

## **Papa Roach "Dirtycutfreak"**

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Won't you join my powwow  
Won't you be my soul pal  
Flyin like the birds  
We ain't droppin no turds  
We're freakin cause we're born to  
Can you feel the vibe  
You wanna dance to the beat  
We won't drop you like a load  
Pee-Roach is not feeble  
We ain't close to evil  
We hip hop freaks  
Like the 3B's  
People shown me trash  
I can't get with that  
My Homey Will is bustin out cause he's a freaked  
out cat  
I go on with the words like BillyJoeBob  
Auction me off like a bicycle  
Tricycle  
I'll knock you on the ground  
I'll hit you in the head  
And you'll still be my friend  
I'm a dirtycutfreak

Livin in the fourth dimension  
Not payin attention to the fools around me  
I sling fat rhymes see  
Your head is bouncin up and down  
All around  
So high on life your feet  
Can't reach the ground  
Our music's not for  
The weak at heart  
Got the power from the flower  
Cause we never act hard  
Just flowin on freakstyle  
All the while  
I will go thousands of miles  
To make your booty smile  
I give peace and love to all my peoples  
Tthat's down and all my brothers & sisters  
Wanna give them a pound

onion hardcore

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