

One Foot In

Freeway & Jake One

[Verse 1 - Freeway] I'm so hood, the hood relate to me, so I can say that

Make that, trap music without the Maybach

Stay strapped, A-Wax of rap

I've been that since ADATS, Freezer clean tracks like Ajax

Flow mean, I stepped on the scene on "The Dynasty" album

So it's a guarantee y'all played that

I'm about to bring that '98 hip-hop back

I got (99 Problems) but my rhyme is not a problem (ye-yeah!)

I'm evolvin with the talent, stay showin my ass

Why the hell you think Jay-Z and Dame Dash signed him?

Military geared him, front lined him

Now I use my own mind, grindin tryin to be a millionaire

I hit the stu(dio) and make that heat and let the people hear

I drop it on the 'net and represent the East coast stare

Grabbed the producer from the West, we woke the roosters out their nest

They love the mixture, came to get the digits, we right here, yeah

(ye-yeah!)

[Chorus - Freeway] Philly Freezer's hold blickas no doubt

I still got one foot in and one out

I got one foot in the game, other foot in the gutter

If my music don't bubble, I feel sorry for your mother

'Cause I will come stickin no doubt

I still got one foot in and one out

I got one foot in the music, other foot in the streets

If my family don't eat, I feel sorry for your peeps, peep

[Verse 2 - Freeway]

Rock-a-bye auto-matty, put daddy in deep sleep

Now his peeps can't find 'em, he remind me of my Jeep

That I don't got, that you won't spot

You won't never see him, won't never meet 'em

In a position thought I'd never be in

How the hell I got low dough when the video on television?

I felt KRS when he said the libraries tell a lie buried

It's like tell-a-lie-vision (ye-yeah!)

Still got to pitch in, ride around with my Smith and

My goodness, this is not what I visioned

I was thinkin, frankly when I get in

A whole lot of Benjamin Franklins, thank goodness

That my niggaz still had the pot cookin

Block jumpin, I'm a hustler so I'm never left stinkin
And I'm still makin, music with no debatin
On my job, never leave the fans waitin (ye-yeah!)
[Chorus][Verse 3 - Freeway]Oh, I feel sorry for your mother
He missed a kick, I feel sorry for the punter
Flow like the waters from down under the 9th Wonder
Not one of them +Brothers+ on "The Ego Trip"
I got my right foot in, I got my left foot out
I'm movin yayo while I'm rhymin and I shake it all about
Supply it to the smokers, 'til I turn myself around
That's what it's all about, yeah! (ye-yeah!)
[Chorus]

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