

# Freeway, Line Em Up

[Intro - Freeway]

Thank you ladies and gentlemen!  
Hold your applause  
J'yeah, holla!  
Its bout to go down, shut em down!  
Just Blaze, Freeway! Young Chris! Young Guru!  
The Roc is definately in the building!  
J'yeah! uh, holla! uh oh! uh oh! uh oh! uh!

[Verse 1 - Freeway]

J'yeah, listen, if the rhymes stop dumpin  
and beats stop knockin then Free still fuckin with Beans  
R-U to the G-S, manuver the ve  
throughout the U.S. with two teks of keys  
one start up your whip  
and the other start up your block  
retarded just like a Carter  
El Nino come take a sniff  
or take a few of you like the glass zit  
Stick shit in your artery ooooo  
Hustlin's a part of me  
Niggas retardin me  
Come at the team wrong  
its like a see-saw  
They down and we up  
The pound heat clowns up  
I'm moving and re-up teks, blocks and keep gon'  
?? and cocks like a school bus (why?)  
It make stops and it picks kids up  
and it wake up the block really early in the mornin  
Word, niggas want drama? Then line em up!

[Chorus (repeated four times) - Freeway]

Uh uh uh Line em up!  
Uh uh uh Line em up!  
Uh uh Line em up!  
I, I shut em down!

[Verse 2 - Freeway]

Listen, if the coke stop jumpin  
and the block stop poppin  
Then Free still fuckin with Schi!  
M to the is-ash, come down with the gat  
take your sti-ash and kidnap your keeps  
One, puff in my face and the other go in your face  
Reatrded? This is a stick up  
if you slow then pick up the pace  
I came to take everything out your safe  
and even snatch all your jewelry (oooo)  
Robbins a part of me, you just oughta be  
singin the same song when money low  
Ain't no parameters, snatch chains even honeys know  
amateurs get state green's and hit with 24 months  
From playin the game long, the eight long  
Make pockets short snatch hair and bones weight  
They been taking from us for too long it ain't wrong  
Line em up and I jam em all yo!

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - Young Chris of The Young Gunz]

They want a war with the Roc? OKAY!  
Cases catch 'em and beat 'em like O.J.  
I been stretchin my d's since the O'Jays

Before I met Beans and Free, before Jay  
Homie, Pops never was there  
so I hustled 24 7 like the cops never was there  
Yeah, fuck a box cause the metal was there  
Fuck the cops cause the Fed's was paid  
I been settled for years, I'm ahead of my years  
Tuck the glock come pedal with K's  
We can settle it here  
We run with this beef, we runnin his peeps  
Like five in the mornin while they under them sheets (wake up)  
Like five gats drawn, soldiers come out they sleep  
Tell me what they gon' tell me when the gun out they reach  
Homie, we ain't gotta cheat  
Y'all ain't stopping Sig  
Young Gunner startin p. guard from State Property

[Chorus]