

Erick Sermon, Freak Out

Intro:Ha ha ha ha. This is Doctor Trevis, giving a phone call to y'all funky fuckers

Erick Sermon:

Y'all guess what the fuck is going on now

Me and Reggie Noble, making funk tunes around the globe

Cause times keeps on slippin', and I get the funk from the kitchen

Then commits to ass whippin', there is no time for me to bust it

So I'm a chill and let Red get into a fly poetic justice

Redman:

Yo, it's all in the mind and I'm high and I kick it for the do or die

On 2 or 1 area code leavin' shit blown

Funkadelic is the one to bring the preacher out the teacher

When I feak 'em, ooh, yes y'all I got the mad method can you catch it?

And if your ear is not tuned in then ajust it

Erick Sermon:

Breaker 1-9, breaker 1-9 representin' today

Hey, Erick Sermons on the way

Dre gave me a ride so I Gangsta Lean while DRS will put the smoke in my chest

And if you understand me then escape and kick it

While the E-Double gets wicked wiht your brain twisted

It's going down, it's going way down

Go get the 4 pound and boogie down

Redman:

Boogie woogie to boogie to band boogie to that

My rap get mad dap on ass cracks and F it be on my ass cap

Cause my funk rolls thicker than Bisquick

If it's mixed with that same funky sticky shit I roll my splifs with

I shot the sheriff on the terris

And I kick the funk like these to have more off days than Ferris

Just wrote these raps up in the studio

Brothers can't tell and sisters can't hear me no (hear me hoe)

Hook:

E got the funk, Red got the funk, Red got the funk, E got the funk (x2)

Erick Sermon:

Someones knockin' at my door, yo Johnny Gill, I need the whole floor

So I can get busy remember? And if you don't call Michael Jackson

And don' be afraid to ask him, Erick Sermon got mad tunes

No matter what they say, I got more props than Richard Bay

The mind bogglin' with the hardcore followin'

So what's up, cause I don't give a fuck

Redman:

Whoa, I make you sing with Tony Braxton

I tear the shreads out of jams like stadiums when they packed in

Back up boy you messin' with the rude bwoy yes I told ya

I rock leather jacks with Tims, sweatpants one leg rolled up

Hold up! This is a stick up, I spark the izm with ? like a bizcut

1 and 2 skirts get lift up, E got the funk and Red got the funk

Pop the trunk, I get blocks of funk to make victims say "That's the one!"

Of coarse I'm funky like fat people having intercourse

Basically the funk is stuck in your teeth so get the dental floss

Oh oh, freak out, 20 I know

But let me knock your teeth out

When I was young I turned my tree house into a weed house

And I'm deeper than Nostradamis, when I'm in chronic

And I leave your kitty cats meowin' home made bondage (meow)

Beeotch, trick, trick, beeotch

Outro:

Ha ha ha. This is Dr. Trevis comin' to y'all motherfuckers with some more raw shit. Def Squad represntitives. Def Squad forever, signin' off.