

## **The Potato Pies**

### **"Undercover Freaks"**

Visit "[Undercover Freaks](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Intro: Too \$hort]

Short Dog's in the house

You know it's the same all the way from Oakland to  
Memphis

Hoe's hella freaky man

But you know what

They always trying to front

Play the role like they ain't

But you know what baby you could be undercover with  
it

You know why?

Cause I know you a freak, beatch

(DJ Paul)

Bitch call it quits and get the fuck out the line

Cause I'm about to hit the salon and lost your mind

You come in T-shirt and jeans not really looking my  
best

Because the diamonds they grade and my presidential  
Rolex

Sending me gifts and shit trying to be my baby

Buying me mink's and shit trying to be my lady

Trying your best to make your way in my life

Take that mask off ho

You're undercover freaky for life

You sacrifice to get what you want you do what you  
gotta

What's the dilly young really you're the perfect man  
hader

Flag capper

A girl that used to be lazy

Officially turn me on my stomach and I damn near went  
crazy

I'm not the type and never been the kind to brag on my  
sex

I'm giving credit where credit is due, you damn near  
the best

I found out later that your game was strictly undercover  
But found out early that your mouth do the best work  
undercover

(T-Roc) Chorus (2x)

For those that be lying through they teeth I can see it  
You claim you a virgin but you a freak and I can feel it  
You play in the game were you get killed if you  
cheating  
You after these pimp niggas (?)

(Lord Infamous)

Bitch please just think concentrate before you  
complicate  
Matters with that chitter-chatter  
Your talents no challenge  
I have mastered, can tell by the twitching in your hands  
From this back massage got you full of (?)  
?.....  
For this act, trust in my bed, think I misled  
Bitch I ain't heard much of what 'cha said on the phone  
So I suppose ho  
I'm the myracist vocal  
We just a choke hold, just a lethal hold  
Out the truck  
Busta see ya

(Juicy J)

An undercover on the dubba always trying to charge a  
brotha  
Call me late night, spark a Philly  
R-Kelly, I jack the brother  
Coming from the pit of Memphis  
Hypnotize madalion glisten  
Ho don't play the role like you a (?)  
Cause I know you trickin'  
Check yo boy identify  
The one that used to struggle stride  
Leave, you need to check the ride  
Fifty thousand round our sign  
Businessmen not business junk  
Break a case to keep 'em crunk  
Heard my niggaz run a train they said you funky like a  
skunk

Chorus (2x)

(Too \$hort)

You know these hoe's don't phase  
Never could play me  
I got the game memorized from A to Z  
Square ass ho, think I don't know  
What 'cha, what 'cha gonna do when I close the door  
Say no, I don't think so beatch  
You know you all about that freaky shit

Never hesitate to make a nigga cum  
If you're anywhere around I know I'm gettin' some  
That's the only way  
Face on the mattress  
Call me daddy while I hit it from the back bitch  
Is she freaky  
I'm fuckin' with her  
Save that 4 corner shit for them other niggas  
Actin' square, playin' the role  
Knowin' you a average everyday ho  
You need to stop tryin' to be sneaky  
Cause all the homies already know you're freaky

Chorus (fade to next song)

Visit [The Potato Pies](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.