

Princess

"The Little Freakazoid That Could"

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(Caffrey, Kirschner, Webster)

I'm not the baddest or the maddest or the Central Park
address
No Chivas, no Lexus, ain't got the flattest solar plexus
I throw it down with everything I got
Cause I'm just a girl--not
Me, I never use the word just
To the maximum my axiom get into my taxi, um
Listen, it wasn't always like that
I used to feel freaky, icky
Bein' bad like Darling Nikki
Never ever fit the mold at school or in the hood
But now the children sing she's the little freakazoid that
could

Freakazoid! I know I can I know I can
Freakazoid! I know I can I know I can

P-Supe (what) and it don't come from Campbell
Just move (what) place my butt upon your mantel
See I cut from the gut to get everything I need
And I stick with it if at first I don't succeed
And I'm out and I'm out lettin' my freaky flag fly
You don't ask why cuz you know that I try
Accept yourself, express yourself to the limit
Body soul or chicken roll you know that I'm in it
And you know what
Sometimes you feel like a nut
And sometimes you don't

Freakazoid! I know I can I know I can
Freakazoid! I know I can I know I can

Hey yo Ski-I wantcha to come round here and show the
audience we mean bonified, fortified, nutrified
BUSINESS
Yeah that's what I'm talkin' about
Cuz you know, soon I'll be rollin' in the Rolls to go
bowling after the show
I'll be strollin', patrollin' the streets with a feather in my

hat
Imagine that, huh, I think I made myself Claritan, clear
in that
I got the throttle cause I'm mack like the truck
C'mon everybody let's get-----

Get up Get up Get up --never sit down!

Woke up I didn't know what day it was
I been through some shit boy you never believe it
Cuz I struggle everyday to keep my head up like a
tower
You know why - I got the Power!
And I ain't never givin' up sucker
Put me on the field I'm a cook your ass like Betty
Crocker
It's like this and like that and like this and uh
Nobody beats the Priz--cess and uh
Once again it's on

People wanna know if I'm a diva
Well let me see, uh
I wrote these lyrics at a day job
Not Nassau Coliseum
But I'm a get there soon boy
Blow up the spot like in my own platoon boy
Reading bad press I get depressed really major
Goddamn yo, at least I'm in the fuckin paper
And when the goin' gets tough Mr. Ocean said it best
Put that ass in gear baby put it to the test

Scuse me, I don't believe I was finished
Making all your bad hurt feelings be diminished and
delicious
Like a tasty ice cream or scone
Let me make you pant for the milk bone
Woof woof and let it all hang out
Don't you just freak baby freakin freak it out
Kick it trick it or lick it but please don't stick it up your
nose
If you wanna strike a pose you gotta keep it on the real
inside
Keep it on the real inside, keepit on the real inside.

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