

Feel The Girl

Ms. Jade

[Intro Timbaland (Ms. Jaded)]

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]

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

Bringin' the thunder and rain, bus or 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 if he black, peurto rican or white

Stiletto heels tonight, 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 ya'll asses up out the seats

Sweat runnin' down your cheeks, virgins turn into freaks

[Chorus Timbaland (Ms. Jade)]

Fricka fa frick feel the girl

(Ms. Jaaaaaaaade)

Fricka fa frick fa frick feel the girl

(Ms. Jaaaaaaaade)

Frickida frick fa frick feel the girl she'll

(Ms. Jaaaaaaaade)

Light the chronic up!

(2x)

[Verse 2 Ms. Jade]

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? Lick 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 (2x)]

[Verse 3 Ms. Jade]

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
Glass fillin', puff and then pass, if your feelin' in Philly then dance

[Chorus (4x)]

[Outro Timbaland]

Frid fra frick fra feel the girl
Frid fra freaky freaky feel the girl
Freh freh freh feel feel 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