

T. Rex

"Freak Through"

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[T.I.] Hey! Hey! Hey!

[Chorus - Pharrell Williams w/ T.I. ad-libs]

(But she's a freak though)

She got angel eyes, wit the baby face

(But she's a freak though)

I want my momma and daddy to meet her

Maybe have my baby

(But she's a freak though)

They keep talking about you

Because they - can't keep up with your pace

You're my - super freak! super freak!

You're my - super freak!

[Verse - T.I.]

My momma taught me, everything fine ain't the finest

And everything that shine ain't a diamond

They say that change come wit time and I'm finding

That most bitches take your kindness for blindness

Yeah it feel good laying her beside you

Diggin deep, all nine up inside you

But we can't kick out in public, gotta hide you

Cause all my partnaz in the hood done tried you

It's true that you can't turn a hoe into a house wife

Well listen shorty maybe I don't want a house wife

They say that you a freak I'm thinking that they bout right

Because that pussy's so good and your mouth tight

A pretty face, slim waist, and her stout nice

Juicy ass that them niggaz in the south like

She super sexy, got a nigga thinking bout a wife

Wearing all white, being wit her for life

[Chorus]

[Verse - T.I.]

The main thing making niggaz judge you

Is the same thing that make me wanna love you

From the smell of ya hair, I wanna hug you

To the way you yell "give it to me" when I fuck you

Plus you ain't tripping off a nigga cause he thuggin

That's why I'm twice as happy as relationships I was in
But my partna say you trickin wit his cousin
But nevermind, I don't listen they be buggin
They find it hard to understand how could T.I.P. love
This girl, when her man is out at strip clubs
Maybe cause T.I.P. girls leaving wit girls
And in the morning they'll be waking up with six girls
They don't know we more like homies when we pick
girls
Why you worried bout it, he ain't gotta make you his girl
Fuck what he think about you, I think you the shit girl
Make me wanna bring another kid in the world

[Chorus]

[Verse - T.I.]

Now I been told every nigga in the streets know
She ain't nothing but a freak ho
But when I look in her pretty eyes, I don't see it though
Now she done showed me some shit that I ain't seen
before
But what we do behind closed doors is for me to know
All in all I've decided I'm a keep her though
I'm a fucking grown man, what I'm creeping for?
Just try me by the four, that's what I'm toting heaters
for
I'd die by that for her a real good reason though
That's how I feel, let my partnaz and my momma know
Keep it real, all the disrespect has got to go
I just respect that she herself and she don't hide it
Though she may have been a tad misguided
All she need is a little affection, a lot of direction
A nigga wit a constant erection
And I done wasted plenty time contemplating second
guessing
Procrastinating, I wanna buy a ring and pop the
question

[Chorus]

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