

## Paolo Conte

### "Funky Fresh Dressed"

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\* second single, send corrections to the typist

[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 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

[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, 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'

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 cuz 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

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