Don't Cross The Line

Freeway

The name F R 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 cops
Don'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 Chris
If 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' shit
The name, F R double the E, tell 'em
Don't really wanna cross the line
An' I don't wanna have to tell ya twice
An' Trick, R O C bring trouble your way
W A to the Y, tell 'em
Means that don't show love
Freeway gets no love
Trick, R O C bring trouble this parts
F R 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 crew
The 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 rhyme
An' 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 crime
An' 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 large
The name, F R double the E, tell 'em
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An' Trick, R O C bring trouble your way
W A to the Y, tell 'em
Means that don't show love
Freeway gets no love
Trick, R O C bring trouble this parts
Freeway 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 line
An' 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 leave
I 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 smash
Act 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 on
The name, F R double the E, tell 'em
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An' I don't wanna have to tell ya twice
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Freeway gets no love
Trick, R O C bring trouble this parts
It's Freeway and done away and we doin' it [Incomprehensible]
Holla, yeah, it's the rep
F R double the E, tell 'em
Cross the line, flip ya V?
Ya lost you mind? Don't fuck with Free

Trick, R O C bring trouble your way, holla

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