

## **Eminem**

# **"We Can Freak It"**

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Zzzzz, Zzzzz,Zzzzz, Zzzzz, Owwwwww

Bounce, rock, roll, and skatin  
Bounce, rock, roll, and skatin  
Dippin down the street on platinum Daytons

[Kurupt]

I been all around the world, Japan to Amsterdam  
Hittin like switches  
Dippin, Hit the switches, which is  
One reason why I gotta make mine  
Cuz these fools on the street tryin to take mine  
Wassup ladie  
Times gettin shady  
You gotta lipstick wit it  
Thats why I'm sick wit it  
Hard to maintain in this world of pain  
But I'ma serve these rhymes like dimes of caine (check  
it out)  
Why can't we just chill and get along, motherfucker?  
But the views you choose to use is wrong,  
motherfucker  
Relax, me and Baby S got it macked to the tee  
Just ride with me  
Battlecat in the back with a sack on deez  
Ridin' with the young OG's (OG's)  
Dippin down Shaw, fuck all of y'all  
As i bounce rock skate on threes

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

We can freak it  
Freak if you want to  
Dine if you want to, but,  
communicate and you know

Verse 2: Baby S, Kurupt

[Baby S]

Let me tell you how I started on the grind for mine  
Livin life in my rear view  
S, nigga hear you

About to drop the bomb  
Record one and blue calm, and Yukons  
And John hook my shit up bomb  
Who controllin?  
Rollin with my nigga from the Pound  
Put my shit in cruise control with bitches all around  
Make me feel like a G one more  
He once smoked for free  
Now it's all about the G's and he

[Kurupt]

Oh yeah!

Blaze up a whole sack to the head  
We wear khakis nigga, FUCK jeans  
I'm sure all the G's know what I mean  
Lil locs, young g's and og's  
We on the smash for cash and thats it  
We hit the stash and dash and thats it  
We don't flash we mash we blast shit  
And we don't give a fuck about a bitch but uh

(Chorus)

Give it up nigga, throw it up nigga (x8)  
Why you trippin wit me?  
Won't you kick it with me?  
By my glock  
Combinin nots  
I got me somebody mad as shit  
While all the rest of yall is mad as shit  
I'm dippin down the street in a sky-blue Bentley  
Pull up to the curve, then swerve gently  
Ten of the homies made a left  
But they all ride with Kurupt, Cat, and Baby S, so uh

(Chorus until fade)

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