Kottonmouth Kings "Freaks Of The Industry"

Visit "Freaks Of The Industry" on MotoLyrics.com

Yeah, Suburban Noize, those Kottonmouth Kings Freaks come out at night, the freaks come out...

Well... We're the freaks of the industry, Suburban Noize, Kottonmouth Kings The freaks of the industry, and when ya see us backstage be prepared to G

Now they say that first do it means do it Time to freak, Saint Dog gets to it Not a heavy weight But I'll go twelve rounds with a jab of the stick I'm going lick for lick

So give me the helmet, I'll be the stunt man Just relax, and I won't front like arena I mean to get the cream of the crop And I'll be taking it slow, never missin' a spot Yes caressin' your back, chest to chest, you're kissing on my nose ring

I'll whisper in your ear, Saint Dog Kottonmouth King Oh big ST that's what you'll be screamin' and creamin' But its not a wet dream its the real, the freaky dog, dog

Never letting a kitty cat get past me Without picking it up, petting it teasing it, taking 3 home and pleasing it

We're the freaks of the industry Suburban Noize, Kottonmouth Kings The freaks of the industry And when ya see us back stage be prepared to G

Say you're G-in', nobody else is seein' And the freak that your with's in front of you Bending over naked as she's leaning on the dresser Boo-yeah, you're looking at her from the rear She looks just like Rebecca, not Rebecca with the singing career But the X rated video queen, ya know what I mean?

All right here's the scene, you're lyin' on your back With your head on the edge of the bed

The booty's 2 feet from your head, should you

A. take the time to find a condom

B. walk right over and you pound em

C. tell her that you want her love well the answer is

D. all of the above

room

So you're freakin', the furniture's squeakin' she's tweakin', saying that she's weak in the knees Cheek for cheek, and pound for pound I'm taxin' it and waxin' it and workin' it around Till the booty starts makin' that clappin' sound Which is cool but your friends are chillin' in the other

The clap is getting louder, you don't want them to clown

You in this situation, what do you do?

A. plainly simply back up off her

B. you hit it just a little bit softer

C. you take it out and put it in her butt

Well D's for Daddy X yo, yo listen up

I put a towel on the floor by the 2 inch gap under the door

And now ya can't see me anymore, to the lock

Till they can't talk but they can listen

There'll be no bargin' in, there'll be no dissin'

Get back to the mission, broke out the whip cream and the cherries

I go through all the 5 positions

My head under her leg under my arm under her toe She says I like it when you scream, Daddy let yourself

I hit it, slid it, lick it, quit it, after the ride I put my clothes on I

walk outside

And before anybody has a chance to speak I say Yo I'm Daddy X I guess I'm just a freak

We're the freaks of the industry Suburban Noize, Kottonmouth kings The freaks of the industry And when ya see us back stage be prepared to G

Visit Kottonmouth Kings page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.