

# 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  
Instagraming 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