

Pro Freak - Smino Feat. Doechii & Fatman Scoop Lyrics

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"Pro Freak"

Bitch, I look good

Oh my gosh, I look good

Bitch, I touch the ground

Ooh, I touch the ground, touch the ground

Bitch, I look good

Oh my gosh, I look good

Bitch, I touch the ground

Ooh, I touch the ground, touch the ground

Ooh, don't let it down, you better keep it up

Aw, aw, come on, aw, come on, aw

We like them girls with the good grease, girls with the gold teeth

Pro freak but she get ghetto at the fried deep

Girls with the good grease, girls with the gold teeth

Pro freak but she get ghetto at the fried deep (and'nem, and'nem, and'nem)

We like them girls with the—, girls with the—, them girls with the- (girls,
lovin' all them girls)

Girls with the-, girls with the—, them girls with the-, girls with the- (in the
whole wide world, we love all them girls)

Let's get it, let's get it, let's get it, she bald

Let's get it, the pussy hit different

Set it to "regular-degular"

Never impressin' her, wanna restrict her

I mess with her head when I'm textin' her

Know she ain't mine, I'm like, "who pussy is it?"

She know enough people in places

I'm seein' her, makin' her second decisions

Mm, mm, mm, bad bitch braid my scalp

My old bitch wanna come back, said, "nah"

But I'm glad that she reached out ("shit, thanks for callin'")

Ooh, cool, mm, whip it like Tyrese (skrrt)

I been doin' magic, hit a tall girl on my tippy-toes

Still no crease (baby, baby), on my shoes, call it my heritage

'Cause I rock Forces, stood on force, shit, the hernia ain't for me (ooh, ah,
ooh, ah, come on)

Now every time she put that ass up in the air I put one in the air

That's because I'm stressin' 'bout some bullshit, this week, don't care

(Ooh, ah, ooh, ah, come on)

Now every time she put that ass up in the air I put one in the air

That's because I'm stressin' 'bout some bullshit, this week, I don't care

Girls with the good grease, girls with the gold teeth

Pro freak but she get ghetto at the fried deep

Girls with the good grease, girls with the gold teeth

Pro freak but she get ghetto at the fried deep

We like them-

Diamonds is yellow, the chain on Modelo

My foot on the pedal, the hood in the meadow

I'm good in the ghetto, the booty on Jell-O

The cootie on pharaoh, the spirit on terror

The studio narrow, the cap us and bury

The cap is incredible, waist is so Mrs. Incredible

Face the credible black bitch

Set bitch, bad bitch, federal, bombastic bitch

I got several high fashion shit on my pedestal

She's a pro freak, Angelina like Jolie

Santeria, white beau sheep, purified and her soul clean

I need her, no quittin', no Quentin Tarantino

No fishin', that click, Aquafina

Pulp fiction, nose ring, nose bleeder

Dark tint, 'fore seen her, ain't seen her

Now you see it, now you don't

Shawty, let me get it, up-and-up, but don't, don't

Lady in the street, lady in the song
Wetter than the beach, tighter than the Bronx
I see her, I see like Sia, bad bitches in Osteria
We like Via, I see ya, I see ya, I need her, I need her, I do
We like the girls with the-, we like the girls with the-
We like the pro freak but she get ghetto at the fried deep
Girls with the good grease, girls with the gold teeth
Pro freak but she get ghetto at the fried deep
We like them-
Let's get it, let's get it, let's get it
Let's get it, let's get it, let's get it (pro freak)
Let's get it, let's get it, let's get it
Let's get it, let's get it, let's get it (we like them-)
Oh, shit, haha, woah
Still bouncin' all my demons (different)
Bounced it go 'head so we can dabble this (different, different)
Locked in, I walked in with the keys on me (different, different)
I been actin' (different)
I done turned my mouth into a tabernacle (different)
Made her wanna lick all on my Adam Apple (different)
Fly to Jamaica, now she goin' natural (different, ooh, ah)
Baby, that's (different)
Radio won't play me 'cause I radiate (different)

See moon, nigga, but I feel a lil' (different)
See moon, nigga, but I f- (different)
Huh, I'm up all night on the psychies
I do it by myself in my Nikes
'Member when this shit was all exciting
Now my heroes do this shit just like me
Spider-Man mean, Peter Park the coupe (skrtrt)
Everything green like Dr. Seuss, sir
You ain't part of shit, you a particle, sir
The bass hit hard like a tooth loose
Baby too wet, need rice for the couscous
I ain't took a flight all year, still trippy
Big satellite on the roof, wave Cripsy
Nigga, all the figures see fish, they with me
Tell me how you got all them opinions about me
Nigga oughta thank Smi' for lettin' this bitch breathe
Semi-automatic how she bustin' when a nigga callin'
Call of duty, shawty keep it in the tale 'fore 'bout her
Different

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