

Lorrie Morgan F/ Sammy Kershaw

"Get Ur Freak On"

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[Missy]

Hit me, hit me, hit me, hit me, hit me
Give me some new shit
Give me some new shit
Give me some new shit
Give me some new shit

[Missy]

Missy be puttin' it down, I'm the hottest round
I told y'all mother (uh), y'all can't stop me now
Listen to me now, I'm lastin' twenty rounds
And if you want me (nigga) then come on get me now
(yes)
Is you wit me now (yes), then biggie biggie bounce
(yes)
I know you dig the way I sw-sw-switch my style
Holla, holla, people sing around (yes)
Now people gather round (yes), now people jump
around

[Missy]

Go, getcha freak on, go, getcha freak on
Go, getcha freak on, go, getcha freak on
Go, getcha freak on, go, getcha freak on
Go, getcha, getcha, getcha, getcha, getcha freak on
Go, getcha freak on, go, getcha freak on
Go, getcha freak on, go, getcha freak on
Go, getcha freak on, go, getcha freak on
Go, getcha, getcha, getcha, getcha, getcha freak on

[Missy]

Is that yo chick, people you don't know
Me and Timbaland been hot since twenty years ago
What the dealio, now what the drilly-o (yes)
If you wanna battle me then (nigga) let me know (yes)
Holla, holla, got to feel it son
Let me throw you some *indian voice* (yes)
People here I come (yes) now sweat me when I'm done
(yes)
We got the radio shook like we got a gun

[Missy]

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[Twista]

Why, Twista put the ? down to that Missy sound
Blow your mind with a ? flow like fifty pounds
Now come and see me fly when you see me high
Jam right like love on the dizzone, G-C-I
In the C-H-I city rollin' on dubs
Get it right, used to number roll on 22's to the club,
drama
If you step to the T cause I'm not the one
Let the pimp bust ya like Chris Tucker, I kill people for
fun
Get your master on, get your gloves on
Get your heat on, then get your creep on
Get your lick on, then put your peeps on
Y'all get your bong on, then you can get your freak on
Come and kick it with the brother with the sticky
Take a hit and when I feel it on a fifty
Gotta get up in the party and a sippin' on Bacardi
And we hit 'em wit a little bit of Remi
Feelin' when you roll with the alcoholics
All the other motherfuckers wanna call us
Hit a rhythm when I read up in the city
In the ghetto with the murderers and the legit ballers
All of my hustlers get down, all the fine ladies stay
loose
P-I platinum ?, at the bar sippin' grape juice
Call the yag and roly, strapped to most of my homies
No Crystalle, off poppin' Dom P's and multiple Moey's
Jab and bust at them phoneys, quick to work you, hurt
you
Right now we ain't know that cause I got purple in my
circle
Hundred dollar pillows, legit baller's kilos
Take a ? pull the fillos, but first where the cigarillos
Get your master on, get your gloves on
Get your heat on, get your creep on
Get your lick on, then put your peeps on
Y'all get your bong on, then you can get your freak on

[Missy]

Go, getcha freak on, go, getcha freak on

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Go, getcha, getcha, getcha, getcha, getcha freak on

[Missy]

Quiet! Ssh, hush your mouth
Silence when I spit it out
Spit in your face
Open your mouth, give you a taste
Holla, holla, ain't no stoppin' me
Copywritten so don't copy me
Y'all do it, sloppily
And y'all can't come close to me (yes)
I know you feel me now (yes) I know you hear me loud
(yes)
I scream it loud & proud (yes) Missy gon' blow it down
(yes)
People gon' play me now (yes) in and outta town (yes)
Cause I'm the best around (yes) with that crazy style

[Missy]

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Itch nee, san chi

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