

## What We Do...

### Freeway

Man if I get rocked, this shit for my kids nigga  
It's that real shit...

Even though what we do is wrong...

We still hustle 'til the sun come up  
Crack a 40 when the sun go down  
It's a cold winter  
Y'all niggaz better bundle up  
And I bet it be a hotter summer, grab a onion  
Yes the ROC gets down, you hot now, listen up  
Don't you know cops' whole purpose is to lock us down?  
And throw away the key  
But without this drug shit your kids ain't got no way to eat, huh?  
We still try to keep Mom...smilin'...  
Cuz when the teeth stop showin' and the stomach start growlin'  
Then the heat start flowin'  
If you from the hood I know you feel me ([Jay-Z:] Keep goin'...)  
If a sneak start leanin' and the heat stop workin'  
Then my heat start workin' I'm-a rob me a person  
Catch a nigga sleepin' while he out in the open...and I'm-a get him ([Jay-Z:] Keep flowin'...)  
We gotta raise our kids while we livin'  
Make a million off-a record bail my niggaz outta prison  
Fuck a Bentley or a Lexus just my boys in the squadder  
Nigga talk reckless then I hit 'em with the Smif 'n...  
But I'm never snitchin' I'm a rider  
If my kids hungry snatch the dishes out ya kitchen  
I'll be wylin' til they pick me outta line-up...  
We keep the nines tucked, chopped dimes up, rap about it  
Wyle out, fuck niggaz up, laugh about it  
I'm not tryin' to visit the morgue but Freeway move out 'til I sit with the Lord  
'Til I...get my shit together, clean up my sins  
Freeway got it in like 10 in the mornin'  
And I can get it to ya like 10 while you yawnin' mang...  
Still deliver the order mang!  
And I ain't talkin' bout chicken and gravy mang!  
I'm talkin' bout bricks 'o ye-yo, halves and quarters  
4 and a halves of hash you do the math  
Swing past us scoop up your daughter  
She wanna roll wit' a thug that rap, you do the math  
He won't blast 'til my stacks in order mang!

...MANG! Lemme get 'em Free  
Hove never slackin' mang, zippin' in the black Range  
Faster than the red ghost, gettin' ghost wit' Pac-Mang  
One-time know a got a knack to get that change  
Leader of the black gang, R-O-C mang  
Bang like T-Mac, ski mask air it out  
Gotta kill witnesses 'cause Free's beard's stickin' out  
Y'all don't want no witness shit, we squeeze hammers mang  
Bullets breeze by you, like Louisiana mang...  
But I gotta feed Tianna mang...  
So I move keys you can call me the Piano Man

Rain...sleet, hail...snow man  
Slang dough, E, hydro man...

...no, B. Sige in the third lane  
Gramps still prayin' workin on my nerves man...  
Like, "Son you gotta get your soul clean...  
Before they blow them horns like Coltrane..."  
But still I cry tears of a hustler  
Wipe tears from my mother, pull out beers for her brothers...  
That's above us, make beds for the babies  
Tuck kids under covers, buy cribs for their mothers  
Shit I'll probably be wylin' with their fathers  
Tell Ms. Robert, tell Enijah that I'm ridin' for her father  
That's like my brother, like same mother different father  
Any problems dog know I got 'em  
And still we grind from the bottom  
Just to make it to the bottom sold crack in the alleyways  
Still gave back Marcy a Dollar Day  
Real gangstas make hood holidays  
They ain't thank us but we still paid homage mang  
Soul Food Sunday lookin' like Big Momma's mang  
Tell the gang I never break my promise mang...mang...unnh!