

Steve Young Jerry Rice

Freeway

[Intro:]

Free!

Yeah!

Usher...

(Benji Style, Benji Style, Benji Style...)

Yeah!

Band Camp...

Yessir!

[Hook:]

Steve Young, Jerry Rice

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Steve Young, Jerry Rice

My thugs - me

My plug - me

[Verse 1: Sir Wooda]

What it do, Allah?

You know a nigga don't give two fucks

I've been drinkin' berry red, gettin' screwed up

Move that man in, I had to drew up

You pupas'll get stretched out

No need for a stretcher

Your bitch left and you left out

I fucked her once, then I left her

Wild boy, machine gun

Play the drum, Band Camp

Countin' money, machines shake us

Last time I got a hand cramp

No joke, I go broke

That four'll smoke you, yeah I'm HAM shootin'

I made money, this priest here spoke

This summer too, I'm goin' Cam Newton

Play the corner, Steve Smith

Quick pass, long run

South ball, hard ball, all base, homerun

Third pig, we brick build

We built different, iron team

What you coppin? You stoppin'?

You Moufasa, the lion king

What block you workin' on?

Seen the rocks you be perp'in' on

Merkin' on - we done took out more shit

Than housekeeping and nursing homes

All in, now I'm all out - I was ballin', now I ball out

Would long spit, now I do small routes

Like five in and five out

[Hook x2]

[Verse 2: Freeway]

My flow hot, and my strip jumpin'

We don't cop 'em, I'm not frontin'

We do good business, give 'em straight ins

Got that new Benz come out next summer

Took your bitch to band camp

And she told me, once upon a time
She stuck a flute in her pussy
Then a couple guys got neck from her
This is Black Santa, better check for it
I move pies, get a check for it
Got a few floosies that rock Gucci
Louis V with that checkerboard
Daumier prints, and she down to catch a body
She a murder mami
When she ride she bring that tek aboard
And I got that Heckler - Koch shit
I'm from where the preacher come off the pulpit
And jump straight in the mosh pit
Break everything down
The rocks if the work slow
Acrobatics, I am Gabby Douglas, y'all cannot flow
Golden Retriever, I fetch the bricks
Wide receiver, I catch the bricks
I keep catchin', he keep throwin'
It don't stop, it just keep goin'
And that beanstalk, it just keep growin'
My money tree, I'm talkin' cash, shit
Team Early and Band Camp
As we proceed to get the money
Biotch!

[Hook x2]

[Verse 3: Adrien "The Problem" B]

I keep rocks inside my pocket
I keep my black card in my wallet
And I ball out with these two chains
Damn right I got it
If I want it then I go cop it
Denzel in Training Day, yeah, I cop shit
Drop like 10, I buy the whole bar out
Then I ball nonstop, Rasheed Wallace
B's up for the Band Camp
A rubber band is a band stamp
If you bring it down, I'll buy you all out
Bring a couple barrels of that Grand-Daddy
11-5 and I'm frontin' that
When it's a drought, give me 12 flat
I'll run her out if Steve throwin' the pass
And stretch her pack - Spandex
Beastin' out 'til the pack gone
Dyke shit, yeah the strap is on
If a nigga look or even act wrong
Night light, he gettin' clapped on
Two shots, call it a free throw
I got that 'thrax, he got cheeb smoke
25 for a G, got y'all for 23, though
Have a nigga runnin' from a sack like Tebow
Steve Young, Jerry Rice
I got Al Green and Barry White
But if a nigga sing, he gettin' buried twice
Cold body, lonely nights
And I got the pack with an extension cord
That's Steve Young, Jerry Rice
Long money, my money long
And Hail Mary, I'm Jerry Rice!