

Signature

"We Can Freak It"

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Noreaga:

We can freak it out, wut, we can freak it out
We can freak it out, wut, we can freak it out...

Verse 1: Noreaga/Kurupt

You gone thug it out, gangsta style
Nigga check it out

Ayyo my baby moms, hunny let me see my child
Niggaz see me in the streets, ask why i don't smile
Thats why nigga, because my life is a mess
And Im sellin records now, but i still feel stress
Neva had a legal job, all i sold was drugs
And I still got my moms and the rest of my thugs
But my pops he aint here, does that seem so foul
And im drinkin everyday, on the wrong route
And cant wait for the day when Capone come out
No doubt, my ??? niggaz, thuggin it out
To wut wut, all my niggaz just funk wit Kurupt
Tell then niggaz where they stand at, where they end
up wut
My niggaz mash, fom NY to LA first class
Drinkin Don from the bottle, fuck the glass
My niggaz peep it
Sit back and hold a secret
Funk wit Kurupt, nigga wut
Yeah we can freak it

Freak sumthin, get sumthin, strip sumthin
Rip a sic sumthin, my dick a stick sumthin
Just try me, see the new millineum came
Im invincible wit my abdominium frame
Daminican, ten are gone, poetical pentagon
Nuttin silenced, they all are violenced
The law story, wars over territory
The masses, only left Kurupt and Nore
Known to spit brimstone, fire and magma
Wit magnums, and mosts many and mostly semi's
I pays no rent, cars wit no lease

Got eight killas wit badges I pay police
Its a freak fest, east to west, no more wars
Bomb girls feastless, nude beaches and nude shores
Baby soft as peaches, soft as a plum
Aint no fun if the homies cant have none
Bitch Bitch...

chorus:

No matter what you think
You cant see me, If you wanna freak wit me, Now do
you wanna freak wit me
And you aint got the skills, to freak with me
Now do you wanna freak wit me, do you wanna freak
wit me

Verse 2: Kurupt/Noreaga

Im zoned, Nore and Kurupt on roam
And we wont stop bustin till Capone come home
Dirt be followin the presidente of ANTRA
Words of war nigga Im the black Frank Sinatra
N.O.R.E. Nore K.U.R.U.P.T. Kurupt
Pistol ready to thug like wut
Im old Italian, a violent, gallant, silent, stalion
That stampede, girl i can tell you were free

Yo N.O.R.E. thugged out in DPG
You know its only thug niggaz that be fuckin wit me
So where the cash at, yo where Snoop, and where Daz
at?
Whether you blood or cuz
You a thug or you wuz
I get super drunk
Boy that niggaz got a buzz
So let me spit on this, yo let me shit on this
Thugged out is the label murder you is the click
And them bitches dont like us, can suck our dicks,
wut???

chourus:

No matter what you think
You cant see me, If you wanna freak wit me, Now do
you wanna freak wit me
Cuz you aint got the skills, to freak with me
Now do you wanna freak wit me, do you wanna freak
wit me

We can freak it out, wut, we can freak it out...

