Feel The Girl

Ms. Jade

[Intro]
Ladies and gentlemen
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(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. Jaaaaaade
(Timbaland:) *Fricka fa frick fa frick* feel the girl
(Ms. Jade:) Ms. Jaaaaaade
(Timbaland:) *Frickida frick fa frick* feel the girl she'll
(Ms. Jade:) Ms. JaaaaaadeLight 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 want to taste? Miss me like I'm Mase

You want to 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 freh freh freh freh freh feel feel feel feel
Fra fra freaky feel

Songwriters
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