Freak Out

Erick Sermon

This is Dr. Trevis
With a phone call to y'all funky fuckers
Y'all guess what the fuck is going on now
Me and Reggie Noble, making funk tunes around the global
'Cause time keeps on slippin'
And I get the funk from the kitchen, then commits to ass whippin'
There is no time for me to bust it
So I'm a chill and let Red get into a fly poetic justice
Yo, it's all in the mind and I'm high and I kick it for the do or die
Or 2 or 1 area code leavin' shit blown
Funkadelic is the one to bring your preacher out your teacher
[Incomprehensible]When I freak 'em, ooh yes y'all, I got the mad method, can you catch it?
And if your ear is not tuned in, then adjust it
Breaker 1-9, breaker 1-9 representin' today
Hey, Erick Sermon's on the way, Dre gave me a ride
So I Gangsta Lean while DRS will put the smoke up in my chest
And if you understand me, then escape and kick it
While the E-Double gets wicked with your brain twisted
It's going down, it's going way down
So get the 4 pound and [Incomprehensible] down town
Boogie woogie to boogie to band, boogie to that
My rap get mad dap on ass cracks and F if it is be on my ass cap
'Cause my funk rolls thicker than Bis quick
If it's mixed with that same funky sticky stuff I roll splifs with
I shot the sheriff on the terris
And I kick the funk like these to have more off days than Ferris
Just wrote these raps up in the studio
Brothers can't tell and sisters couldn't hear me no, hear me hoe
E got the funk, Red got the funk
Red got the funk, E got the funk

E got the funk, Red got the funk
Red got the funk, E got the funk
Someone's knockin' at my door
Yo Johnny Gill, I need the whole floor
So I can get busy 'cause I [Incomprehensible], remember?
And if you don't call Michael Jackson and don' be afraid to ask him
Erick Sermon got mad tunes, no matter what they say
I got more props than Richard Bay

The mind bogglin' with the hardcore followin'
So what's up 'cause I don't give a fuck
I'll make you sing with Tony Braxton
I tear the shreds out of jams like stadiums when they's packed in
Back up boy, you messin' with the rude boy, yes, I told ya
I rock leather jacks with Tim's sweatpants, one leg rolled up
Hold up! This is a stick up, I bust spark the ism
[Incomprehensible] like a bizcut, 1 and 2 skirts get lift up
E got the funk and Red got the funk, pop the trunk
I got blocks of funk to make the victims say, "That's the one!"
Of coarse, I'm funky like fat people have their intercourse
Basically, the funk stuck in your teeth so get your dental floss
Freak out
20, I know, but let me knock your teeth out
When I was young, I made my tree house into a weed house
And I'm deeper than Nostradamus, when I'm in chronic
And I leave your kitty cats meowin' home made bondage
Beeotch, trick, trick, beeotch
This is Dr. Trevis
Comin' to y'all motherfuckers with some more raw shit
Def Squad representatives, Def Squad forever, signin' off

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