

## **Erick Sermon "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'allll 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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