

All The Way Live

Freeway

Hol' up, hol' up
Yeah, yeah
Woah, woah
Hol' up, hol' up
Yeah, yeah
Woah, woah

Keep off the Covered in gold Blowin' a check, yeah
Bad bitches on deck (bitches on deck)
All the way, all the way live, yeah
All the way, all the way live, yeah
All the way, all the way (all the way)
All the way, all the way live, yeah
, yeah
Wouldn't let no We in the city

Homie we litty
Hundred thou' new All the way, all the way live, yeah
All the way, all the way live, yeah
All the way, all the way (all the way)
All the way, all the way live, yeah

Ran rap a lot of Summers
Boy I trap a lot of numbers
Had to school a lot of young ones
Boy I raised a lot of hustlers
In the ghetto where they cut throat
Dust smoke turn to gun smoke
Slide by in that wide body
Shit look like a tug rope