

With Or Without You

Freeway

With or without
This with or without
This with or without
It's with or without
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I'm getting money, fucking bitches
It all spend, so what's the difference?
Cocaine money, rap money
You can get a sixteen or get a pack from me

These niggas talking bout money
Got thirty bands on me right now
Copperheads in that four pound
Make you and your young boys pipe down
These niggas talking bout bitches
Baby moms I've been around
From South Philly back to Nicetown
You new niggas, y'all all clowns
Indirecting on Twitter
Social network niggas
Instagramming your clothes
I swear y'all worse than hoes
I'm good on the green, I'm good on the soft
Sent the money off and I took a loss
Either they ain't send it or it ain't make it
It's all good, I'm still chasing
Down the reef on South Street
Eating Rasta Pasta, drinking rum punch
Sitting across from a bad bitch
Face and her body ain't average
Don't talk to me about views
Don't talk to me about women
How in the hell we got the same Benz
When my seats up when I'm bending?

I take seven out the dot and it's still locked
New Guccis, they skytop
Smoke green, match the True Religion
New line got me in position
Fuck these niggas, fuck these hoes
Wore the shit once, but I love my clothes
Got a Hublot that's rose-gold
Cartier that's bust down
They ain't ordered at Niketown
You can get served, nigga, right now
My strip hop and my jack pop
Broomstick clip, don't get mopped

We been getting money, don't shit stop
We don't care, don't shit pop
We been doing it, but you afraid to say it
I be parlaying at your bitch spot

Cooking your grub, give me good top
Clean up her cum with your mop
I got the footage, she fiend for the di-dick
And that's why we did it on your couch
You are not invited to the house party at your house
Me and Neef real, deal or no deal
We always bring them whores out

My beard big, my cars is pretty
No spouse, house out the city
Every day, I see broads and titties
These broke-ass niggas spitting bars for pennies
We eating like we should, good and plenty
Black Santa, I'm good with chimneys
I smoke y'all niggas then provoke y'all niggas and
Hope y'all niggas try to rep y'all city
Grey six fifty, white seven sixty
Black five fifty, jewels trap star heavy
Going for you gun, but we strapped already
You laying on the ground cause you cuffed already
Got dropped from the label but we back already
Sad for the fact niggas tracked already
Got busted one time and you cracked already
Can't take it back, you a rat already
I swear motherfuckers better back off
Jim Duggan motherfuckers with a hacksaw
We thug motherfuckers but we look good
We hard but they love it when the hat's soft
Flow raw like fucking with the hat off
Flow sick like fucking with a AIDS bitch
More shit up, young grenade stick
Got a brick started with an eight-ball, yeah