Stimulus Outro

Freeway

[Intro - Freeway - talking]Yeah, this is real talk man, you know what I'm sayin?
Real shit man
I be fuckin with my fans man, I be interactin with 'em, ya know?
This how we get down man, Philly Freezer, Jake One, yeah
Okay, that's right, uh, uh
[Verse 1 - Freeway]I'm home alone and I'm goin through my fan mail (fan mail)
Some send it physical, some send it through the e-mail (e-mail)
Who is it? It's somebody from Virginia (okay)
The name Linda, so I guess it is a female (guess it is a female)
She wrote "Free, as for kids I got two (uh huh)
My man been locked since '04 and (What We Do) got me through (for real?)
Them lonely nights and them cold ass days
Every time your music play I be thankful to you (that's what's up)
I'm a part-time stripper tryin to make it through school
You my boo and my favorite sayin is 'what we do is wrong' (okay)
What's goin on? When you gonna drop some new songs?
When it drop put me on, I'll be waitin for you, so long"
[Break - Freeway - talking]Who the fuck is this?
Kareem? Erie, Pennsylvania?
Let me see what this nigga talkin about
[Verse 2 - Freeway]"Freezer, how are you? Make a move
No disrespect but I'm sick of hearin of you (is you?)
In my iPod all I'm hearin is you (for real?)
State Property, all I hear is your crew (that's what's up)
What's up with Beanie Mac? (uh) What's up with Peedi Crakk? (uh)
That's that street shit, man y'all need to bring it back
How are the Young Gunz? What's up with O and Sparks
Y'all need to keep the Roc afloat like it's Noah's Ark, show your heart (uh)
Y'all had it locked from the start (that's right)
And when you came out here, you tore the show apart
By the way my sister's so in love
I'm about to holla back, it's time to off my packs, it's gettin dark, one love"
[Break - Freeway - talking]This nigga crazy man
Let me see who this is in this letter
This nigga from Raleigh, North Carolina? Down South? Okay
[Verse 3 - Freeway]"What up folk? Holla at your kinfolk
We still grindin down here, we got it in bro (in bro)
What's up with all these niggaz jumpin out the window? (what's up?)
We need that hood shit, please slow down the tempo (uh)

When you comin back to town, what it's hittin for?

We spendin money like we never been broke (okay)
I heard that (900 Hustler) and I listened to that (that's right)
Now I'm a certified hustler, put my clique on the map (that's right)
I'm still posted by the Waffle House, gold's in my mouth
I heard that Month Of Madness shit, yeah, I listened to that (good look)
And that shit was hot, thanks a lot
But all I wanna know is when the new album drop, hit me"
[Break - Freeway - talking]Got you covered my nigga, that shit on the way
Who the fuck is this? Derrick? Flint, Michigan? Huh?
[Verse 4 - Freeway]"Man this recession got a nigga stressin (uh)
Lost my job but I'm alive, so I'm a count my blessings (count 'em)
Your music is the only thing that get me through
I wanted to rob dudes but I ain't got a weapon
I'm out here raising two adolescents (uh)
One son, one daughter, Free, I'm just like you (just like you)
Only difference is I don't get them checks like you (checks like you)
The other night I was reckless, I snatched a dude's necklace (did you?)
Now I'm on the low, the hood crime infested
If you take a nigga necklace, they'll be lookin for you
It's like that song with you and Beans, they'll be (Coming For You)
Gunnin for you but fuck it, had to get my kids' breakfast, peace"
[Break - Freeway - talking]Damn man, this shit got me feeling crazy man
I'm gettin all these letters from my fans
I don't even got the time to write everybody back
So fuck it, I'm just gonna address y'all motherfuckers right now man
This is the reason why me and Jake doin this shit right now man
I'm about to break this shit down for y'all motherfuckers man, early
[Verse 5 - Freeway]It's the reason why we named our album "Stimulus Pack"' (Stimulus Pack')
All the fans givin us love and now we givin it back (givin it back)
I am not gonna hate on the state of hip-hop, in fact
All I'm here to do is give y'all real rap (yeah)
I'm a spit y'all real facts, I'm a realist
You should feel that, if you go against it you will feel clips (feel clips)
Rep Roc-A-Fella 'til them nigaaz push my wig back (wig back)
But the label Rhymesayers, player you should feel this (feel this)
And the deal is (uh), we bringin y'all that flavor player (that's right)
All fuckin day and you can bang it in your whip (bang it in your whip)
Know this (this), it gets greater player
But you gotta grind, you gotta be up on your shit (come on)
And the question is, where did we go wrong?
Malcolm X and Martin Luther couldn't lead us home
Uh, yeah, but we bringin it back, it's "The Stimulus Package"
I'm sick with the rap, he's sick with producin, come on [echo]

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