girl, but I hit like a guy Me and Missy ballin' up the Avenue
 Funky fresh dressed to impress, we mackin' dudes
 Music biz only reason I ain't jackin' fools
 You know bullshit walk and stackin' rules
 Niggas keeps drawin', the streets keep callin'
 Drink 'til I'm nice and uh, uh-uh, on'n
 I'm bad luck, y'all mad 'cuz y'all suck
 Please do not try to fuck with this young duck
 Please do not try to fuck with this young duck Funky fresh dressed to impress ready to party
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Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>