

Freeway

The Game

I'll read you a bedtime story, you can get your ass tucked in
Walking down Wilmington, my bandanna tucked in
Shooting out the window at my enemies, like fuck them
Empty out the clip then I'm hopping on that 110
Freeway, that i10 freeway
To that 405 freeway, and that 101 freeway

Get your fucking body tossed off that freeway
Only Cali nigga with a beard like Freeway
Well James Harden too, but you know where he stay
Where my heat stay, chop a nigga like a cheesecake over these gates
It's the projects, Pyrex for them objects, move waste so I flex
Lord of the Rings, told them text for them high bets
God bless the P9, stretch them niggas here today
Gone tomorrow, etch-a-sketch them niggas
18th streets to the grapes
Niggas catching bodies over Jordan 5 grapes
Is it worth it? Yeah when you born worthless
Catch the bus to Beverly Hills and snatch purses
Preachers calling serpents when they worship, so it's us against them
Let the steam hit the skin when that pot working
From random tears to chandeliers
Pouring 40s for my peers, but my enemies

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Now I'm on that 105 freeway
Heading to that 710 freeway
Chickens on the move, nigga it's a relay
I got them unmarked bills in that briefcase with that new face in that blue tape
Throwing Wingstop up out my window
You don't like my flow, I guess it's time to switch the tempo
I can pull a model bitch inside of Bento, fresh as Mentos
Where you get them Js? Jordan sent those
Got my Glock cocked 'case a nigga think he fit those
Then his shit blow like it's endo, over them custom kicks though
Hot then cold, hot chain then froze, but it's play to end goal
Riding round in those
Red Octobers in July, got 'em, you lie, you ran puddles
Peyton Manning with the cannon, nigga no huddle
Noah butter, when you the king of the square, it's no trouble
When the city love you but them haters nigga

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