

# Full Effect

## Freeway

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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