

# Kurupt, We Can Freak It feat. Noreaga

[Noreaga:]

We can freak it out, wut, we can freak it out  
We can freak it out, wut, we can freak it out...

[Verse 1: Noreaga/Kurupt]

You gone thug it out, gangsta style

Nigga check it out

Ayyo my baby moms, hunny let me see my child  
Niggaz see me in the streets, ask why i don't smile

Thats why nigga, because my life is a mess

And Im sellin records now, but i still feel stress

Neva had a legal job, all i sold was drugs

And I still got my moms and the rest of my thugs

But my pops he aint here, does that seem so foul

And im drinkin everyday, on the wrong route

And cant wait for the day when Capone come out

No doubt, my ?? niggaz, thuggin it out

To wut wut, all my niggaz just funk wit Kurupt

Tell then niggaz where they stand at, where they end up wut

My niggaz mash, fom NY to LA first class

Drinkin Don from the bottle, fuck the glass

My niggaz peep it

Sit back and hold a secret

Funk wit Kurupt, nigga wut

Yeah we can freak it

Freak sumthin, get sumthin, strip sumthin

Rip a sic sumthin, my dick a stick sumthin

Just try me, see the new millineum came

Im invincible wit my abdominium frame

Daminican, ten are gone, poetical pentagon

Nuttin silenced, they all are violenced

The law story, wars over territory

The masses, only left Kurupt and Nore

Known to spit brimstone, fire and magma

Wit magnums, and mosts many and mostly semi's

I pays no rent, cars wit no lease

Got eight killas wit badges I pay police

Its a freak fest, east to west, no more wars

Bomb girls feastless, nude beaches and nude shores

Baby soft as peaches, soft as a plum

Aint no fun if the homies cant have none

Bitch Bitch...

[chorus:]

No matter what you think

You cant see me, If you wanna freak wit me, Now do you wanna freak wit me

And you aint got the skills, to freak with me

Now do you wanna freak wit me, do you wanna freak wit me

[Verse 2: Kurupt/Noreaga]

Im zoned, Nore and Kurupt on roam

And we wont stop bustin till Capone come home

Dirt be followin the presidente of ANTRA

Words of war nigga Im the black Frank Sinatra

N.O.R.E. Nore K.U.R.U.P.T. Kurupt

Pistol ready to thug like wut

Im old Italian, a violent, gallant, silent, stalion

That stampede, girl i can tell you were free

Yo N.O.R.E. thugged out in DPG

You know its only thug niggaz that be fuckin wit me

So where the cash at, yo where Snoop, and where Daz at?

Whether you blood or cuz

You a thug or you wuz

I get super drunk

Boy that niggaz got a buzz

So let me spit on this, yo let me shit on this

Thugged out is the label murder you is the click

And them bitches dont like us, can suck our dicks, wut??

[chorus:]

No matter what you think

You cant see me, If you wanna freak wit me, Now do you wanna freak wit me

Cuz you aint got the skills, to freak with me

Now do you wanna freak wit me, do you wanna freak wit me

We can freak it out, wut, we can freak it out...