## Webb Pierce "Miss Missy From Ol' Hong Kong"

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I got the best-lookin' woman in the world, she's Miss Missy from ol' Hong Kong But she ain't nobody's kowtow girl, no no Miss Missy from ol' Hong Kong She don't speak English, but it don't make a damn Miss Missy from ol' Hong Kong 'Cause wherever she is she is what am Miss Missy from ol' Hong Kong Yeah, her hair is silky, and her legs are long, she's Miss Missy from ol' Hong Kong

When the Reds came to town, yeah, she gave them all a slip Miss Missy from ol' Hong Kong Now she runs the Swiss banks from a cell phone on her hip Miss Missy from ol' Hong Kong The rickshaw drivers used to stop and stare Miss Missy from ol' Hong Kong And she's got Lear jets flyin' all way up in the air Miss Missy from ol' Hong Kong

Come to lock and load She know what to do She got the shaka-laka suki-suki wang dang do

Now her attraction's a distraction, it induces stupefaction She's got it all in a bag I don't mean to be disdaining with the portrait I am paintin' But I know the difference between a goddess and a hag, yeah!

When she walks in the room, my heart bang like a gong, she's Miss Missy from ol' Hong Kong She got fat cats, diplomats in a long line, she's Miss Missy from ol' Hong Kong The Sultan of Brunei, try to get up in her face Miss Missy from ol' Hong Kong Now the Sultan of Brunei is in a neck brace, y'all Miss Missy from ol' Hong Kong

Kung Fu kickin', acupuncture stickin' Miss Missy from ol' Hong Kong Come to lock and load She know what to do She got the shaka-laka suki-suki wang dang do Yeah, her hair is silky and her legs are long, she's Miss Missy from ol' Hong Kong

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