

# 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, devastator  
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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