

## 527 FREESTYLE

Drexthejoint

Look

I'm with the hop out, pop out, ain't no opps out  
And boosters what you fuck, niggas not 'bout  
Free Kray if he wrong, just free my niggas out that cell  
And for the niggas dissing, yeah, we quick to give 'em hell  
For fags and bitch-mades, dumpin' on shit stains  
And all that poppin', you a man with some bitch ways  
Stay up on the house, lil' nigga, don't get flamed  
Look, huh, aight  
Nigga, I'm from Southside, Jackers and Jays, that's if you didn't know  
Ain't poppin' hots on the 'Gram 'til niggas hit the floor  
Your homie died, it's still crazy y'all niggas want some more  
But I'm from Jayside, stupid, I'm quick to let the blow  
It's all good in the hood, my nigga, come get it  
Don't let the 'Gram fool you, on Jays, my niggas with it  
My boy done knocked your brodie down, y'all know who did it, huh?  
Look, tuh, y'all know who did it, huh?  
Yeah, I'm creepin' through your section with this weapon  
Pipe down, don't make me have your mama out here stressin'  
Fun and gunsmoke, whole city, on gang, where it get hectic  
If you see them Jay poles, I suggest you keep it steppin', nigga  
Yeah, I came a long way, yeah, from them cold days  
I was in the streets, I ain't give a fuck about what mama say  
Off the muscle, so you know I had to make a way  
Do it for my brothers who out there flockin', tryna make a play  
Pipe down, I'm with the fuck-ups and all that  
And any faggot slippin', finna shoot at his ballcap  
Bitch, don't ask where I'm at, I'm in the field where the thugs at  
And you the type of nigga ask a bitch where your hug at  
Nigga thinkin' he cold, that's on the gang, I feed him hot shit  
Do it for them days I had to bounce out and flock shit  
And every time I flow on beats, bitch, I do not miss  
I'm screamin' free the gang 'til they let 'em out the box, bitch  
Dead homies, dead homies, you ain't got nothin'  
Every time you see Drex hop out, these niggas run  
They ask me why I do this shit, I do this shit for fun  
Man, you can squabble these bullets, nigga, fuck a one on one  
He don't like me, he wanna fight me, well, come and shoot me  
I remember bein' fifteen, I was slidin' on a hoopty  
Ain't trippin' over no bitch, nigga, it's all gucci  
I'm only lovin' on these bitches when I'm fuckin' up the coochie  
All facts, me love you? Bitch, please  
I'll probably think about it if you get up on your knees  
Stay up on the sidewalks, nigga, I'm from the streets  
Man, I got this shit on lock, y'all niggas better take a seat  
Y'all better sit down, 'cause on Jays, y'all niggas bunk  
We know the real you, my nigga, you don't want the funk  
We been upped the score, y'all niggas can't keep up  
Anybody can get it, that's on the gang, I don't give a fuck, nigga, huh