Freaky Thangs

Ludacris

{It's two a.m. in the morning and it light showers
And you're probably hookin' up with that girl
That's been, two-wayin' you all week
Her baby, Daddy's out of town so, you can fuck around
It's okay to check in that Motel 6, $59.95
Not a cent more, for that dirty-ass ho
Yeah, stop by that convenience store
And pick up them rubbers magnum I hope
This is Faizon Love and I love hoes
I just don't pay 'em}
Cut up, know we like that, get that cut up
Freaky thangs, we be bout 'em
Get that cut up, cut up
Freaky thangs, we be bout 'em
I'm kinda hopin' that maybe you wanna kick it in the L.A.C.
So later on we'll be rollin'
Drop-tops I'm hittin yo' hot spots I'm top notch
My niggaz never listen but I told 'em
When I catch you at the game runnin' game at the A.U.C.
That later on we'd be bonin'
Fat cats I'm ready to tap that so back that
No wonder why you wakin' up swollen
I'm feelin' you Luda', smokin' my Buddha, coochie recruiter
Comin' at the fatty in a platinum Caddy so back it up fast
Hit it a hour and a half, watch the spectacular splash
On the back and leave it drippin' down the crack of her ass
Call me Mr. Magillicuddy, chasin' booty soft as silly putty
Killin' for money, still a thug get bump from some pokin'
And locomotion hittin' bunnies for threesome getcha buddy
When I'm feelin' scummy I love to cut
Tan skin so, butter soft I'm rippin' the buttons off yo' blouse
Smell the aroma of a dingaling king Ludacris when I'm in yo' house
Check the ratio of men to women
And women to men when down south
Hot fellatio, hot jalapenos holla while they in yo' mouth
So we love that
C-c-cut up, know we like that, get that cut up
Freaky thangs, we be bout 'em
Get that cut up, cut up

Freaky thangs, we be bout 'em
Now I got the feelin' we can cut the hell out each other
And I hope we be the same thang freaks
We can get the mattress goin'
Handlin' business while I bang bang skeet
Wash the dick off and kick off another session again
I can break 'em off in the shower, kitchen flo' or the outdoors
The pieces from the East is the shit
And the flesh in the West is the best
But Twista love them Chicago and South hoes
Come up out yo', negligee, freak 'em on a regular day
Cum six times but it's seven today
Ludacris in the back of your Chevrolet
What's my name?
So magical I come and touch the game
You motherfuckers really lust to gain
Nothin' but hatin' and a look of disgust
So it's must, stay Adrenaline Rush
Wonderin' why they don't be bustin' the same
I'm clutchin' my thang
Stuffin' in it, strokin' it down, beat the stuff up
Shorty, don't run from it
She give me the booty I'm breakin' it off

I can tell a stab by the way that she walk
Fatty flickin' like it was dubs on it
Peep how this player got skills, get 'em out the gator high heels
Pullin' rubbers and swishers up out your Prada bag
Wanna smoke 'dro I got a bag, take a proper drag befo' I tap it
I love the chicks that got a lotta ass, so we love that
C-c-cut up, know we like that, get that cut up
Freaky thangs, we be bout 'em
Get that cut up, cut up
Freaky thangs, we be bout 'em
Bubble, bubble bubbles is in the bathtub
Makin' you stutter from the b-body butters and backrubs
It's killin' me thinkin' about the bottles that pop
The models that swallow willin', up under my pillow stayin' strapped up
If it tickles in the middle from Mr. Pickles you try to escape
So give me the rope you gettin' wrapped up
Rooty tooty so fruity and fresh, I'm fresh and fruity
Ya duty's to figure the booty's gettin' slapped up
I love them chicks that be thick as a loaf of bread
Long as I can still grab her legs, and push 'em up by her head
How I dip up in it we can make a video

But I got the radio bumpin' Jagged Edge by the bed
When you wanna get up witcha cutty buddy
Come on and dip up through the hideout with Twist'
But after we do what we gon' do getcha purse and get together
Because now you gots to ride out bitch
Oh 'Cris, can you do it again? That's what they askin' me
Hit skins, causin' catastrophes
Get pinned, by me and my family
Sip gin, fulfillin' yo' fantasies
In yo condition I'm wishin' you'll take a lickin'
And keep on tickin' from thicker thighs
Finger lickin' never get sick and tired, just take a look in her eyes
And you can tell she's a figure five, so we love that
C-c-cut up, know we like that, get that cut up
Freaky thangs, we be bout 'em
Get that cut up, cut up
Freaky thangs, we be bout 'em
Cut up, gettin' brains in the Range
We love to cut up 'cause we like them freaky thangs
I like it when you let me try, anythang
'Cause girl I ain't got nothin' but time
Let a nigga get a little cut up girl
Cut up, gettin' brains in the Range
We love to cut up 'cause we like them freaky thangs
I like it when you let me try, anythang
'Cause girl I ain't got nothin' but time
Let a nigga get a little cut up girl
I come from the eighth planet in the 19th galaxy
Where the royal penis is clean, yo' majesty
Can it be, Sheila E, Appolonia, Vanity, all mad at me?
I'm the Prince dick of insanity
I'm good lovin', body-rockin', knockin' boots all night long
We not stoppin', I don't care if the kids watchin'
I stir it like motherfuckin' coffee and brown sugar
Girls dem sugar, world class lover, Kamasutra, porno music producer
Tally whacker is a rock hard storm trooper with a purple helmet
Made for crushin' pink cookies
Goonie goo-goo, we cut bigfoots and wookies
And fat women because they need love too
So go on big girl, whatchu gon' do?

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