

## Ludacris "Freaky Thangs"

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{It's two a.m. in the morning and it light showers  
And you're probably hookin' up with that girl  
That's been, two-wayin' you all week  
Her baby, Daddy's out of town so, you can fuck around  
It's okay to check in that Motel 6, \$59.95  
Not a cent more, for that dirty-ass ho  
Yeah, stop by that convenience store  
And pick up them rubbers magnum I hope  
This is Faizon Love and I love hoes  
I just don't pay 'em }

Cut up, know we like that, get that cut up  
Freaky thangs, we be bout 'em  
Get that cut up, cut up  
Freaky thangs, we be bout 'em

I'm kinda hopin' that maybe you wanna kick it in the  
L.A.C.  
So later on we'll be rollin'  
Drop-tops I'm hittin yo' hot spots I'm top notch  
My niggaz never listen but I told 'em  
When I catch you at the game runnin' game at the  
A.U.C.  
That later on we'd be bonin'  
Fat cats I'm ready to tap that so back that  
No wonder why you wakin' up swollen

I'm feelin' you Luda', smokin' my Buddha, coochie  
recruiter  
Comin' at the fatty in a platinum Caddy so back it up  
fast  
Hit it a hour and a half, watch the spectacular splash  
On the back and leave it drippin' down the crack of her  
ass  
Call me Mr. Magillicuddy, chasin' booty soft as silly  
putty  
Killin' for money, still a thug get bump from some  
pokin'  
And locomotion hittin' bunnies for threesome getcha  
buddy  
When I'm feelin' scummy I love to cut

Tan skin so, butter soft I'm rippin' the buttons off yo'  
blouse  
Smell the aroma of a dingaling king Ludacris when I'm  
in yo' house  
Check the ratio of men to women  
And women to men when down south  
Hot fellatio, hot jalapenos holla while they in yo' mouth  
So we love that

C-c-cut up, know we like that, get that cut up  
Freaky thangs, we be bout 'em  
Get that cut up, cut up  
Freaky thangs, we be bout 'em

Now I got the feelin' we can cut the hell out each other  
And I hope we be the same thang freaks  
We can get the mattress goin'  
Handlin' business while I bang bang skeet  
Wash the dick off and kick off another session again  
I can break 'em off in the shower, kitchen flo' or the  
outdoors  
The pieces from the East is the shit  
And the flesh in the West is the best  
But Twista love them Chicago and South hoes

Come up out yo', negligee, freak 'em on a regular day  
Cum six times but it's seven today  
Ludacris in the back of your Chevrolet  
What's my name?  
So magical I come and touch the game  
You motherfuckers really lust to gain  
Nothin' but hatin' and a look of disgust  
So it's must, stay Adrenaline Rush  
Wonderin' why they don't be bustin' the same

I'm clutchin' my thang  
Stuffin' in it, strokin' it down, beat the stuff up  
Shorty, don't run from it  
She give me the booty I'm breakin' it off  
I can tell a stab by the way that she walk  
Fatty flickin' like it was dubs on it  
Peep how this player got skills, get 'em out the gator  
high heels  
Pullin' rubbers and swishers up out your Prada bag  
Wanna smoke 'dro I got a bag, take a proper drag  
befo' I tap it  
I love the chicks that got a lotta ass, so we love that

C-c-cut up, know we like that, get that cut up  
Freaky thangs, we be bout 'em  
Get that cut up, cut up

Freaky thangs, we be bout 'em

Bubble, bubble bubbles is in the bathtub  
Makin' you stutter from the b-body butters and  
backrubs  
It's killin' me thinkin' about the bottles that pop  
The models that swallow willin', up under my pillow  
stayin' strapped up  
If it tickles in the middle from Mr. Pickles you try to  
escape  
So give me the rope you gettin' wrapped up  
Rooty tooty so fruity and fresh, I'm fresh and fruity  
Ya duty's to figure the booty's gettin' slapped up

I love them chicks that be thick as a loaf of bread  
Long as I can still grab her legs, and push 'em up by  
her head  
How I dip up in it we can make a video  
But I got the radio bumpin' Jagged Edge by the bed  
When you wanna get up witcha cutty buddy  
Come on and dip up through the hideout with Twist'  
But after we do what we gon' do getcha purse and get  
together  
Because now you gots to ride out bitch

Oh 'Cris, can you do it again? That's what they askin'  
me  
Hit skins, causin' catastrophes  
Get pinned, by me and my family  
Sip gin, fulfillin' yo' fantasies  
In yo condition I'm wishin' you'll take a lickin'  
And keep on tickin' from thicker thighs  
Finger lickin' never get sick and tired, just take a look in  
her eyes  
And you can tell she's a figure five, so we love that

C-c-cut up, know we like that, get that cut up  
Freaky thangs, we be bout 'em  
Get that cut up, cut up  
Freaky thangs, we be bout 'em

Cut up, gettin' brains in the Range  
We love to cut up 'cause we like them freaky thangs  
I like it when you let me try, anythang  
'Cause girl I ain't got nothin' but time  
Let a nigga get a little cut up girl  
Cut up, gettin' brains in the Range  
We love to cut up 'cause we like them freaky thangs  
I like it when you let me try, anythang  
'Cause girl I ain't got nothin' but time  
Let a nigga get a little cut up girl

I come from the eighth planet in the 19th galaxy  
Where the royal penis is clean, yo' majesty  
Can it be, Sheila E, Appolonia, Vanity, all mad at me?  
I'm the Prince dick of insanity  
I'm good lovin', body-rockin', knockin' boots all night  
long  
We not stoppin', I don't care if the kids watchin'  
I stir it like motherfuckin' coffee and brown sugar  
Girls dem sugar, world class lover, Kamasutra, porno  
music producer  
Tally whacker is a rock hard storm trooper with a purple  
helmet  
Made for crushin' pink cookies  
Goonie goo-goo, we cut bigfoots and wookies  
And fat women because they need love too  
So go on big girl, whatchu gon' do?

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