

Lyrics by Ross Diana

"Supa Freak"

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[Intro: Leatha Face]

Get 'em...

Supa freak, freak, freak, freak, freak

Freak, freak, freak, freak

[Leatha Face]

So you wanna be the man with the gun in your hand
The Son of Sam, expand shells, invades where you dwell

The smell of rigger mortis, corpses, enforces
That they become victim to homicide resources
Minor league bosses, petty cash crimies
Snatch your dime piece, leak where my mind speaks
Short circuit the mini time piece, pretty nine squeak
The echo travels the city night streets

[U-God]

Yeah, hit-hit new release, guaranteed to hit the streets
Rhyme-rhyme all the time, never ever drop a dime
Stop-stop doin' crime, first one to pop the nine
Rave that I throw the shine, up your back then your spine

Bad-bad, super bad, always first, never last
Swift-swift, swifter blast, hit 'em with the iron fast
Throw 'em in a body cast, sweat burnin' in the gas
Set fire to the ash, smoked in his liver, grass

[Chorus 2X: Leatha Face]

Dirty, grimey, low down, shiesty
Freaky, feisty, hood rat from the hood
(Supa freak, freak, freak, freak, freak
Freak, freak, freak, freak)

[Leatha Face]

Snap screen shots of the wild life chronicles
Head spin similar to theme park roller coasters
The solo holster straps, laser beam glocks
Steamin' hot, blow your snot box, the hottest psyche particles
Barbecue, flame boiled crooks, soap by the hooks
Splash brain from the wild frame notebooks

Son, you so shook, I murder your gimmick
Take you to the climb, back to drop, vertical limit

[U-God]

Yeah, ball playin' girl lane, on the mic I'm rhyme
sprayin'
M.C. rock viciously, satisfaction guaranteed
Or you get your money back, leave your girl, that's a
wrap
Hit spike like a bat, heel toe, now I tap
Second round, second left, in your town, check it,
check
Cock the beretta back, where my money at?
Smack off your funny hat, always come in super jive
Lamp in the honey hive, man on the ziggy side

[Chorus 2X]

[Leatha Face]

Pop headphones, glide over metro domes, ride, enter
the zone
Open wide, head blown, hell fire, lead bone
Self fly spread, chrome you're live by a man's dome
Divine burns your skin tone, high with the trench stone
Blood money leakin' out my pockets, complex,
unidentified flyin' objects
Comin' at you with 3D, scratch it with CD's
That take a sharp head bangers, state of the art

[U-God]

Yo, dip to the dot, dot to the dip
Make the fly girls wanna turn your hips
Raps on the juggle, double up quick
Bullets rip, I burn the whole clip
Cause the long eyelids point to your lips
To the walls I stick, with my Spiderman grip
Fully action pump grip, jump swift
Blow you the bitch, shorty, use and you miss

[Chorus 4X]

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