

# Freaky

## Tory Lanez

All this drip, you gon' need a umbrella  
Ooh, ooh, ayy  
I got two hoes, light skin and chocolate  
Throw the gang when I walk in through my block lit  
Got my ex tryna put me on the block list  
On the block list  
It's always somebody ex tryna pop shit  
It was flat then, she got ass shots  
Now they cheer for it, she got mascots  
And she hit the club, baby, throw that ass up  
Swear that ass on me, baby, I'ma pass out  
You could talk to me, I'ma talk back  
I got sauce, bae (Sauce bae), ain't no salt bae  
I just walked in, check the walk, mane  
Jeans Balmain, bitch, I'm ballin'  
If I fuck a shawty, I ain't gotta answer  
She a scorpio and fuck me like a cancer  
Fuckin' niggas' hoes, I ain't gotta answer  
Pussy good and I had to dap my mans up  
Shawty say she rock bottoms, I don't rock 'em for what?  
Couple million on the 'gram, but you poppin' for what?  
Tryna play me like a bird, bitch, you Donald the Duck  
All in my section, ain't fuckin', but drinkin' bottles for what?  
I'm a rich ass nigga, you a bitch ass nigga  
I'ma quick fast hit a nigga, quick fast, nigga  
Got a stick, grrrah  
Hit your bitch ass nigga  
Better talk to me nice when you hit that, nigga, yeah  
Heard lil' mama workin' with some ass, yeah  
Heard lil' mama like to keep it nasty  
Strip club, throw a lot of rackaids  
Shawty gettin' freaky and nasty  
Ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy  
Shawty gettin' freaky and nasty  
Ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy  
Shawty gettin' freaky and nasty  
Ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy  
Shawty gettin' freaky and nasty  
Ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy (Woo, woo)  
Shawty gettin' freaky and nasty  
I'm the reason lil' mama got that ass so thick  
She done heard lotta stories 'bout this cash I get  
She done heard lotta stories 'bout this dick I slang

She wanna suck a nigga ding-a-lang-a-lang-a-lang, yeah  
Should I pop through the block with my ice and walk?  
Should I flaunt through your block with the icy drop?  
I might let your friend hit it, gotta share the rock  
I done hit every bitch in your hair salon  
I'm a freak in the sheets, I'm a dog, lil' bitch  
I hit the windows and to the walls, lil' bitch  
I know you got a man, you need to pause, lil' bitch  
I'ma hit that shit until he calls, lil' bitch  
Okay, y'all tell me, niggas all jelly  
You don't call me, then my off celly  
You wan' fuck me tonight, I said it already  
I need ID, ain't no R. Kelly I'm a rich ass nigga, you a bitch ass nigga  
I'ma quick fast hit a nigga, quick fast, nigga  
Got a stick, grrrah  
Hit your bitch ass nigga  
Better talk to me nice when you hit that, nigga, yeah  
Heard lil' mama workin' with some ass, yeah  
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Strip club, throw a lot of rackaids  
Shawty gettin' freaky and nasty  
Ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy  
Shawty gettin' freaky and nasty (What?)  
Ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy  
Shawty gettin' freaky and nasty  
Ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy  
Shawty gettin' freaky and nasty  
Ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy (Woo, woo)  
Shawty gettin' freaky and nasty

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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