

Freeway, Free

[Freeway]

Okay, I see where y'all goin

Okay, aight dude, you want me to fuck with that Free shit? Okay..

Yeah, I got you blazed...holla!

Uh! Yeah!

Nigga, the name is strong, it can mean ten things in one

This dedicated to my niggas that grind from ten to ten

In other words all day duck the cops cuz they wanna be free

Man, them gates is strong and when that nigga locked down and he can't get out

And he lose a couple pounds and his skin get pale

And he's sittin in his cell til his patience gone, you know

Freeway be feelin your pain, I got twelve homies doin the same

And if they had bail, homey, they'd be out

But they don't so they sittin for a minute

That's the price of the game when you in it

Your freedom get strippin away

These niggas came through my hood with the nines

My man Black hit they wheel with the K, spun it around

Same day cops book em guess who send kites to em, nigga?

Free! That's right, Holdin em down nigga, the clique tight

Homer and Joe we get it down, open your mail

Read your letters, see a couple flicks of ya boyzie boyzies

Nigga, Freeway like Georgie Porgie, puddin pie kiss the girl

Fuck kiss, get orgies

One clip'll rock ya world, nigga calm ya bore beef

Shootin out with Free you gon' need a four leaf

But Freeway ain't all about the drama

I seen bullets come up out the lamas and go into melons

And leave niggas killas leakin like Aunt Jemima

Fuck what ya man think that nigga gone but he ain't Free

Gimme the kees, y'all niggas is bitchin

Package it up, I'm out with the breeze

In and out of lanes until I get where I'm goin

That's how I got my name, mane, series and my man ain't free

You can get shot in your face

Not payin attention, lunchin, gripped by the deez

Gotta be on point movin ya work by them benches

That's how I got my change, fam

Ain't a damn thang free in this world but your boy got a mean plan

To get my team out the ghetto with my boys in stilettos til we rich man

I'mma play Joe Clark when it's hardly norm

Free! Whether the coupe on F or coupe on E

I can get ya chick on E

See through her dress, get the address

Give her the F, pass her to E

They say the best things in life are free, but I can't tell

I gotta pay for all the food that I take in

And gotta pay for all the chronic that I inhale

That's why I stick with my team, nigga, stick with my men

Y'all dudes freelance, play for any team

Don't stand for nothin then you fall for anything

Turn on your voice soon as you get any cheers

But it's cool, beat downs with bats and spiked chains are free

Gettin played and haters screamin my name ain't me

Gettin paid and changin the game is me

That's why I keep a gatt in the tuck

That rip through ya bean, y'all niggas mad cuz y'all ain't Free

Look, I focus and aim, listen to bull

One verse can fuck up the game

Kick in a door, icier chain

Clean up ya kids, hook up ya bulls but gotta work hard cuz it ain't free

Used to get work hard couldn't cook soft

My homey remain anonymous, looked up to D

And you guessed it we worked up the soft, tripled the reef

But the game's sold not told, it ain't free