# Life On The Line

**Freeway**

Am I missing something?
Did I do something wrong?
Did I slip or something?
Is it 'cause I work hard?
Does that make me the villan?
I'm just tryin' a make a killin'
Didn't mean to hurt your feelings

Lately I been irked, I wanted this to work
'Cause truthfully it's much better when we work together
Man we travelled the earth, we been through dirt together
'Til the casket drop, you'll be my heart forever

It ain't the same is it?
You don't love me like you did, do you?
I stop to check on you but I don't get the same visits
I'm the same nigga, don't let the fame fool ya'
Put that on everything
At one point of my life, you were my everything
I didn't hold nothing back, showed you everything
That's why to this day I put my life on the line for you

I remember the first day you said you love me
I kissed you and hugged you and said I love you back
But lately you've been acting like you don't know me
Was my one and only so respect I think you owe me that

Fact is truthfully I think you hold me back
The way you never root for me, man that shit is whack
But it ain't about the setback, it's the get back
'Bout to shut the rap game kidnapped

And since that thing happened with my kidneys
I been on the road speaking, teaching people lessons
So them blessings come in giftwrap
I really did put nothing above you don't forget that
And yes I will always love you, don't forget that

Made a couple mistakes, had a couple mishaps
Perhaps we should take it
Back to the days when we used to watch Dexter
Damn I really missed that, you used to cook me breakfast
I'm open for suggestions
But I got a question:

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I knew you since a child, you practically raised me
I got swag dripping out all the style that you gave me
Will always love you sign my autograph with xo's

The new thread shows
Got me out the ghetto

Lately you've been spotted with some suckers, some busters
I'm hearing you'll let anybody fuck ya'
I didn't split on you when you wanted to go commercial
When you hit the dance hall with Sean Paul
I still loved you, but this is getting outta hand darling

You with another rap clone, not again, darling
What happened to originality, the quality, a little bit of knowledge
In your rap, the kids starving
I beg your pardon, I came to take my baby back

I'm with the nation so we sure to make it to the major markets
Bring that real rap back to the red carpets
I miss you, I think of you often, I thought I lost you
I got a question:

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