

Kurupt "We Can Freak It"

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It's for all y'all (all y'all)
All Over (all over)
Niggaz...
(Bounce, rock, rollerskatin)
Bitchez...
Homies...
(Bounce, rock, rollerskatin)
Ladies...
Dippin' down the street on platinum Dayton's
[Kurupt]
I been all around the world
Japan to Amsterdam
Hittin like switches
Dippin
Hit the switches, which is
One reason (one) why I gotta make mine (uh huh)
'cause these fools on the street
Tryin to take mine (uh huh)
Wassup lady
Times gettin shady
You gotta lipstick wit it (why?)
That's why I'm sick wit it
Hard to maintain
In this world of pain
But imma 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 (on deez)
Ridin' with the young OGs (OGs)
Dippin down Shaw
Fuck all of y'all
As i bounce rock skate on threes
HOOK:
We can freak it
Freak if you want to
Dine if you want to

But
'cause since I came and you know
[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 once 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 Gs know what I mean
Lil' locs, young Gs and OGs (OGs)
We on the smash for cash and that's it (owww)
We hit the stash and dash and that's it (uuhh)
We don't flash we mash we blast shit
And we don't give a fuck about a bitch (bitch)
HOOK
Give it up nigga, throw it up nigga
[REPEAT 8x]
[Kurupt]
Why you trippin wit me?
Won't you kick it with me?
By my glock
Combinin' nots (ah)
I got me somebody mad as shit (mad as shit)
While all the rest of y'all is mad as shit (mad as shit)
I'm dippin down the street in a skyblue Bently
Pull up to the curve
Then swerve gently (Uh whassup huh?)
Ten of the homies made a left
But they all ride with Kurupt
Cat
And Baby S
So, uh
HOOK FADE OUT WHILE BACKGROUND:
(All the ladies
Driving Mercedes
All the niggaz

We ?? Bentleys
We wear Khakis
We are real Gs
To all my OGs
Like ??
We lying, too
All the homeboys
My big homeboy Snoop...)
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