

## **Freeway f/ Faith Evans**

### **"Don't Cross the Line"**

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[Freeway]

The name F-R-Double the E  
The gat hack, are, end where the cops'll clip  
Back, flip, hands spring semi your V  
You callin' all, and run to the cops  
Don't make me wet y'all, with what's under the t-shirt  
The heat hurt, blew off ya front porch, your backyard  
Ya'll niggaz like dicks, pause  
Thick jaws, act hard, so they keep squirting  
I move work often, like when New York couldn't beat  
Boston  
Controllin' the nets, I float on ya block  
Hop out, post up, move rocks often  
Shut the shot down, pass it to Chris  
If your boss got twelve on the neck, ten in the arm  
And my gat at the end of my arms, hittin' the clip prick  
Flippin' ya vet, causin' you harm, nigga  
Ya'll need a place of respect, we runnin' shit

[Chorus: Faith Evans]

The name F-R-Double the E, tell 'em  
Don't really wanna cross the line and  
I don't wanna have to tell ya twice, and  
Trick, R-O-C bring trouble your way  
W-A-to the Y, tell 'em  
Lean back, don't slow up  
Freeway gets no love  
Trick, R-O-C bring trouble this parts

[Freeway]

F-R-E, bubble the ride, and in all  
Came from takin' the trip, stuffin' the ride, yea  
I'ma ride it on every of your ride  
Caught in every broad or market, park it, hop out in  
deer crew  
The heat is on perfect, tuckin' the linin'  
I'm fine and trynna get some tickets for sliding  
Freeway's in full effect  
And all these bitches want some millions just to hear  
my rhyme  
And I don't gotta boss 'em to give nectar

The boy give check-ups, I get neck, when I don't ask  
When mami's with the ax, make my baby momma ask  
Look, that's the crime, and I  
Don't wanna force y'all to give checks, uh  
Without tax, Freeway shoot ya from ya head to ya toe  
From ya toes to ya neck  
That's what the boy brought, extra large

[Chorus]

[Freeway]

Freeway bring trouble to soloists  
The sawed off split, get the fuck outta dodge  
Know this, I came from nothing, so ain't nothing for my  
gauge to duck  
You punks, get outta line, and I cock back, bloody ya  
tee  
Pull ya top back, drive through at McDonald's  
In front of Ronald, put ya brains on ya Big Mac, make  
sure the bitch don't leave  
I got a gat and a clip in each sleeve  
With boxers, so my dick can breathe  
Breeze through in the '89, delt with my boys with my  
whistle on freeze  
That's how you know I got the block on smash  
Act up, I put your stripper on freeze  
Me and Sieg', like Snoop and Daz  
Because tricks that fuck, couldn't give me the ass  
And they roll up, light up, pass me the trees, come on

[Chorus]

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