

Missy 'misdemeanor' Elliott "Funky Fresh Dressed"

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[intro: missy]

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)

[verse 1: missy]

It's very necessary, on the contray

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, 'cause 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

'cause when this album drops, you whack mc's will all
get burried

[chorus]

Funky fresh dressed to impress ready to party

Funky fresh dressed to impress (turn the volume up)

Funky fresh dressed to impress ready to party

Funky fresh dressed to impress (turn the volume up)

Funky fresh dressed to impress ready to party

Funky fresh dressed to impress (turn the volume up)

Funky fresh dressed to impress ready to party

Funky fresh dressed to impress (turn the volume up)

[verse 2: missy]

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, 'cause 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', 'cause when I come out bustin'
That's why y'all be discussin' who I like and who I'm
fuckin'

[repeat chorus]

[break: timbaland]

C'mon, c'mon
C'mon, c'mon
C'mon, c'mon
Fickidy, uh, uh, uh
C'mon, c'mon
C'mon, c'mon

[beat changes]

[verse 3: ms. jade]

I had a little homie named paul revere
Smokes blunt after blunt, guzzled 40's of beer
He would 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
Shit keeps drawin', the streets keep callin'
Drink til' I'm nice and uh, uh-uh, on'n
I'm bad luck, y'all mad 'cause y'all suck
Please do not try to fuck with young duck
Please do not try to fuck with young duck

[beat switches back to original]

[repeat chorus]

