Funky Fresh Dressed

Missy 'misdemeanor' Elliott

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
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
Funky fresh dressed to impress ready to party
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Funky, funky fresh dressed to impress ready to party
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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'
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C'mon, c'mon
C'mon, c'mon
C'mon, c'mon
Fickidy, uh, uh, uh
C'mon, c'mon
C'mon, c'mon
I had a little homie named Paul Revere
Smokes blunt after blunt, guzzled 40's of beer
He used to 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
Niggas 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 this young duck
Please do not try to fuck with this young duck
Funky fresh dressed to impress ready to party
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