

# Freak Somethin'

## Roland

Da da da dadaa, da da da dadadaa  
Da da da dadaa, da da da dadadaaAin't shit poppin but fuckin, suckin and freakin  
this weekend, if you ain't wit it don't bother speakin  
Niggas still fallin in even though he's fool dog  
Wouldn't get these hoes up off me if I could y'all  
And we gon' pass the pussy, ain't no hogs man  
Tommy passes to Butch, Butch passes to Dogg, man  
Sippin tall cans, nigga that we all can  
Fall up in these hoochies, coochies or love wrinkles  
Now baby what's your name so we can start the game ho  
Of course I wanna freak, what you think I start the game for?  
I put my cards on the table, you know  
somebody gettin fucked (Oh really!?!), for sure  
You smoke that small-class indo, do that dance and drink  
I'm plottin plans, schemes and scandal on how to get that stank  
(You just want me for my body!) You goddamn right  
You like my tattoos, I got you, it's on tonight[Chorus:]Now understand it's my masterplan is to keep you  
bumpin  
Keep it pumpin cos y'all motherfuckers gon' freak somethin'  
(Da da da dadaa, da da da dadadaa)  
[repeat]Ain't no denyin you know that I be eyein your body  
Now who can get freaky as Zuzzy (nobody!)  
Awright then, y'all player partner comin like a whirlwind  
Niggas get upset, I'm fuckin e'rybody girlfriend  
Hoes say I love em, fuckin up my good name  
But if she think I love her, fuck it I sure some good game  
Love when I see your number in my pager  
Time for some complex sex, the way ya  
lick on my dick is the shit, I want it  
Juicy all up in your mix, I'm on it  
Bring the homies in, now the show begins, we about to clown  
Tell them hoes "Take off them clothes", we about to freak em down, bitch  
gon' \*?moun?\*  
See their hide-'n'-holy now she all up on me  
like she my homey but I'm knowin that she don't know me  
Shit, I'm doin freak tests and baby this your freak lesson  
Y'all done turned this goddamn party 'to a freak session[Chorus (x2)]Down to the nitty-gritty, what you wanna  
do now?  
Ask your girlfriend, shit, juicy got that boo-yow

Down wit these Death Row niggas, check your figures  
Long as I make these hits my cheque gets bigger  
Hoes wanna act upset and get mad, see  
knowin deep down in they heart they can't have me  
But they glad see when I show em little ends and not to mention  
starters get contract extensions  
Be clearly when you hear me, girl what you say? Aaah...  
I don't think you're ready for this Little Rock player  
I puts it down for the Southside, make hits on the Westside  
God bless them Little Rock streets where the best ride  
Real players love it, real player haters hate it  
Represent til I die, 85-0-6 relate it  
Where my player partners keep it real, keep it tight  
keep it pumpin, keep it jumpin, keep it poppin, keep it hype[Chorus to fade]

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