Freak Out

Jamie Madrox

You Ever Been About To Fuck A Bitch,
And Before You Take Her Pants Off You Can Smell Her Pussy In The Air?
What About The Hotels Dawg?
Everybody been to the hotel, got in the room,
And shit in the toilet,
dick hair on the seat,
And somebody blood on the towel.
Well this shit here for you.
(Jamie Madrox)
Carbonation and puss bubbles in open wounds,
Hospitals and old men that
chew stuff and spit chew,
Old bitches that smell like a fish hut,
They sit up at the mall on they break ache butt,
Butt crust and scabs,
even secrections too,
There's a lot of weird people that live in the world we do,
They jack off in they rides, while watchin' the ladies walk by,
They go in the store and touch every product inside,
I say nobody sees it,
And they act like its a long shot,
Is there a pubic hair floatin' in my pop,
Is there a toe nail in the coleslaw again,
from them sick bitches workin' up at Kentucky Fried Chicken,
The mother fuckers hate me and I know that they do,
Because they have to get to work when my ass come through,
And if you,
Spit in my food Imma kill you dude,
I know it might seem harsh,
But I'm Feelin' a strange mood to,
(Chorus)(4x)
They keep on freakin' me out,
They keep on freakin' me out,
They keep on freakin' me out,
They keep on, Freeks Me Out,
(Jamie Madrox)
Runnin' bumper to bumper in rush hour traffic,
Ain't got no hood ornament, I got an asshole magnet,
And it attracts every half ass and dead beat,

Who wanna pump they breaks like they want they trunk in they back seat,
And who is this tryin' to commit suicide,
You a grown ass man and you ridin' a fuckin' bike at night,
With dark clothes like you got a death wish,
Get your punk ass on the sidewalk punk bitch,
And this mother fucker crossing the street is takin' forever,
Like he tryin to figure out which side of the street he likes better,
Better pick fast if I press the gas,
And plus I'm goin' so fast
that Imma swerve and clip his ass,
And this cop is in my rearview pullin' me over,
And if I roll the window down he gonna smell thee aroma,
He's out there reachin' for his gun,
I put my hands on the hood,
Anyway you paint it,
The situation is no good.
(Chorus)(4x)
They keep on freakin' me out,
They keep on freakin' me out,
They keep on freakin' me out,
They keep on, Freeks Me Out,
(Jamie Madrox)
Pshychiatrist and doctors in hotel beds,
Bitches who hit blunts after they give head,
Sick fucks are the ones that I hate the worst,
Lookin' at young bitches while stroking their coin purse,
Nurse and a cup of coffee thats black and ice cold,
It was hot when he bought it three hours ago though,
He got a dish plate size nut stain on his pants,
And he roaming a single column in search of finding some ass,
And the mother fuckers sit at home behind computer screens,
And discuss dirty sex wit a kid thats only thirteen,
You Sick Bitch!
I hope I never catch you right,
Imma slit your throat wit the jagged edge of a survial knife,
Its fucks like this that make me worry tough,
And have every parent in the world ready to handcuff,
they kids,
And keep em' on a short leash and near,
But ain't no place safe cause sick fucks are everywhere.
(Chorus)(4x)
They keep on freakin' me out,
They keep on freakin' me out,
They keep on freakin' me out,
They keep on, Freaks Me Out.

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