

Turn out the Lights (Freewest)

Freeway

[Intro]

[Free] Yes!

[Kayne] Yeah Kayne!

[Free] Philadelphia Freeway, uh

why'all know what it is, uh, yeah, uh[Verse 1: Freeway]

Before I turn out ya lights lets get one thing understood

I'ma keep my hammer real close, rubber grip tight

Tell why'all niggas good night, good night, uh

Before I turn out ya lights lets get one thing understood

Free gon' keep his hammer real close, rubber grip tight

Tell why'all niggas good night, good night, uh

The shit you heard'll do me justice, got a death wish

The shit I pack'll put holes through ya Lexus

Got the tec clip, respect it

The turn pike bully, earn stripes, move lla

Through ya turn pike early, all night, all day

Wait, switch hustles nigga, now I muscle mixtapes all night, all day

Yes! The front line of the Roc

Will through a football pass through ya chest

Brett Farve wit the glock

Uh! I'm Max Payne wit the stock out

Money and fame run out, get it with cocaine

Rep the Roc till I clock out, I make you clock out

Put sumtin in ya brains[Chorus: Kayne West & Freeway]

I do my dirt all by my lonely and I got the heart to fight

So please refrain from hatin (on me!) before I turn out ya lights

ain't no hesitation, I got the guns to fight

So please refrain from hatin (on me!) before I turn out ya lights[Verse 2: Freeway]

Don't test my patience because I got the guns to fight

Stay wit em coast to coast

IHOP I distribute the toast to folks

I stop, never, Free a rap Icon

Black Bon Jovi, ?in the rock/Roc love of rock/Roc?

Jake of watches, ice cickle the time

Still got time to leave ya stash gone when you wake up

Free hate smuts, stay wit a dime, at all times

Stay on the grind at all times wit so many nines

Shit baggin and shake up

Nigguh! Ain't no captin to shake up

Doe like a brink truck, nine on my waist, I! [Chorus]
[Verse 3: Freeway]
Freeeee! Put the burners to ya crew
Give me a reason, not to squeeze on ya gang
Man the hammers go bang to bang
In wit a bang, bang Blueprint 2
Before you, slide through to deliver ya gang the thangs
Switch lanes to get Paid in Full
Look it's the rich (?) of transporters
Donvan McNabb of mixtapes, look hey
Follow the kid's orders in other words do what the kid say
We got it locked from the Bay back to Philly
Where niggas pack millies like every single day
We don't play, we all about our change and
Money exchangin, if you bout your pay
Then every single day, bring the lla to ya city
Act up, bring the K's to ya city
Then shots exchangin, every single day [Chorus w/o (on me!) x2]

Songwriters

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