

# Parade (Featuring Freeway)

## Young Gunz

[Verse 1 - Young Chris]

All niggaz envying chris. I gotta load up and empty them clips. now those pussies will back up. Tommy G's difference from

Back Up. coming through tha house creeping. I'm tha new house keeping. motha fuck all that loud speaking. call tha

Neighbors hear his loud speakers. no need for smalls keeping. kill tha bitch then we out freezing. now that's some

Witnesses we leaving fuck tha child proofing. as I cease ya fuck back and forth wit tha rappers. that's gon' leave ya back

And forth wit them clappers. and I ain't goin back to court wit them crackers. want a district attorney. stay strapted so

Those bitches won't burn me. TAKE THAT. where tha F did you earn it? take tha lesson and learn it. the most important is to

Pass it and burn it. betta get it 'cause most of these rappers that talkin ain't eva live it. tha niggaz that said they wit it

Said they did itGet tha fuck outta here, bitch ass nigga. niggaz get fucked at tha county, nigga feel this like,  
[Young Chris]

Fresh off tour Philadelphia is your's.

Freeway that's my lean way that help me to score[Freeway - Rhyme]

Stay fresh dress and West blessed me wit this track. him and Chad West don't guess nigga they from North. P-H-I double L Y.

Don't fuck wit tha props squad get hit wit tha sixth four. don't fuck wit them big boys. free to live fresh like them Mel

Guy. fuck ya killa wit tha knife its similar to Columbine and Free don't get down like nobody's boys. He that boy that you

Know get to workin and niggaz start hurtin let you purchase a ? from em, yeah. keep his hammer closer then Kim to em. So

Playaz and robbers I'm out tha question. Cops ask my fiends 21 questions but I answer 21 extras. Flex tha Suburban,

Bullets dipped in detergent. Full planes of curosion. Hit ya fucking flesh up. have you niggaz playing catch up. Take a

Pop out tha poppers, block for blocka. Get tha beat witout a beating[Neef - Ryhme]

Yeah my first name Neef and my last name Buck. from tha first time I beef or a motha fucka mess up. instead of knuckling

Up these motha fuckas get plucked. From where there young'z snatching grass and they trippin on dust. all they take is a

Puff these niggaz be right back at ya. tryin to leave ya niggaz living as snatchas. bout tha cream we roll around like a

SWAT team wit beems and try not to hit no innocent teens. about tha cream work hard now, live up my dream.

ain't tryin to

Stress ova no shorts or ugly things. that ain't for me or even my team. we be layin back in Suburbans and eatin some beans.

The more I go in this game tha harder it seems. this shit been watered down tryin to raise out tha ground. one was sweet

Ya peace still lugging around. say Neef ain't sweet still repping tha town YA KNOW[CD SCRATCHES]  
[Young Chris- Rhyme]

Fresh off tour Philadelphia is your's. Freeway that's my lean way that help me to score. Investin in these businesses I

Make my business his. But this is Chris, address em if there's war. A message from Shakur all you got is a bitch. ain't no

Pride in ya bitch, she let em have it she fit. she define them clips she astatic. and she'd rather walk wit shells instead

Of matics. I get a kick outta tha bitch like Jet Lee. She went WILD when them niggaz was hatin. got her boy outta tha

Situation wit one BLOW. so what NOW? play you chumps LOUD. it's like red nose picture you punks GROWL. get dumb FOUND. get

Him HOW?[Neef]

We catch him and beat him.[Chris]

Several bodies not one FOUND.[Neef]

Not loyal to feed em[Chris]

They neva found em guilty not one TRIAL.

Not one FOUND that can look any younger 'cause they woulda been took me under[Both]  
Fuckin crackers[Neef- Rhyme]

Girls love us that's what makes em hate us. well fuck it dawg we make tha paper. don't make us make tha papers. they can't

Fade us, fuck what they go through HEY. halos halos go through CLAY, go through tha WAY hit a bunch of teeth wit pine.

Don't worry I can read they mind, Fuckin faggots. you niggaz eatin so we brought a fork. we ask for beef those niggaz throw

Us pork. we throw them all up. when I'm shoppin fill tha mall up. cops everywhere. exit out be for they block every stair.

Now it's hot everywhere. gotta bounce all out. make you niggaz pure tha pounds all out, I need tha chronic. now we gotta

Leave tha town and fuck tha airport we bringin ?.

Coffe grinders takin chronic. lil rascals better be for December, I'm GONE[MUSIC TIL FADE]

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