Do the Freak (C & J Radio Mix)

Bootsy Collins

Gotta get ya on freak on
You gotta keep on freak it on...
Cos' I couldn't get 'nuff of you
Check it out, c'mon
You need the man with the funk
Puttin' more junks in the trunk
Givin' em wot they want
But no front
I get busy with miles
I rob my sister and not just cars, baby
So just take my funk
Play my funk
Read my funk
Keep my funk
Ain't nothin' but the funk, baby
And you just don't stop
We're goin' hip hop no stop
But what ya want, sir
Do you want some bass
Well, just in case
Let's take it to the stage
Let's break it live
N' let me do my thing
Cos' havin' a ball
Ain't nothin' but a chicken wing
Freak, when Bootsy on a string
Wants some lines, baby
Then it's yours
Keep the drummer down, baby
On course
We can spend some time, baby
It ain't yours
C'mon!
Gotta get ya on freak on
You gotta keep on freak it on...
Cos' I couldn't get 'nuff of you
Bang, bang, boogie woogie oogie
With that junk trunk
Funk you're right, kid

And now I'm gonna show you
How funky I can get
I get so funky that my pants smell like
Not to star on his track
But definitely
From the next generation
Operation funk for the nation
We're havin' a global freak out situation
Now is it freaky?
Yeah it's freaky deaky, baby!
Now treat me like a P-Funk for
ENIEE MEENIE MINEY MO
The supercalifragifunkalistic "P"
To the A-J-G-I-Z-M-O
I love to go off the wall
Hey yo, we're havin' the funk outta space
Hey yo Bootsy, hit us with the bass
It's Funkalicious, baby
Like that, and check this funky trace
Gotta get ya on freak on
You gotta keep on freak it on...
Cos' I couldn't get 'nuff of you
Do the freak, do the freak
C'mon
Do the freak
Do the freak, do the freak
Party baby, freak it baby
Do the freak
Do the freak y'all, do the freak
Cos' I'm the innovator, motivator
Dominator, elevator
Educator, devestator
Never there was anyone greater
That's right
And those are my stats
I make you boogie to the beat
At the strike of a match
Make you drop like dime
I'll be right on time
I go wreck your chick
Just blow your mind
Make a blind man see
A dumb man talk
Make a deaf man hear
The paralyzed walk

Put your body in motion
To the word I say
Make you shake your derry
Do wot I display
To the C-A-R to the O-L-Y-N
Wanna run down the rhymer
Do the freakin'
Where the finest is the finest
The coolest is the coolest
This weekend
Your period is in
And you be swimmin'
With your clothes on
So check it out, girl
Cos' I'm 'a make ya work
Now that's mean I got to chew
The buttons of your shirt
The girls like lacquer polish
Of their nail
When I'm scheduled to rock ya
It's a strong wild thing
Freak out baby
I'm for weak out baby
Don't you know it's a weak out, baby
Come in here n' let ya want the freak out, baby
Blind faith ambition
It's all a temporary condition
That's what I keep feelin' myself
As I use like everything I got left

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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