

# We Can Freak It NY Remix

Kurupt

We can freak it out, wut, we can freak it out  
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You gone thug it out, gangsta style  
Nigga check it out

Ayyo my baby moms, hunny let me see my child  
Niggaz see me in the streets, ask why i don't smile  
Thats why nigga, because my life is a mess  
And Im sellin records now, but i still feel stress  
Neva had a legal job, all i sold was drugs  
And I still got my moms and the rest of my thugs  
But my pops he aint here, does that seem so foul  
And im drinkin everyday, on the wrong route  
And cant wait for the day when Capone come out  
No doubt, my ?? niggaz, thuggin it out  
To wut wut, all my niggaz just funk wit Kurupt  
Tell then niggaz where they stand at, where they end up wut  
My niggaz mash, fom NY to LA first class  
Drinkin Don from the bottle, fuck the glass  
My niggaz peep it  
Sit back and hold a secret  
Funk wit Kurupt, nigga wut  
Yeah we can freak it

Freak sumthin, get sumthin, strip sumthin  
Rip a sic sumthin, my dick a stick sumthin  
Just try me, see the new millineum came  
Im invincible wit my abdominium frame  
Daminican, ten are gone, poetical pentagon  
Nuttin silenced, they all are violenced  
The law story, wars over territory  
The masses, only left Kurupt and Nore  
Known to spit brimstone, fire and magma  
Wit magnums, and mosts many and mostly semi's  
I pays no rent, cars wit no lease  
Got eight killas wit badges I pay police  
Its a freak fest, east to west, no more wars  
Bomb girls feastless, nude beaches and nude shores  
Baby soft as peaches, soft as a plum  
Aint no fun if the homies cant have none  
Bitch Bitch...

No matter what you think  
You cant see me, If you wanna freak wit me, Now do you wanna freak wit me  
And you aint got the skills, to freak with me  
Now do you wanna freak wit me, do you wanna freak wit me

Im zoned, Nore and Kurupt on roam  
And we wont stop bustin till Capone come home  
Dirt be followin the presidente of ANTRA  
Words of war nigga Im the black Frank Sinatra  
N.O.R.E. Nore K.U.R.U.P.T. Kurupt  
Pistol ready to thug like wut  
Im old Italian, a violent, gallant, silent, stalion  
That stampede, girl i can tell you were free

Yo N.O.R.E. thugged out in DPG  
You know its only thug niggaz that be fuckin wit me  
So where the cash at, yo where Snoop, and where Daz at?  
Whether you blood or cuz  
You a thug or you wuz  
I get super drunk  
Boy that niggaz got a buzz  
So let me spit on this, yo let me shit on this  
Thugged out is the label murder you is the click  
And them bitches dont like us, can suck our dicks, wut??

No matter what you think  
You cant see me, If you wanna freak wit me, Now do you wanna freak wit me  
Cuz you aint got the skills, to freak with me  
Now do you wanna freak wit me, do you wanna freak wit me

We can freak it out, wut, we can freak it out...