Freaks

Timmy Trumpet, Savage

Freaky freaky freaky people
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[Chorus]Those freaks
Look at their hair
Look what they wear
Everyone stares
(Look at me!)
Look at those freaks
Look at their clothes
Everyone knows
It's a whore show
[Krizz Kaliko]I never fit in with the in crowd
So me and myself, we play penpals
(WOW)
And when I got older I freaked out
The crazyness, startin' to leak out
(NOW)
And when I met this crazy dude
He told me eatin' MC's was his favourite food
He had me really whiled out
Tryin' to dye my hair
Yo I'm already funny lookin', give them a reason to stare
But juggalo's and juggalette's, again
We take a note for when ya left, discend
And that's supposed to play my mec, this in
Cause if I don't, then imma check, ya chil-lin
Somebody take the top of my thinker
I'm mergin' in your lane and I ain't usin' a blinker
Cause I get the people off their seats
On they feet, they see freaks
[CHORUS][Tech N9ne]I don't, have
Nothin' in common with the rappers, past
Because I never went to gym right after, class
I never liked sports
Or any sort of events on the court, I abort
Immediately,
They label me conceded

Really I just needed to be
Free to be leaded my leader

Preceded to read it
Superceded to greet it my creet it
Beat it, defeat it
People heat it, they can eat it for me
I think different, I just have to do me
With the painted face
Go ahead and laugh but you'll see
Got the woman that you never get act so loosely
Round the Nina baby
Ready to sass seduce me
They don't really care I read up on Manson
Son of Sam, they answerin'
For a killer Kansion
Freaky dreams of tamprun, with a sexy van
But a booty like Allena Hansen, Dancin'
[CHORUS][Krizz Kaliko]Now look at Tech N9ne with his painted up,
Painted up face
Blame it on him, and it ain't a disgrace
Look at how they wear their hair spiked up
In a crowd mosh pit, setting way turned up
The songs, it's all about drinkin' and sex
What you expect?
Do you even think about the effects
Of the kids that's lookin' up to ya
It's up to ya
We take our middle finger and turn it up to ya
Cause we tattoo everything, and pierce everything
We drink every day, and smoke ever green
Generation X
We put the rap in the sub burst
Punk rock in the projects
The snake in the back is back
And if ya hate, better wait
Better play the back
Cause they scream from the nosebleed seeds
On the feet, the meet to see freaks
[CHORUS]Now freaky people clap your hands like this
Freaky people clap your hands like that
Now everybody clap your hands like this
Everybody clap your hands from big Pruis
[CHORUS]

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