

Freaky

Young Thug

She sly like the deacon, she sly like the deacon
Yeah, Thugger Thugger baby, yeah

Uh, eh, I don't want to tease it, I really want freak it
I'm Michael, I beat it, I'm keepin' your secret
I got more hoes than Pleasers, the one that's on Bleveland
She pull up and freak it, she pull up and freak it
I hop out the 'Rari, I'm leaving it started
She got just a Harley and a skull just like Hardy
Eh, you play with her garden, she smoke you like Marley
Eh, now she be my darlin', yeah, she be my Barbie

I'm lovin' your patience, turned all in this race
Ooh, long as you don't play, motherfuck what you say
Hey, I'm on the third base and you away (That means I'm home)
Quan said, 'Please have a phone', call it a day
I got my ice out the lake, killed that boy by a mistake
We eatin', where is your plate? Aim at your head or your face?
Hannah Montana, my nigga gon' cook everyday, yeah, they bake
Bitch, I been havin' them bricks and them bells, late
I apologize if I got more money than you and your clan
I apologize if I pull up in that new coupe wrapped in 'Ran
I apologize if I post a picture posted with' some bands
I apologize if I go and grow me some pot in Japan
Where your bitch at? No, not that one
Baby want to touch my milk like she cowin'
Every time you see me, I'm a have thousands
On the island, no dressin'
I won't taste it, you got no man, I hope you a free agent
I'm a big old Blood inside that little ol' nation

Eh, ho, what is your bargain? Bro, what is your bargain?
Eh, I pull up and arson all over your garden
Eh, I'm never gon' call you, I'm always gon' ball you
Eh, my diamonds cost more than whatever I chargin'
Now I'm bleedin', need a band-aid, on a rampage with' 'em AKs
Nigga, jewellery real gold like an Ace of Spades
Higher than a escalator any day
I'm a catch a bitch that fold her like a centipede
But I ain't talkin' 'bout no copper, she got double Ds
These niggas fake-ballin' like a Powerade
Damn, this might be coward day
Yeah, this might be powder day
Sniff, shoot up, boot up (toot up), TMZ, sue us
Even if you had Erykah Ba', you couldn't do us
But I got a whole lot of motherfuckin' guns
Nigga, you can shoot us, hey
And I ain't never been a rat, but I'm livin' ruthless
I show the pussy-bitch bankroll, now she can do us, no
And we the best, every time we come around
Boy, they root for us, true
And everybody hate Chris
But I got them racks up, now they Luda, yeah
Tell baby girl, I only wanna throat, flute us

Five thousand on Yeezys, they think I ain't Jesus
Get my ice out the freezer, it cost a lil' Beamer

She fuckin' my whoadie, yeah, lil'-bitty shorty
She think he adoring cause his pockets on Norbit
Play with me and these bitch-niggas gon' die
All I want is that head and that ain't no lie
Nigga ask if you dizzy, don't say nothin'
These niggas vibe faker than a puppet

[Hook]