

Three 6 Mafia F/ Fiend, Mr. Serv-On, La Chat "Freak Out"

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Intro: Ha ha ha ha. This is Doctor Trevis, giving a phone
call to y'all
funky fuckers

Erick Sermon:

Y'all guess what the fuck is going on now
Me and Reggie Noble, making funk tunes around the
global
Cause times keeps on slippin', and I get the funk from
the kitchen
Then commits to ass whippin', there is no time for me
to bust it
So I'm a chill and let Red get into a fly poetic justice

Redman:

Yo, it's all in the mind and I'm high and I kick it for the
do or die
On 2 or 1 area code leavin' shit blown
Funkadelic is the one to bring the preacher out the
teacher
When I feak 'em, oooh, yes y'all I got the mad method
can you catch it?
And if your ear is not tuned in then ajust it

Erick Sermon:

Breaker 1-9, breaker 1-9 representin' today
Hey, Erick Sermons on the way
Dre gave me a ride so I Gangsta Lean while DRS will put
the smoke in my
chest
And if you understand me then escape and kick it
While the E-Double gets wicked wiht your brain twisted
It's going down, it's going way down
Go get the 4 pound and boogie down

Redman:

Boogie woogie to boogie to band boogie to that
My rap get mad dap on ass cracks and F it be on my
ass cap
Cause my funk rolls thicker than Bisquick
If it's mixed with that same funky sticky shit I roll my

splifs with
I shot the sheriff on the terris
And I kick the funk like these to have more off days
than Ferris
Just wrote these raps up in the studio
Brothers can't tell and sisters can't hear me no (hear
me hoe)

Hook:

E got the funk, Red got the funk, Red got the funk, E
got the funk (x2)

Erick Sermon:

Someones knockin' at my door, yo Johnny Gill, I need
the whole floor
So I can get busy remember? And if you don't call
Michael Jackson
And don' be afraid to ask him, Erick Sermon got mad
tunes
No matter what they say, I got more props than Richard
Bay
The mind bogglin' with the hardcore followin'
So what's up, cause I don't give a fuck

Redman:

Whoa, I make you sing with Tony Braxton
I tear the shreads out of jams like stadiums when they
packed in
Back up boy you messin' with the rude bwoy yes I told
ya
I rock leather jacks with Tims, sweatpants one leg
rolled up
Hold up! This is a stick up, I spark the izm with ? like a
bizcut
1 and 2 skirts get lift up, E got the funk and Red got the
funk
Pop the trunk, I get blocks of funk to make victims say
"That's the one!"
Of coarse I'm funky like fat people having intercourse
Basically the funk is stuck in your teeth so get the
dental floss
Oh oh, freak out, 20 I know
But let me knock your teeth out
When I was young I turned my tree house into a weed
house
And I'm deeper than Nostradomis, when I'm in chronic
And I leave your kitty cats meowin' home made
bondage (meow)
Beeotch, trick, trick, beeotch

Outro:

Ha ha ha. This is Dr. Trevis comin' to y'all
motherfuckers with some more
raw shit. Def Squad represntitives. Def Squad forever,
signin' off.

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