Rednex

"The Little Freakazoid That Could"

Visit "The Little Freakazoid That Could" on MotoLyrics.com

[Verse One]

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

[Chorus]

Freakazoid! I know I can I know I can (x4)

[Verse Two]

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

[Repeat Chorus]

[Interlude]

Hey yo Ski-I wantcha to come round here and show the audience

We mean bonified, fortified, nutrified

BBBBUUUUUIIIIIIIZZZZZZNNNNNNNEEEEEEZZZZZZZ!

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, never sit down!

[Verse Three]

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 Prinz 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 guard

Damn! 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, keep it on the real inside!

Visit Rednex page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.