What We Do

Freeway

Man, if I get rocked, this shit for my kids, nigga
It's that real shit
Even though what we do is wrong
We still hustle 'til the sun come up
Crack a 40 when the sun go down
It's a cold winter, y'all niggaz better bundle up
An' I bet it be a hotter summer, grab a onion
Yes, the ROC gets down, you hot now, listen up
Don't you know cops' whole purpose is to lock us down?
An' throw away the key, but without this drug shit
Your kids ain't got no way to eat
We still try to keep Mom smilin'
'Cuz when the teeth stop showin'
An' the stomach start growlin', then the heat start flowin'
If you from the hood, I know you feel me, keep goin'
If a sneak start leanin' an' the heat stop workin'
Then my heat start workin', I'ma rob me a person
Catch a nigga sleepin' while he out in the open
An' I'ma get him, keep flowin'
We gotta raise our kids while we livin'
Make a million off a record, bail my niggaz outta prison
Fuck a Bentley or a Lexus, just my boys in the squadder
Nigga talk reckless, then I hit 'em with the Smif an'
But I'm never snitchin', I'm a rider
If my kids hungry, snatch the dishes out ya kitchen
I'll be wylin' til they pick me outta line up
We keep the nines tucked, chopped dimes up, rap about it
Wyle out, fuck niggaz up, laugh about it
I'm not tryin' to visit the morgue
But Freeway move out 'til I sit with the Lord
'Til I get my shit together, clean up my sins
Freeway got it in like 10 in the mornin'
An' I can get it to ya like 10 while you yawnin', man
Still deliver the order, man
An' I ain't talkin' 'bout chicken an' gravy, man
I'm talkin' 'bout bricks 'o ye yo, halves an' quarters
4 an' a halves of hash, you do the math

Swing past us, scoop up your daughter

She wanna roll wit' a thug that rap, you do the math
He won't blast 'til my stacks in order
Man, lemme get 'em Free
Hove never slackin', man, zippin' in the black Range
Faster than the red ghost, gettin' ghost wit' Pac, man
One time, know a got a knack to get that change
Leader of the black gang, ROC, man
Bang like T-Mac, ski mask, air it out
Gotta kill witnesses 'cause Free's beard's stickin' out
Y'all don't want no witness shit, we squeeze hammers, man
Bullets breeze by you, like Louisiana, man
But I gotta feed Tianna, man
So I move keys, you can call me the Piano Man
Rain, sleet, hail, snow, man
Slang dough, E, hydro, man
Know B. Sige in the third lane
Gramps still prayin', workin' on my nerves, man
Like, "Son you gotta get your soul clean
Before they blow them horns like Coltrane"
But still I cry tears of a hustler
Wipe tears from my mother, pull out beers for her brothers
That's above us, make beds for the babies
Tuck kids under covers, buy cribs for their mothers
Shit, I'll probably be wylin' with their fathers
Tell Ms. Robert, tell Enijah that I'm ridin' for her father
That's like my brother, like same mother, different father
Any problems? Dog, know I got 'em
An' still we grind from the bottom
Just to make it to the bottom, sold crack in the alleyways
Still gave back Marcy 'A Dollar Day'
Real gangstas make hood holidays
They ain't thank us but we still paid homage, man
Soul Food Sunday, lookin' like Big Momma's, man
Tell the gang I never break my promise, man, man
Even though what we do is wrong
Even though what we do is wrong

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