Full Effect (feat. Young Gunz)

Freeway

They got me staring at the world through my rearview
Blow that baby, scream to Gotti
Can't help you with your problems
Thug niggas wild when I come throughThey can relate to my views
And couple with their problems(Uh!)
Turn this up, fucks ya problem?
This is real shit, homieIn the booth with the four-fifth
Only two clips, so the other clip
Don't get, lonely homie, pull it homie
No shit homie, know me?(Yeah!)Get in work, fa' we puffin licks, homie(Yeah!)
I got the vocal chords, want to hear some more?(Yeah!)
How I ran a block, dropped and picked up brauds
In a hooptie not a drop-top, got ya bitch up more(Yeah!)
Switch next-shift, from the block-shift
To the wreck-shift, then I got the click up raw(Yeah!)
Hatin' niggas get shot up in liquor stores
Beat, strapped and tied up with extension cords
HollaFreeway's in Full Effect
And all I need is one reason just to pull this burner
'Cause, why'all taught me to go next
And I'm a be god damned if I'm a give my turn up
Freeway's in Full Effect
And all I need is one reason just to pull this ratchet out
Why'all taught me to go next
And I'm a be god damned if I'm a squeeze my cannonYeah, Uh, Young Gunz, Neef(WHAT?)
Yo, Yo, Yo Yo
Far as I'm hearing, why'all doing a lot of comparing
'Cause Young Neef's on the block missing a lot of appearance
Yeah youngin' still got it in, 120 a gram
Now that have yo smokers, and yo fiends
Leanin' like a kick-stand
I'd send my brother for ya mother manPut up blocks in em'
Dead presidents wrapped in rubber-bands
Chatti' will pistol-whips
That'll rip through shitI hate a prick, I'd kill his bitch
And make her lick the dick
Neef, keeps out more then an extended clip
'Cause I rather be judged by 12 then carried by 6And I can show you how to DO THIS SHIT!
Get ya straight and get ya cake right?

Let us smoke and test ya weight
Before you take it to plateRock it down, stuff the shit in five eighths
Early and not late(Uh!)
Don't be makin' no mistakes
Put it out and then you bring it back straightIt's more money to make
HollaUh, Uh, Yo, A'yo
Young Gunna, just another victim of the ghetto nigga
Post and Pivot and distrubute the work
My Pop broke as filthy got addicted to workMan, they say it's a shame, but they say it's the game
I made my way through the game
Rowdy lil youngin', was the snotty nosed youngin'
Everybody lil youngin'They only youngin' out huggin' that pavement
For paper, and was shoveling pavement for neighbors
I never made it to them 5 on 5's(Uh!)
They was playin' live, I was tryin' stay live!Tryin' to stay alive!
Moms workin' 11: 30 to curfew, I was tryin' to stay til' 5
Hopin' the corners stay alive, while I'm killin' it
Can't stop me before the day I'm robbedI'll be coppin' again
So fuck a day job while I'm feelin' it
They ain't stoppin me
Straight from the center to "State Property"(UH!)

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