# Don't Cross The Line (Feat. Faith Evans)

## [Freeway](Freeway)

The name F are double the E
The gat hack are end where the cops'll clip
Back, flip, hands spring semi your V
You callin' all an' run to the copsDon't make me wet, y'all
With what's under the T-shirt
The heat hurt, blew off ya front porch, your backyard
Ya'll niggaz like dicks, pause
Thick jaws, act hard, so they keep squirtin'I move work often
Like when New York couldn't beat Boston
Controllin' the nets, I float on ya block
Hop out, post up, move rocks often
Shut the shot down, pass it to ChrisIf your boss got twelve on the neck, ten in the arm
An' my gat at the end of my arms
Hittin' the clip prick
Flippin' ya vet, causin' you harm, nigga
Ya'll need a place of respect, we runnin' shitThe name, F are double the E, tell 'em
Don't really wanna cross the line
An' I don't wanna have to tell ya twice
An' Trick, are O see bring trouble your wayW A to the why, tell 'em
Means that don't show love
Freeway gets no love
Trick, are O see bring trouble this partsF are E, bubble the ride an' in all
Came from takin' the trip, stuffin' the ride, yea
I'ma ride it on every of your ride
Caught in every broad or market
Park it, hop out in deer crewThe heat is on perfect, tuckin' the linin'
I'm fine an' trynna get some tickets for slidin'
Freeway's in full effect
An' all these bitches want some millions
Just to hear my rhymeAn' I don't gotta boss 'em to give nectar
The boy get check-ups, I get neck, when I don't ask
When mami's with the ax, make my baby momma ask
Look, that's the crimeAn' I don't wanna force y'all to give checks, uh
Without tax, Freeway shoot ya from ya head to ya toe
From ya toes to ya neck
That's what the boy brought, extra largeThe name, F are double the E, tell 'em
Don't really wanna cross the line
An' I don't wanna have to tell ya twice
An' Trick, are O see bring trouble your wayW A to the why, tell 'em

Means that don't show love
Freeway gets no love
Trick, are O see bring trouble this partsFreeway bring trouble to soloists
The sawed off split, get the fuck outta dodge
Know this, I came from nothin'
So ain't nothin' for my gauge to duck
You punks, get outta lineAn' I cock back, bloody ya tee
Pull ya top back, drive through at McDonald's
In front of Ronald, put ya brains on ya Big Mac
Make sure the bitch don't leaveI got a gat an' a clip in each sleeve
With boxers, so my dick can breathe
Breeze through in the '89
Dealt with my boys, with my whistle on freeze
That's how you know I got the block on smashAct up, I put your stripper on freeze
Me an' Sieg', like Snoop an' Daz
Because tricks that fuck, couldn't give me the ass
An' they roll up, light up, pass me the trees, come onThe name, F are double the E, tell 'em
Don't really wanna cross the line
An' I don't wanna have to tell ya twice
An' Trick, are O see bring trouble your wayW A to the why, tell 'em
Means that don't show love
Freeway gets no love
Trick, are O see bring trouble this partsIt's Freeway and done away and we doin' it [Incomprehensible]
Holla, yeah, it's the repF are double the E, tell 'em
Cross the line, flip ya V?
Ya lost you mind? Don't fuck with Free
Trick, are O see bring trouble your way, holla