

Freaky Thangs

Ludacris

It's two a.m. in the morning and it uhh..
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 uhh, 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 Phazon Love and uhh, 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! Oh-whooooooooo, cut up
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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 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 puddy
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 k-k-k-k

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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 eh-err, eh-err
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 Chev-e-rolet
Ahh, ahh! 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
Uh-uh shorty, don't run from it
She give me the booty I'm breakin it off
I can tell a style 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 k-k-k-k

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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 k-k-k-k

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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
(2x)

I come from the eighth planet in the 19th galaxy,
where the royal penis is clean, yo' majesty. Can it be,

Sheila E, Appalonia, 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.
Kama sutra, porno music producer. Tallywhacker 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?