

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. 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. JaaaaaaadeLight 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

MOSLEY, TIMOTHY Z./YOUNG, CHEVON D. Published by

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