

Full Effect

Freeway

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

They got me staring at the world through my rear view
Blow that, baby, scream to Gotti
Can't help you with your problems
Thug niggas wild when I come through They can relate to my views
And couple with their problems
Turn this up, fucks ya problem?
This is real shit, homie In the booth with the four-fifth
Only two clips, so the other clip
Don't get, lonely homie, pull it homie
No shit, homie, know me? Get in work, fa' we puffin' licks, homie
I got the vocal chords, wanna hear some more?
How I ran a block, dropped and picked up brauds
In a hooptie not a drop-top, got ya bitch up more Switch next-shift from the block-shift
To the wreck-shift, then I got the click up raw
Hatin' niggas get shot up in liquor stores
Beat, strapped and tied up with extension cords, holla Freeway's in Full Effect
And all I need is one reason just to pull this burner
'Cause, y'all taught me to go next
And I'ma be God damned if I'ma give my turn up Freeway's in Full Effect
And all I need is one reason just to pull this ratchet out
Y'all taught me to go next
And I'ma be God damned if I'ma squeeze my cannon Far as I'm hearing, y'all doing a lot of comparing
'Cuz Young Neef's on the block missing a lot of appearance
Yeah, youngin' still got it in, 120 a gram
Now that have yo smokers and yo fiends
Leanin' like a kick-stand I'd send my brother for ya mother, man, put up blocks in em'
Dead presidents wrapped in rubber-bands
Chatti' will pistol-whips that'll rip through shit
I hate a prick, I'd kill his bitch and make her lick the dick Neef, keeps out more then an extended clip
'Cuz I rather be judged by twelve then carried by six
And I can show you how to do this shit
Get ya straight and get ya cake right? Let us smoke and test ya weight

Before you take it to plate
Rock it down, stuff the shit in five eighths
Early and not late Don't be makin' no mistakes
Put it out and then you bring it back straight
It's more money to make, holla Neef Bucks in Full Effect
And all I need is one reason just to pull this burner
'Cause, y'all taught me to go next
And I'ma be God damned if I'ma give my turn up Neef Bucks in Full Effect
And all I need is one reason just to pull this ratchet out
Y'all taught me to go next
And I'ma be God damned if I'ma squeeze my cannon Young Gunna, just another victim of the ghetto nigga
Post and Pivot and distribute the work
My Pop broke as filthy got addicted to work
Man, they say it's a shame but as they say, it's the game I made my way through the game
Rowdy lil' youngin', was the snotty nosed youngin'
E'rybody lil' youngin'
They only youngin' out huggin' that pavement For paper and was shoveling pavement for neighbors
I never made it to them 5 on 5's
They was playin' live, I was tryin' stay live
Tryin' to stay alive Moms workin', 11:30 to curfew, I was tryin' to stay till five
Hopin' the corners stay alive, while I'm killin' it
Can't stop me before the day I'm robbed
I'll be coppin' again So fuck a day job while I'm feelin' it
They ain't stoppin' me
Straight from the center to state property Young Chris in Full Effect
And all I need is one reason just to pull this burner
'Cause, y'all taught me to go next
And I'ma be God damned if I'ma give my turn up Young Chris in Full Effect
And all I need is one reason just to pull this ratchet out
Y'all taught me to go next
And I'ma be God damned if I'ma squeeze my cannon

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