Black Sheep, Freak Y'all

(feat. Chi-Ali)

[Chi-Ali]
Once again
The Black Sheep are coming back at cha
And I am the fabulous Chi
And we gonna do it, uh
Some real freestyle stuff
For all the ladies and gents
So check it out, y'all
Kick it

[Dres]
It's time, time, time for the freaker
To kick it through your speaker
For the b-boys and jameekahs
Contrary to popular, Sheep won't play the pop
And, uh, if it comes to we, we won't tell it to stop
Cause see, that's what we do and I know for sure
That I'm a razor sharp-witted black entrepreneur
Me, y'all, nicer than your mother on your birthday
Getting mad attention like the planet does on Earth Day
Er-hm, speaking of which, ain't it a bitch of a lesson
When they say you'll miss your youth
Because I know you feel the stress when
Chaos, chaos, chaos! is the headline
That means we're near our deadline
So take your mind out of the fucking fed time
Listen to the brother Dres, I says if only our records sold in Brazil
Still, I sell all types of formats
A sound around that you heeded, when it's completed
You can't beat it, it's what you needed: hip-hop
Hip-hop, it's the cool type of sound that says the niggas won't stop
The noise, cause sometimes can spawn so much confusion
I wish my people had the heart to start a revolution
Instead of picking on lil' ol' we
Put your mind where your nine's at and shoot to be free
B, I'm like smooth soarer with the music out beyond me
And make moves with more strategal than the army

[Chorus: Dres (Chi-Ali)]
(Freak freak, y'all, and it don't stop)
It's Black Sheep on the street with sure shots
(Freak freak, y'all, and it don't quit)
We make moves to the grooves with smooth shit
(Freak freak, y'all, said it don't stop)
It's Black Sheep on the street with sure shots
(Freak freak, y'all, yo it's def sounds)
Black Sheep blowing up like a hooker laying down

[Dres]
I'm all about peace, peace, peace in this nation
But if she played me in the womb I give my mother complications
The nigga named Dres I raps like a gangsta bitch bandanna
Peep the grammar, I appeal like banana pudding
I couldn't come if I couldn't get it done
I might dine and dash, I don't rhyme and run
I make it better than mo', my style is wetter than hoes
Than blasting H2O in the Fifties on negroes
Still, brothers of today are out to get it done
Don't call us Bigger Thomas, we packs a bigger gun
The updated version of the Glamorous Life
Sees me, the Nineties negro that's got a black wife
Believe me, clenching on a bag and acting cheesy?

Me settle with Edith, I'd rather chill with Weezy
Check it, I wreck it like a drunk driving wino
On a barbecue I'm getting crazy light like an albino
So follow the ceiling to the floor of the Apollo
Now swallow, with Franklins I'm catching lightning in a bottle
A phenomenon, whenever bombing I'm causing hysteria
I pick up the mic like the stage was the baggage claim area
Ticket, I kick it wickedly, I be Tiki tocking
Clocking, ripping all around your block
You're jocking the brother named Tiki
Better be known I freak it every time I speak
On CD, vinyls, cassettes and, um, that's the technique
I use, choose your choice and check it
I rips it on record, I wreck it when I rip it
The Sheep will resurrect it for all neglected
We had to intervene, Black Sheep back on the scene

[Chorus]

[Dres]
I, I gotta work, y'all, gotta work real damn hard
Catch wreck and bust my ass so you won't pull my card
Still so many try, I have to wonder why they
Play with two fly brothers that they can't slay
I'm eager, anxious and I'm hungry to rip dubs like shrubs
Stressing every scrub in clubs across the country
Dres, I handle trauma like the plates in the vest
Drop a rhyme like a load shoots across a hooker's chest
Best believe I be no stranger to static
Word to Reby, my centipede be automatic
So don't do it cause, baby, hamburger won't help ya
If Dres gets ghetto-life like wool blankets found in a shelter
Where niggas hairy like Chuck Norris, I gargle with Lavoris
Make it clear on the chorus like I was Edgar Morris
Yeah, I stomp for reason not for feeling
Cause one man's flaws is another man's ceiling
Now when I was a child I did things as a child
But now that I'm a man I bust your ass and get wild
My style from jump, nowhere near fear
Yeah, y'all talked this to that, I held my head and persevered
Cause now the live wire empire expands
With grands of fans, Black Sheep by popular demand
So throw your hands in the air and let 'em free fall
And just freak freak, y'all

[Chi-Ali]
Freak freak, y'all