International Hustler

Freeway

Now I go from overseas, back to the block
Freeway, motherfucker, from the the, the Roc
Any day you wanna see my get shot of your strip
Everybody wanna be me, get paid off the block flip
Scripts move and paid off the rappin'
I'm makin' some things happen
You make an attempt to see me then it's clip boom
I'm makin' some things matchin'
I'm froze, stuffy nose, we bounce wit machinery, ahh
Choo, Free sneeze on you faggots
Here the clip drop, reload the semi-automatic
Get popped, then we seize keys like traffic
Box whip, locksmith, move keys through traffic
I'm like Boston, George and Blow
Philadelphia Freeway keep yay from blocks of soap
And y'all local, we international
Grip rounds every time I hit towns
And I hope y'all hear me in London and France
I tote wax down there when I ain't luggin' the cannon
And in Mecca I'm bowin', in Hawaii I'm landin'
On an island, smokin' and thinkin'
I hug blocks in the United States
I cop cribs in Africa, y'all can't relate
I kick box in Bancok, shark in Japan
Play my part, switch vans every time I hitman
And I, pull dimes every time I hit man
Since I'ma little ludicrous international post dude
And I, post up where you can't get man
Make hits with Jigga man, gotta respect dude
Much respect due, disrespect? You tek food
Feed you to the bullets in front of your steps
Pull it in front of your pets
Brains in their bowl, you pet food
Meanwhile I'm tryin' to make MJ moves
Which one? either I fool
Jordan or Jackson but until I get the fortune I'm snappin'
Snatchin', I'll show you how the meat eyes do
Give up weight, when you show 'em what them heaters do
Nigga wait, don't be that rude

You can take weight from anybody
If he think that he that dude
Roc-A-Fella nigga, we that crew

Shake niggas, And 1mixtape niggas, we got moves
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Play my part, switch vans every time I hitman
And the flows sick damn, man
It's a man's world nigga, sit down you girl, niggas
That's why I bring pounds around you girl, niggas
'Case I gotta cock it back and clap on motherfucka, what?
Don't need a pound to sound you girl, niggas
But the pound's loud sound'll drown you mothafucka's ears
Yeah, it's Freeway young scarpper
Say my name wrong, I'll lodge a bullet in your nappy hair
Yeah, it's the flow of the decade
Studio, backwoods, 'dro and the Pepsi do it the best way
I was thirteen, cockin' the tek back, look how the tek spray
Now I dribble down, V-A motherfucka
For schizlle you'll see Free my nizzle
Oh, yeah, don't forget the Way motherfucka
Any stupid motherfucka in my way gettin' crippled
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