

## Sparkle

### "Feel the Girl"

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[Intro]

Ladies and gentlemen

Ladies and gentlemen

(Ms. Jade) Lay lay lay ladies and gentlemen

(Ms. Jade) Ladies and gentlemen

(Ms. Jade) Ladies and gentlemen

(Ms. Jade) Lay ladies and gentlemen

(Ms. Jade) \*skrip skirt skrip\* Lay lay

(Ms. Jade) La la la lay

\*Earr err err\*

[Verse 1]

Ms. Jade's the name comin to ruin the game

bringin the thunder and rain, bustin a train or a plane

Me and my girls shrivel all over the world

Makin you stumble and hurl, braids ponytails and the curls

I got them folk pumpin and movin around

Jumpin and gettin it down, sweatin and workin it now

No question, gonna throw on them clothes tonight

So set them bows tonight, engines gon' hum on the

bikes

No matter is he black, peurto rican or white

Stiletto, Timbs, and them Nike's, free chicken wings

and some rice

I got your dude lickin my toes and stuff

What wha wha wha what, light the chronic up!

I know y'all gonna love when I do it

I do it professional like Duro and Clue

doin it all for the loot

Y'all better get them asses up out the seats

sweat runnin down your cheeks, virgins turn into freaks

[Chorus] x2

(Timbaland:) \*Fricka fa frick\* feel the girl

(Ms. Jade:) Ms. Jaaaaaaade

(Timbaland:) \*Fricka fa frick fa frick\* feel the girl

(Ms. Jade:) Ms. Jaaaaaaade

(Timbaland:) \*Frickida frick fa frick\* feel the girl she'll

(Ms. Jade:) Ms. Jaaaaaaade

Light the chronic up!

[Verse 2]

Ya bet was lost, time to set it off  
Shoppin at the mall, don't care what it cost  
Concerned about who be in my sheets  
You got beef with me? Then don't speak to me  
Like how my flow different kinda pace  
Garbage and the waste, "please get out my face"  
You wanna taste? Miss me like I'm Mase  
You wanna taste? Like me William H.  
I'm leavin y'all toothless like Gerome  
rollin on the chromes, two ways and the phones  
This Philly chick ain't wit this silly shit  
Blunts and dutches licked, scrapin up for rent  
Rat smugg-el-in, like the government  
Keep 'em bub-bel-in, take it on the chin  
So now they all duckin from the slugs  
kisses and the hugs, just cut up the rug!

[Chorus] x2

[Verse 3]

I ain't gon' stop, 'til I'm satisfied  
Chain hangin like Nas, see right through the lies  
Y'all never knew a dame could be so tight--  
killin and feelin it right, gettin it on tonight  
We keep it real, type of chicks we are  
gettin nice at the bar, bang it loud in your car  
I'm from the town, niggas gon' hold me down  
Lost but now I'm found, watch me snatch the crown  
I clear my throat, ladies spit what I wrote  
takin off my coat, stuntin tryin to poke  
We in the back, countin and peelin the stacks  
combin and brushin the tracks--y'all can't hold me back  
I'm comin out switchin and changin your route  
Takin it to the house, bills and large amounts  
I got the club bouncin and shakin they frames  
Masculine puff and then pass, if your feelin in Philly  
then dance

[Chorus] x4

(Timbaland:)

\*Frid fra frick fra\* feel the girl  
\*Frid fra freaky freaky\* feel the girl  
\*Freh freh freh\* feel \*fee\* feel the girl  
\*Shh doha doha digga doha doha fra fricky fricky\* feel  
the girl  
\*Fra fridicka\* feel the girl

\*Fra feh feh feh feh feh\* feel feel feel feel  
\*Fra fra freaky\* feel

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