

Always-n-forever

Freeway

[Intro - Freeway - talking]Uh huh (hey)
Hip-hop (hey), hip-hop, uh huh, yeah
Free, uh huh (hey), I feel marvelous, ha, uh (hey)
Okay

[Verse 1 - Freeway]They yellin can you please bring that Philly rap, East coast back?
We need a neat look, rebook, fit in ya bag, yeah
Grind harder than I did in the past
Mind like Einstein, I'm the shit in the lab
The feces in the booth need to shit in the Jag
Trust, your transgression will shit in the bag, yeahhh!
Might I add

Although they often duplicate it, I'm the shit with the ad libs
Freezer clean y'all whack rappers up like bad kids
Pampers, forget the hamper, throw the shit in the trash
What I'm tryin to say, is I'm the shit, y'all ass
I'm a full bowel movement, you just passin gas
You need some Pepto-Bismol, some chicken and Crisco grease
A colon cleanser from the chicks on the Ave, yeah
You can try me but you ain't gonna last
Ain't a chicken I desire that I ain't gonna have, yeah
[Chorus - Freeway]Free, spray things for the cheddar
I'm, on point, always and forever
I, work hard just to make my money

Ya whole firing squad couldn't take my money, from me
[Verse 2 - Freeway]Y'all dummies, y'all can take these dummies from me
And y'all can hear them dummies hummin

Comin at ya, sorry that I had to gat ya
But y'all motherfuckin dummies had it comin
When I'm rappin, this is facts, it's not fiction
I got the clearance to crush ya with McLarens
Old heads say I remind 'em of Aaron Torres
I rock white gold, Rolies and send they young'ns on errands
Keep the young'ns with me, take 'em out on the road
Get 'em clothed and send 'em home with more dough than they parents
Now the Maybach roof transparent
I'm from where the roof was damaged, water leaked on the floor
And the hole got bigger, water leaked on the bed
I couldn't sleep on the bed, I had to sleep on the floor

And my mother used to wonder why I stayed on the go
Now my mother got a house, four baths, six beds, yeah
[Chorus - Freeway]Free, spray things for the cheddar
I'm, on point, always and forever
I, work hard just to make my paper
A whole firing squad couldn't take my paper, ya know
Free, spray things for the cheddar
I'm, on point, always and forever
I, work hard just to make my money
Ya whole firing squad couldn't take my money, from me
[Outro - Freeway - talking]Let the horns rock
Let that chick talk
(Hey) okay, (hey) okay
This that real shit, hip-hop
Y'all know (hey), Freezer!
(Hey), Jake One

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