

Webb Wilder, Miss Missy From Ol' Hong Kong

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Miss Missy From Ol' Hong Kong'''

I got the best-lookin' woman in the world, she's
Miss Missy from ol' Hong Kong
But she ain't nobody's kowtow girl, no no
Miss Missy from ol' Hong Kong
She don't speak English, but it don't make a damn
Miss Missy from ol' Hong Kong
'Cause wherever she is she is what am
Miss Missy from ol' Hong Kong
Yeah, her hair is silky, and her legs are long, she's
Miss Missy from ol' Hong Kong

When the Reds came to town, yeah, she gave them all a slip
Miss Missy from ol' Hong Kong
Now she runs the Swiss banks from a cell phone on her hip
Miss Missy from ol' Hong Kong
The rickshaw drivers used to stop and stare
Miss Missy from ol' Hong Kong
And she's got Lear jets flyin' all way up in the air
Miss Missy from ol' Hong Kong

Come to lock and load
She know what to do
She got the shaka-laka suki-suki wang dang do

Now her attraction's a distraction, it induces stupefaction
She's got it all in a bag
I don't mean to be disdainin' with the portrait I am paintin'
But I know the difference between a goddess and a hag, yeah!

When she walks in the room, my heart bang like a gong, she's
Miss Missy from ol' Hong Kong
She got fat cats, diplomats in a long line, she's
Miss Missy from ol' Hong Kong
The Sultan of Brunei, try to get up in her face
Miss Missy from ol' Hong Kong
Now the Sultan of Brunei is in a neck brace, y'all
Miss Missy from ol' Hong Kong

Kung Fu kickin', acupuncture stickin'
Miss Missy from ol' Hong Kong
Come to lock and load
She know what to do
She got the shaka-laka suki-suki wang dang do
Yeah, her hair is silky and her legs are long, she's
Miss Missy from ol' Hong Kong