

## **Snowy White F/ David Gilmour**

### **"Freak Ya Down 2 Da Bass"**

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Yeah we very different that I cant deny  
Yous a big city girl and imma country guy  
You represent the north so you love hip- hop  
And im straight up out the south so imma bout that  
drop  
But lets get real for a minute baby look at my face  
And tell me have you ever been queen to bass  
So has a man ever made you buckle up at your knees  
By the way he slowly ate your macorronni and cheese  
If not then I suggest we go under my suite  
Get a knock and ill none of talking and turn back my  
sheets  
Get a radio and put one one of C.C.s beats  
Then lay your body down as I proceed to breed  
And eat your body like potatoe salad and ham  
Kissing on the nipples on your candied yams  
Squeezing my whipped cream on your lemon meraing  
Bass music in the back saturating your brain  
To have you moaning screaming swanging and kicking  
Beggin for a piece of this Kentucky fried chicken  
Freaking you to the bass and fulfilling your dream  
And me say you know the body with the southern  
cousine c.mon

Let me freak ya down 2 da bass baby.  
let me freak you down to the bass.(repeat)X4

I know you made love on satin sheets  
But have you ever did it in a chevy Capri  
Drop top by the lake skin to skin  
With bass music pumpin out your 12.s and 10.s  
Body.s full of sweat like we diggin a ditch  
The whole car rocking like we hittin a switch  
Tricking on the way that I slowly lick  
Your body up and down like a chick-o stick  
Cuz when it come to getting freaky there.s no one  
greater  
I freak some now then save some for later  
So stop playing hard to get and come chill  
With this country bro from outa Jacksonville  
So I can mix my rice with your lima beans

Drop my ham hogs and see your mustard greens  
And turn you O.U.T. in my B.E.D then wash it all down  
with a glass of sweet tea  
And everything I love imma freak ya well  
Tapping on your ears like a S.P. 12  
Taking your hip- hop and enhancing the taste  
By adding just a pinch of this country fried bass c.mon

Let me freak ya down 2 da bass baby.  
Let me freak you down to the bass,(repeat)X4

If you let me stir your body like a bowl of soup  
Then ill be softer than the leather in a lexus coupe  
Make you wetter than a beach when the tide is high  
And have your body feeling sweeter than some pecan  
pie  
You.ll be riding cloud 9 when you flying a plane  
Higher than a junkie on some crack cocaine  
Happier than a kid playing ball in the park  
And crawling up the wall like a roach in the dark  
Ill be livin in your body like its Sunday brunch  
Swallowing your sweat like its tropical punch  
Patiently im waiting on the chance to hunch  
Like im waiting on the check around the first of the  
month  
Ill spray your body down in some C.K.B.  
And lay it down like im Eightball and MJG  
Go and watch braid her turn some tricks  
Like im chris watch and nelson and you vanity 6  
Investigating your body like the Rockford files  
Stabbing like the dagger from the golden child  
Making love together kinda nice and slow  
To a bass grave beeper have some alga mo  
Ill lick your lolly pop till the candy gone  
Till im singing mo tired than a brandy song  
Sticking to your body like its lesses paste  
And Have you screaming yeah boy I like you flava flave  
Trying to win your price like the price is right  
Singing in your ear like im brian mcknight  
All night long like the two man band  
And ride up in them sheets like the Ku Klux Klan

Let me freak you down to the bass baby.  
Let me freak you down to the bass.(repeat)until fade

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