

# Freeway, Turn Out The Lights (Freewest)

[Intro]

[Freeway] Yes!

[Kayne] Yeah Kayne!

[Freeway] Philadelphia Freeway, uh  
Y'all know what it is, uh, yeah, uh

[Verse 1: Freeway]

Before I turn out ya lights lets get one thing understood  
I'ma keep my hammer real close, rubber grip tight  
Tell y'all niggas good night, good night, uh  
Before I turn out ya lights lets get one thing understood  
Free gon' keep his hammer real close, rubber grip tight  
Tell y'all niggas good night, good night, uh  
The shit you heard'll do me justice, got a death wish  
The shit I pack'll put holes through ya Lexus  
Got the tec clip, respect it  
The turn pike bully, earn stripes, move lla  
Through ya turn pike early, all night, all day  
Wait, switch hustles nigga, now I muscle mixtapes all night, all day  
Yes! The front line of the Roc  
Will through a football pass through ya chest  
Brett Farve wit the glock  
Uh! I'm Max Payne wit the stock out  
Money and fame run out, get it with cocaine  
Rep the Roc till I clock out, I make you clock out  
Put sumtin in ya brains

[Chorus: Kayne West & Freeway]

I do my dirt all by my lonely and I got the heart to fight  
So please refrain from hatin (on me!) before I turn out ya lights  
Aint no hesitation, I got the guns to fight  
So please refrain from hatin (on me!) before I turn out ya lights

[Verse 2: Freeway]

Don't test my patience because I got the guns to fight  
Stay wit em coast to coast  
IHOP I distrubute the toast to folks  
I stop, never, Free a rap Icon  
Black Bon Jovi, ?in the rock/Roc love of rock/Roc?  
Jake of watches, ice cickle the time  
Still got time to leave ya stash gone when you wake up  
Free hate smuts, stay wit a dime, at all times  
Stay on the grind at all times wit so many nines  
Shit baggin and shake up  
Nigguh! Ain't no captin to shake up  
Doe like a brink truck, nine on my waist, I!

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Freeway]

Freeeee! Put the burners to ya crew  
Give me a reason, not to squeeze on ya gang  
Man the hammers go bang to bang  
In wit a bang, bang Blueprint 2  
Before you, slide through to deliver ya gang the thangs  
Switch lanes to get Paid in Full  
Look it's the rich (?) of transporters  
Donvan McNabb of mixtapes, look hey  
Follow the kid's orders in other words do what the kid say  
We got it locked from the Bay back to Philly  
Where niggas pack millies like every single day  
We don't play, we all about our change and  
Money exchangin, if you bout your pay  
Then every single day, bring the lla to ya city

Act up, bring the K's to ya city  
Then shots exchangein, every single day

[Chorus w/o (on me!) x2]