

## **Black Sheep "Freak Y'All"**

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Once again the Black Sheep are coming back at cha  
And I am the fabulous Chi and we gonna do it  
Some real freestyle stuff for all the ladies and gents  
So check it out, y'all, kick it

It's time, time, time for the freaker to kick it through  
your speaker  
For the B-boys and Jameekahs, contrary to popular  
Sheep won't play the pop and if it comes to we  
We won't tell it to stop, 'cause see, that's what we do  
And I know for sure that I'm a razor sharp-witted black  
entrepreneur

Me, y'all, nicer than your mother on your birthday  
Getting mad attention like the planet does on Earth Day  
Speaking of which, ain't it a bitch of a lesson when they  
say  
"You'll miss your youth" because I know you feel the  
stress when  
Chaos, chaos, chaos is the headline that means we're  
Near our deadline, so take your mind out of the fucking  
fed time

Listen to the brother Dres, I says if only our records  
sold in Brazil  
Still, I sell all types of formats, s sound around that you  
heeded  
When it's completed, you can't beat it, it's what you  
needed, hip-hop  
Hip-hop, it's the cool type of sound that says the niggas  
won't stop  
The noise, 'cause sometimes can spawn so much  
confusion

I wish, my people had the heart to start a revolution  
instead of picking  
On lil' ol' we put your mind where your nine's at and  
shoot to be free  
B, I'm like smooth soarer with the music out beyond me  
And make moves with more strategal than the army

Freak freak, y'all, and it don't stop

It's Black Sheep on the street with sure shots  
Freak freak, y'all, and it don't quit  
We make moves to the grooves with smooth shit  
Freak freak, y'all, said it don't stop  
It's Black Sheep on the street with sure shots  
Freak freak, y'all, yo it's def sounds  
Black Sheep blowing up like a hooker laying down

I'm all about peace, peace, peace in this nation  
But if she played me in the womb, I give my mother  
complications  
The nigga named Dres, I raps like a gangsta bitch  
bandanna  
Peep the grammar, I appeal like banana pudding, I  
couldn't come  
If I couldn't get it done, I might dine and dash, I don't  
rhyme and run

I make it better than mo', my style is wetter than hoes  
Than blasting H2O in the fifties on Negroes  
Still, brothers of today are out to get it done  
Don't call us Bigger Thomas, we packs a bigger gun  
The updated version of the glamorous life

Sees me, the nineties Negro that's got a black wife  
Believe me, clenching on a bag and acting cheesy  
Me settle with Edith, I'd rather chill with Weezy  
Check it, I wreck it like a drunk driving wino  
On a barbecue I'm getting crazy light like an albino

So follow the ceiling to the floor of the Apollo  
Now swallow with Franklin, I'm catching lightning in a  
bottle  
A phenomenon, whenever bombing I'm causing  
hysteria  
I pick up the mic like the stage was the baggage claim  
area  
Ticket, I kick it wickedly, I be Tiki tocking, clocking,  
ripping  
All around your block, you're jocking the brother  
named Tiki

Better be known I freak it every time I speak on CD,  
vinyls, cassettes  
And that's the technique I use, choose your choice and  
check it  
I rips it on record, I wreck it when I rip it, the Sheep will  
resurrect it  
For all neglected, we had to intervene, Black Sheep  
back on the scene

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I, I gotta work, y'all, gotta work real damn hard  
Catch wreck and bust my ass so you won't pull my card  
Still so many try, I have to wonder, why they  
Play with two fly brothers that they can't slay  
I'm eager, anxious and I'm hungry to rip dubs like  
shrubs

Stressing every scrub in clubs across the country  
Dres, I handle trauma like the plates in the vest  
Drop a rhyme like a load shoots across a hooker's  
chest  
Best believe I be no stranger to static word to Reby  
My centipede be automatic so don't do it 'cause, baby

Hamburger won't help ya, if Dres gets ghetto life like  
wool blankets  
Found in a shelter where niggas hairy like Chuck Norris  
I gargle with Lavoris, make it clear on the chorus  
Like I was Edgar Morris, yeah, I stomp for reason not  
for feeling  
'Cause one man's flaws is another man's ceiling, now  
when

I was a child, I did things as a child but now that I'm a  
man  
I bust your ass and get wild, my style from jump,  
nowhere near fear  
Yeah, y'all talked this to that I held my head and  
persevered  
'Cause now the live wire empire expands with grands  
of fans  
Black Sheep by popular demand, so throw your hands  
in the air  
And let 'em free fall and just freak freak, y'all

Freak freak, y'all

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