

# Freaks Of The Industry

## Digital Underground

Well, we're the freaks of the industry.  
My man, Money B, Oh my mellow, Shock G  
The freaks of the industry,  
And when you see us back stage, be prepared to G

Well they say that birds do it, bees do it. Time to freak, Money B gets to it,  
Not a heavyweight, but I go twelve rounds,  
With a jab and a stick, I'm goin' lick for lick, so  
Give me the helmet, I'll be the stunt man.  
Just relax, and I won't front.  
Like Anita, I'm givin' you the best that I've got,  
And I'll be takin' it slow, never missin' a spot  
Yes, caressing your back we're chest to chest she's kissing on my freckles.  
I nibbled around your ears before I suck upon your neck.  
'Oh Money B,' yeah, that's what you'll be screamin' and creamin'  
But it's not a wet dream, it's the real  
The freaky dog, dark nasty, never lettin' a kitty-cat get past me,  
Without picking it up, pettin' it, teasin' it,  
Takin' it on home and pleasin' it

Cause we're the freaks of the industry,  
You's a freak Money B. You got that Shock G  
The freaks of the industry,  
And when you see us back stage, be prepared to G.

Say you're G'in' Nobody else is seein'  
And the freak that you're wit' is in front of you,  
Bendin' over naked, and she's leanin' on the dresser You're lookin' at her from the rear She looks just like Vanessa Uh uh, not Vanessa with the singer career,  
But the X-rated video queen,  
Know what I mean? A'ight, here's the scene:  
You're lying on you're back with your head on the edge of the bed,  
The booty's two feet from your head:  
Should you: A, take the time to find a condom,  
B, you walk right over and you pound 'em,  
C, tell her that you want her love,  
Well the answer is D, [D], all of the above.  
So you're freakin' She's tweakin', sayin' that she's weak in the knees.  
Cheek to cheek, and pound for pound,  
You're taxin' it and waxin' it and workin' it around,  
'Til the booty starts makin' that clappin' sound,  
Which is cool, but your friends are chillin' in the other room.  
The clappin's getting louder, you don't want them to clown you,  
In this situation, what do you do: A, you, plain and simply, back up off her  
B, you hit it just a little bit softer,  
C, you take it out and put it in her butt,  
Well, D is what I do, so, yo, listen up:  
I put a towel on the floor by the two inch gap under the door  
Now they can't see me any more.  
Check the locks so they can't clock, but they can listen.  
There'll be no bargain' in and there'll be no dissin' Gettin' back to my mission, break out the whipped cream and the cherries,  
Then I go through all the fly positions:  
My head under her leg under my arm under her toe.

She says, 'I like it when you scream, baby let yourself go.'  
I hit it and split it, lick it and quit it.  
After the ride, put my clothes on and walk outside,  
And before anybody gets a chance to speak,  
I say, 'Yo, don't say nuttin', I guess I'm just a freak!'

Cause we're the freaks of the industry.  
Aw, you's a freak, G. Yo, you worse Money B.  
The freaks of the industry,  
And when you see us backstage, be prepared to G.

[You know what man, you's a freak.  
I seen you with that girl at the hotel after  
that show last week.  
And what about that time out there in the park?  
Shhh, don't tell nobody]

It's like this:  
Now if there's a cure for this,  
We don't want it, we'll run from it  
And if there's a remedy,  
We don't need it, we just eat it.

[This is to the ladies: I'm a freak  
Hey, yo, piano man: take us out of here, man]