Freak Out (Feat. Redman)

Erick Sermon

featuring RedmanIntro:Ha ha ha ha. This is Doctor Trevis giving a phone call to y'all funky fuckersErick Sermon:
y'alll guess what the fuck is going on now
Me and Reggie Noble making funk tunes around the global
Cause times keeps on slippin' and I get the funk from the kitchen
Then commits to ass whippin' there is no time for me to bust it
So I'm a chill and let Red get into a fly poetic justiceRedman:
Yo, it's all in the mind and I'm high and I kick it for the do or die
On 2 or 1 area code leavin' shit blown
Funkadelic is the one to bring the preacher out the teacher
When I feak 'em, oooh, yes y'all I got the mad method can you catch it?
And if your ear is not tuned in then ajust itErick Sermon:
Breaker 1-9, breaker 1-9 representin' today
Hey, Erick Sermons on the way
Dre gave me a ride so I Gangsta Lean while DRS will put the smoke in my chest
And if you understand me then escape and kick it
While the E-Double gets wicked with your brain twisted
It's going down, it's going way down
Go get the 4 pound and boogie downRedman:
Boogie woogie to boogie to band boogie to that
My rap get mad dap on ass cracks and F it be on my ass cap
Cause my funk rolls thicker than Bisquick
If it's mixed with that same funky sticky shit I roll my splifs with
I shot the sheriff on the terris
And I kick the funk like these to have more off days than Ferris
Just wrote these raps up in the studio
Brothers can't tell and sisters can't hear me no (hear me hoe)Hook:
E got the funk, Red got the funk, Red got the funk, E got the funk (x2)Erick Sermon:
Someones knockin' at my door, yo Johnny Gill, I need the whole floor
So I can get busy remember? And if you don't call Michael Jackson
And don' be afraid to ask him, Erick Sermon got mad tunes
No matter what they say, I got more props than Richard Bay
The mind bogglin' with the hardcore followin'
So what's up, cause I don't give a fuckRedman:
Whoa, I make you sing with Tony Braxton
I tear the shreads out of jams like stadiums when they packed in
Back up boy you messin' with the rude bwoy yes I told ya
I rock leather jacks with Tims, sweatpants one leg rolled up

Hold up! This is a stick up, I spark the izm with ? like a bizcut
1 and 2 skirts get lift up, E got the funk and Red got the funk
Pop the trunk, I get blocks of funk to make victims say "That's the one!"
Of coarse I'm funky like fat people having intercorse
Basically the funk is stuck in your teeth so get the dental floss
Oh oh, freak out, 20 I know
But let me knock your teeth out
When I was young I turned my tree house into a weed house
And I'm deeper than Nostradomis, when I'm in chronic
And I leave your kitty cats meowin' home made bondage (meow)
Beeotch, trick, trick, beeotchOutro:
Ha ha ha. This is Dr. Trevis comin' to y'all motherfuckers with some more raw shit. Def Squad represntitives. Def Squad forever, signin' off.

Songwriters
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