

Young Rome, Freaky

(feat. Guerilla Black)

(1st Verse)

Girl drop

Get low like ya just heard the groove pop

P pop, butterfly, booty bounce, peculator, pony ride, old school flip, do the mash potatoes

I don't care just look freaky

Yo man in the club who's so sneaky

Yo voice like ?? so squeaky

?? you Shaniqwa, Shardinae

All yall got stripper names baby we could play

But I got a clothin line

We specialize in lingerie

Walkin like you on a runway scrounge

For this performance I took my braids out

Man im killin this track until it fades out

Shake da bottle den release the cork

And let it spray out, spray dese broads down

Wet t-shirt contest

500 dollas to the momi wit the firmest breast

Yess

(Chorus)

Hachu I think im catchin the flu

Cuz you sick

Chicks get wet as soon as I spit

Freaky freaky freaky freaky freaky

Freaky freaky freaky freaky

Hachu I think im catchin the flu

Cuz you sick

Chicks go crazy when dey see my whip

Freaky freaky freaky freaky freaky

Freaky freaky freaky freaky

(Repeat chorus)

(2nd verse)

If you too damn drunk den dis track will annoy you

Stop hatin on a true baller who'll employ you

All dese ladies wanna take me home

Guaranteed I aint leavin dis club alone

All dis ass in here think I aint getting some

Sippin on coke and rum getting numb

Momma shake it like a salt shaka

You and yo ying yang twinz

Im thug girl I aint tuckin my chain in

Why you wearin a fur mothafucka it's rainin

You look like a fool for girls what chu gamin

You should think about goin home and changing

Cadillac escalade what I get brains in

Rollin my eyes to the back of my head like im trippin on heron

Got my head on sped on

She got a chest like vivica

Booty like that chick on outkast video

Here come the hook here we go

(Repeat chorus 2x)

(Guerilla Blacks Verse)

Got 300 dems got a few broads just be runnin nems

smellin like ??

not waitin in line just get pushed in yea we pushed in

Young Rome and Black got em gone offa Con and Yack

Pull up on got the crack oh!

Phat farm laced to the A-1

You kno a betta pimp
Naw it aint one
You and you get back stage
You and you get the gas faze
You and you way passed age
You right there you be nasty
Wanna creep wit me
Wanna freak wit me so frequently
You kno how G's be
The young guerilla wit the icy scrilla
Ma don't you kno im the illest

(chorus)

(Omari)
damn she got a fat ass too
uh!!!

Let it go
Let it go
Let it go
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