

# Freeway, Parade

[Verse 1 - Young Chris]

All niggaz envying chris.  
i gotta load up and empty them clips.  
now those pussies will back up.  
Tommy G's difference from  
Back Up.  
coming through tha house creeping.  
i'm tha new house keeping.  
motha fuck all that loud speaking.  
call tha neighbors hear his loud speakers.  
no need for smalls keeping.  
kill tha bitch then we out freezing.  
now thats some witnesses  
we leaving fuck tha child proofing.  
as i cease ya fuck back and forth wit tha rappers.  
that's gon' leave ya back  
and forth wit them clappers.  
and i ain't goin back to court wit them crackers.  
want a district attorney.  
stay strapped so those bitches wont burn me.  
TAKE THAT. where tha F did you earn it?  
take tha lesson and learn it.  
the most important is to pass it and burn it.  
betta get it cuz most of these rappers that talkin  
aint eva live it.  
tha niggaz that said they wit it  
said they did it

Get tha fuck outta here,  
bitch ass nigga.  
niggaz get fucked at tha county,  
nigga feel this like,

[Young Chris]

Fresh off tour Philadelphia is your's.  
Freeway thats my lean way that help me to score

[Freeway - Rhyme]

Stay fesh dress and West blessed me wit this track.  
him and Chad West dont guess nigga  
they from North. P-H-I double L Y.  
dont fuck wit tha props squad get hit wit tha sixth four.  
dont fuck wit them big boys.  
free to live fresh like them Mel guy.  
fuck ya killa wit tha knife its similar to  
Columbine and Free dont get down like nobody's boys.  
He that boy that you know get to workin  
and niggaz start hurtin let you purchase  
a ? from em, yeah.  
keep his hammer closer then Kim to em.  
So playaz and robbers i'm out tha question.  
Cops ask my fiends 21 questions  
but I answer 21 extras.  
Flex tha Suburban,  
bullets dipped in detergent.  
Full planes of curosion.  
Hit ya fucking flesh up.  
have you niggaz playing catch up.  
Take a pop out tha poppers, block for blocka.  
Get tha beat witout a beating

[Neef - Ryhme]

Yeah my first name Neef and my last name Buck.  
from tha first time I beef or a motha fucka mess up.

instead of knuckling up these  
motha fuckas get plucked.  
From where there young'z snatching grass  
and they trippin on dust.  
all they take is a puff these niggaz be right back at ya.  
tryin to leave ya niggaz living as snatchas.  
bout tha cream we roll around like a SWAT team  
wit beems and try not to hit no innocent teens.  
about tha cream work hard now, live up my dream.  
aint tryin to stress ova no shorts or ugly things.  
that aint for me or even my team.  
we be layin back in Suburbans and eatin some beans.  
the more i go in this game tha harder it seems.  
this shit been watered down tryin to raise out tha ground.  
one was sweet ya peace still lugging around.  
say Neef aint sweet still repping tha town YA KNOW

[CD SCRATCHES]

[Young Chris- Rhyme]  
Fresh off tour Philadelphia is your's.  
Freeway thats my lean way that help me to score.  
Investin in these businesses i make my business his.  
But this is Chris, adress em if there's war.  
A message from Shakur all you got is a bitch.  
aint no pride in ya bitch, she let em have it she fit.  
she define them clips she astatic.  
and she'd rather walk wit shells instead of matics.  
I get a kick outta tha bitch like Jet Lee.  
She went WILD when them niggaz was hatin.  
got her boy outta tha situation wit one BLOW.  
so what NOW? play you chumps LOUD.  
it's like red nose picture you punks GROWL.  
get dumb FOUND.  
get him HOW?

[Neef]  
We catch him and beat him.

[Chris]  
several bodies not one FOUND.

[Neef]  
not loyal to feed em

[Chris]  
they neva found em guilty not one TRIAL.  
not one FOUND that can look any younger  
cuz they woulda been took me under

[Both]  
Fuckin crackers

[Neef- Rhyme]  
Girls love us thats what makes em hate us.  
well fuck it dawg we make tha paper.  
dont make us make tha papers.  
they cant fade us,  
fuck what they go through HEY.  
halos halos go through CLAY,  
go through tha WAY hit a bunch of teeth wit pine.  
dont worry i can read they mind, Fuckin faggots.  
you niggaz eatin so we brought a fork.  
we ask for beef those niggaz throw us pork.  
we throw them all up.

when i'm shoppin fill tha mall up.  
cops everywhere.  
exit out be for they block every stair.  
now it's hot everywhere.  
gotta bounce all out.  
make you niggaz pure tha pounds all out,  
i need tha chronic.  
now we gotta leave tha town  
and fuck tha airport we bringin ?.  
coffe grinders takin chronic.  
lil rascals better be for December, I'm GONE

[MUSIC TIL FADE]