Moderately slow $\text{}\text{d} = 92$

N.C.

Composed by
Verse 1: D♭ D♭7sus

1. One two one two nine - ty-four, in on the set - freaks on the floor. Don't worry 'bout my name, it's 2 long 2 re - mem - ber. Could tell u now but we'd be here 'til next Sep -
three, it be like that see this ain’t about the trippers tripping like they know they be. This

ain’t about this, that, what, where or how, this about the freaks doing everything they wanna do

Chorus: now.

Now. What cha gonna say?
Now.

Now. How u wan-na play?

**Verses 2-4:**

2. Three four three four, ninety nine, she____ the new he-ro cuz she's so di-vine.

3.4. See additional lyrics

Un-af-fect-ed by the system, she'd ra-ther die than write a rap 4 some big boot-y hef-fa, get-tin' by
on that boot-y in stead of do-in' du-ty. As- pi-re 2 be high-er, ad-mi-re so fi-re cuz it's
fly-er 2 be hun-gry than phat, And take it from this sis- ter y'all take it from that, it's
fly-er 2 be hun-gry than phat, the ride up front is bet-ter when u've been in the
back, and that's a fact. This ain't a bout this, y'all it ain't a bout that, this
ain't a-bout the boot-y mov-in' pump-in' the max... This ain't a-bout this, that, what, where or how,

this a-bout the freaks do-ing ev-ery-thing they wan-na do ain't a-bout this, that, what, where or how,

this a-bout the freaks do-ing ev-ery-thing they wan-na do now.

Now.
Db

What cha gon - na say?  Now.

Db

Now.

Db

How u wan-na play?...

Inst. solo ad lib....

Db

Now - 8 - 7
PF9552

Db7sus
Verse 3:
Forty forty five snakes alive,
Say one thing - do another.
It's time we chill on that. No.

don't need a gat
'd rather see your self-checkin' ass up 2 bat
4 another swing, anybody can sing.
There's more 2 genius than the word, my sister.
Anything would bring or would u rather dine alone.
Well, if u change your mind, u can reach me on my video phone.
It's a dime, as in dollars and that's my 2 bloody cents.
(To Chorus:)

Verse 4:
Sixty seven sixty seven freaks
Dance like they're in heaven.
DJ don't stop the music,
DJ don't stop the music.
Fill us with de dope track,
Lick us, twist us, roll us in your mouth.
Light us up and take a hit,
Suck us till we're dry.
And when we're lookin' like a roach, hit the lights.
Before u say goodnight, though, let's make a toast, yo.
(To Chorus:)

Now - 8 - 8
PF9552