Help Youngblood Get To The Freaky Party

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Two weeks ago last Sunday, I was on my way from church I met a guy named Youngblood, who was totally berserk He told me he was looking for a place to lay his head I read him Romans 8:14 and this is what he said

Girl, some of my homeboys told me 'bout a freaky party Down on 63rd and Babylon

Come on girl, let's go, I got plenty of blow, and it's more fun doing wrong

The ladies call me lover, 'cause I got the gift of gab and a fe $\ensuremath{\mathsf{w}}$ other specialties

I'd really like to make you, if you'd only let me date you You'd belong only to me

He said I know that there's a freak deep down inside of you Dying to get out, and ooo

He asked me to help Youngblood get to the freaky party But I'm not gonna help Youngblood get to the freaky party

I can't begin to tell you of the sadness in my mind Knowing there was no contentment in two eyes so blind I told him that the joy would surely bring eternal bliss I read Galatians Chapter 4, and he said yea check this

Girl, some of my homeboys told me 'bout a freaky party Down on 63rd and Babylon

Come on girl, get live, it's a much hipper vibe

And it's more fun doing wrong

The ladies call me baby 'cause I've got a killer smile

And they love my smooth touch

Only time will tell, if there's Heaven or Hell

Or if I'm just out to lunch

He said I know that there's a freak deep down inside of you Dying to get out, and ooo

He asked me to help Youngblood get to the freaky party But I'm not gonna help Youngblood get to the freaky party

Gril, some of my homeboys told me 'bout a freaky party on $63\mathrm{rd}$ and Babylon

Come on girl, let's ride, it's a long way to slide and it's mor e fun doing wrong

And the ladies call you lover 'cause you got a killer smile and they love your smooth touch

But all that you have done, you can tell to the one

Who has given you so much...