

Nas F/ Ginuwine**"Poppa Gotta Bran' New Freak"**

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[CHORUS]

(If your girl starts acting up)

(If) (If your girl starts acting up)

(If your girl starts acting up, then you take her friend) --

> Big Bank Hank

[VERSE 1: Baby Beesh]

It's Baby Beesh, now you can call me Poppa Poppa

I got a brand new freak, and man, I'd say she proper

And it's all tremendously good and great, glorious

Smooth sailing and victorious

And about the old one, I had to fly the coop

Cause when you hunger for the loot, bitch, you get the boot

Size 10 to the chinny-chin-chin-a

And like that I had to do-koo-kin ya

So get ghost, adios, hit the roses

You been waved, my peace of mind has been saved

By the new freak and she's lovin this Latino

Showin off, lettin me know

Sexin is spectacular

I starts on the bottom, but ends up in the back of her

Hittin them, gettin them nice and juice

Young Beesh in the house from Potna Deuce

Yeah, and no stress in the love nest

Cool - cause baby doll keeps revenue level-headed

That's so thick as I speak

And poppa got a brand new freak

Now let me speak to ya...

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 2: Rube]

Poppa got a brand new freaky deak

You see, all my young potnas wanna sneak a peek

Cause she got the cool grill with the cool trunk

That be hittin like Pippen on the alley hoop dunk

Last freak wasn't meant for poppa

She was fickle and predictable like a soap opera

Had to stop her in the tracks from makin me go savage

Let the hoe go, now Rube is blowin so lavish

I thought you knew, freak 2 is so righteous
Put her on the top of my list of my pipe bust
I might just open a bottle of ??Y-Zippendale??
Show my new thang how poppa is livin swell
Put her in a spell, take her to the motel
It's all good, but I kicks down no mail
Cause I got no loose change and no time for games
Ain't nothin here ever strange, mang
Cause poppa's on top of thangs

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 3: Chezski]

Poppa got a brand new freak - like that?
And I been tappin that ass every since last weak
Like an animal, love that I'm villainous
Illinois, Chezski's the chillinest
Is out there mobbin for the folks squabbin
Y'all don't understand about the Hillside hound hoggin
I creeps up on the proper for they want some of
The gut-runnin killer, call me beaver hunter
And smash up on the guts from the back porch
Give em that tropical vibe from the hot torch
And play the game dirty with my knuckles in it
Freaky little somethin, here I come for the late visit
(Wait a minute, man, you know I can't flex)
Unless I'm throwin on somethin cool that protects
And swing like a swinger really oughts to
And poppa got a brand new freak like I was taught to

[CHORUS]

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