

Roach Papa

"Dirtycutfreak"

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Won't you join my powwow

Won't you be my soul pal

Flyin like the birds

We ain't droppin no turds

We're freakin cause we're born to

Can you feel the vibe

You wanna dance to the beat

We won't drop you like a load

Pee-Roach is not feeble

We ain't close to evil

We hip hop freaks

Like the 3B's

People shown me trash

I can't get with that

My Homey Will is bustin out cause he's a freaked
out cat

I go on with the words like BillyJoeBob

Auction me off like a bicycle

Tricycle

I'll knock you on the ground

I'll hit you in the head

And you'll still be my friend
I'm a dirty cut freak
Livin in the fourth dimension
Not payin attention to the fools around me
I sling fat rhymes see
Your head is bouncin up and down
All around
So high on life your feet
Can't reach the ground
Our music's not for
The weak at heart
Got the power from the flower
Cause we never act hard
Just flowin on freakstyle
All the while
I will go thousands of miles
To make your booty smile
I give peace and love to all my peoples
Tthat's down and all my brothers & sisters
Wanna give them a pound
onion hardcore

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