

We Can Freak It

Kurupt

Bounce, rock, rollerskatin'
(Niggaz, bitches, homies, ladies)
Bounce, rock, rollerskatin'
(All of them)
Dippin' down the street on platinum Dayton(Kurupt)
I been all around the world, Japan to Amsterdam
Hittin' like switches, dippin'
Hit the switches
Which is one reason why I gotta make mine
Cause these fools on the streets
Tryin' to take mine
What's up lady, times is gettin' shady
You gotta lip stick with it
Thats why I'm sick with it
Hard to maintain in this world of pain
But I'm a serve these rhymes like dimes of 'caine
(Check it out)
Why can't we just chill
And get along, motherfucka?
The views you choose to use
Is wrong, motherfucka
Relax, me and Baby S got it macked to the tee
Just ride with me
Battlecat in the back with a sack on deez
Ridin' with the young OG's
Dippin' down the Shaw, fuck all of y'all
As we bounce rock skate on threes
CHORUS: (2x)
We can freak it
Freak if you want to
Dine if you want to, but
Come in that game and you know(Baby S)
Let me tell you how I started on the grind for mine
Livin' life in my rear view
S nigga hear you
About to drop the bomb
Record one and blue calm, and Yukons
And John hook my shit up on
Who controllin'?
Rollin with my nigga from the Pound
Put my shit in cruise control,
With bitches all around

Make me feel like a G once more
He once smoked for free
Now its all about the G's and me
(Kurupt)
Oh yeah
Blaze up a whole sack to the head
We wear Khakis, nigga, fuck Jeans
I'm sure all the G's know what I mean
Lil locs, young G's and OG's
We on the smash for cash and that's it
We hit the stash and dash,
And that's it
We don't flash, we mash, we blast shit
And we don't give a fuck about a bitch, but uh-CHORUS- (2x)Give it up nigga, throw it up
nigga (8x)Why you trippin' wit me?
Won't you kick it with me?
Come by my block
Combinin' knobs
I got me somebody mad as shit
While all the rest of y'all is mad as shit
I'm dippin' down the street in a skyblue Bentley
Pull up to the curve, then swerve gently
Ten of the homies made a left
But they all ride with Kurupt, Cat, and Baby S, so-CHORUS- (8x)(Battlecat
Why you made the beat like this?
Baby S, what
Kurupt, Young Gotti
All the ladies ridin' Mercedes
All the niggaz, we on Bentleys
We wear Khakis
We are real G's
To all my OG's, like Big U
We love you, too
All the homeboys
My big homeboy Snoop)

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>