

# Hol Fam

## Freeway

[Intro:]

Team Early  
Lot of Lexus' in the building  
All different avenues, you smell me?  
(Benji style, Benji style, Benji style...)

[Verse 1:]

I got a lot of bars, I got a lot of burners  
Hold it down for my niggas that's behind bars  
I got a lot of raps, I got a lot of straps  
Got that 650 grand Coup, I'm a trap star  
My beard big and it's awkward, my voice different  
They said it'd be hard to market and yet I cornered the market  
Ten years later, I'm still here  
And people whose careers started when mine started careers departed  
I am, lion-hearted, I'm a a rare breed  
I'm my father's only seed, I'm my mother's only offspring  
Buck shot's up in the Mossberg, boss things  
My bitch got me feelin' like Sam Rothstein  
I'm b'out to LA clip her, we all sinners  
But the best of us sinners are those who are repent  
Neck froze, wrist froze, and it's barely even winter  
On my caveman shit, about to hunt for my dinner  
Come on!

[Dialogue:]

We methodical with this shit  
Straight up and down - nothin' flashy over here  
That's how we livin' - three the hard way  
Three emcee's doin' what they do  
Nothin' fake here  
My young boy gon' wreck it  
From the Windy City  
Ayo Sean - get 'em

[Verse 2: Sean]

Chyeah!  
You see I'm in it for a reason, someone to believe in  
Learned to swim quicker 'cause I got tossed in the deep end  
My cousin was a drunk, and his father was a deacon  
Nonsense made sense, let that there seep in  
I've seen a prom queen never leave the nest  
And end up with more babies than dudes she had sex with  
I respect it 'cause I'm as real as it gets  
And I'm a terrible liar, so what you see what you get  
I'm living proof, of the talent that won't tarnish  
A monster, I'm fightin', I don't do no sparrin'  
My jeep got you wranglers looking so Brett Farvrish  
Claimin' I'm a 'burbanite but don't want no problems  
Put it together like no other  
Hungry as a child with no mother  
Twelve brothers, reppin' the three fingers  
Mind on a roof with no gutter  
Knifin' through butter, watchin' my thoughts hover  
Come on!  
Chyeah!

[Dialogue:]

We raining verbal terror on y'all fake emcees  
Your squad ain't tough  
Y'all peon-ass cats  
Talkin' 'bout y'all killers  
Y'all 16 shots can't match  
This 50 in the clip right here  
Real street niggas know what it is  
Ayo Tek - spit at these niggas

[Verse 3: Tek]

Young nigga - fast lane  
Usain Bolt of the crack game  
Never gave a fuck and I still don't  
Home run show and I never bunt  
No matter how much a money getter  
You still looked at as a black nigga  
I come through and I get salutes  
I don't even talk as much as my shooter shoots  
I'm still looked at as a boss  
I bounce back, after every loss  
I take a minute but I'm still in it  
I keep my family as my lieutenant  
It's so hard to trust outsiders  
If I'm Clyde, who my Bonnie rider?  
I just wanna count a million figures  
And have the jails open up for my million niggas

[Outro:]

Marchin' through your hood, stompin' on your projects  
We the Lords of War - 'nough respect  
Hello world - we made it  
Come on...