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Young Rome "Freaky~feat guerilla black"

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[1st Verse] Girl drop Get low like ya just heard the groove pop P pop, butterfly, booty bounce, peculator, pony ride, old school flip, do the mash potatoes I don't care just look freaky Yo man in the club who's so sneaky Yo voice like ?? so squeaky ?? you Shaniqwa, Shardinae All yall got stripper names baby we could play But I got a clothin line We specialize in lingerie Walkin like you on a runway scrounge For this performance I took my braids out Man im killin this track until it fades out Shake da bottle den release the cork And let it spray out, spray dese broads down Wet t-shirt contest 500 dollas to the momi wit the firmest breast Yess

[Chorus]

Hachu I think im catchin the flu Cuz you sick Chicks get wet as soon as I spit Freaky freaky freaky freaky Freaky freaky freaky freaky Hachu I think im catchin the flu Cuz you sick Chicks go crazy when dey see my whip Freaky freaky freaky freaky freaky Freaky freaky freaky freaky [Repeat chorus]

[2nd verse]

If you too damn drunk den dis track will annoy you Stop hatin on a true baller who'll employ you All dese ladies wanna take me home Guaranteed I aint leavin dis club alone All dis ass in here think I aint getting some Sippin on coke and rum getting numb Momma shake it like a salt shaka You and yo ying yang twinz Im thug girl I aint tuckin my chain in Why you wearin a fur mothafucka it's rainin You look like a fool for girls what chu gamin You should think about goin home and changing Cadillac escalade what I get brains in Rollin my eyes to the back of my head like im trippin on heron Got my head on sped on She got a chest like vivica Booty like that chick on outkast video Here come the hook here we go

[Repeat chorus 2x]

[Guerilla Blacks Verse] Got 300 dems got a few broads just be runnin nems smellin like ?? not waitin in line just get pushed in yea we pushed in Young Rome and Black got em gone offa Con and Yack Pull up on got the crack oh! Phat farm laced to the A-1 You kno a betta pimp Naw it aint one You and you get back stage You and you get the gas faze You and you way passed age You right there you be nasty Wanna creep wit me Wanna freak wit me so frequently You kno how G's be The young guerilla wit the icy scrilla Ma don't you kno im the illest

[chorus]

[Omari] damn she got a fat ass too uh!!!

Let it go Let it go

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