

Bone Thugs N Harmony "On The Freeway"

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Ã&Bizzy:

She's ridin' on the
highway, highway, highway.

Cat Cody:

She's ridin' on
the highway.

Bizzy:

Tellin' me to
be careful.

Cat Cody:

Zoom, zoom, zoom,
zoom, zoom.

Bizzy:

Tellin' me to be careful though so dangerous. I say
let's change it. Put on your coat and call up the
chauffeur. Oh, gotta leave the
babies. Face-to-face it's goin' down, baby lace
it with some basement as [just a little] just a little
temptation, and bury it
underground. And make ya nigga feel famous and say
"Hey, fuck the pages." Off to the freeway--anxious to
play. [Damn]
Baby protect my health and yourself and everyone
else. And lady respect my patience from temptations.
Let off all that
frustration, all is well, hell, what are
you waiting for? Basic relations waitin', wakin' up in
the storm.

Bizzy:

Roll with me.
Roll, can't you come over?

Cat Cody:

Have you ever made love, on
the freeway, the freeway?
Have you ever met your lover
out on the highway? Ah, ah, ah, ah.

Bizzy:
When I put you
in my car...

Cat Cody:
Zoom, zoom.

Bizzy:
...move far. We chose to lose time and, my, why there
you are. When I saw that night, I had to call. It's
gotta be right, it couldn't
be wrong. Lookin' in far fallen and gone, lookin' at
the stars, all of them, long. And on the freeway,
baby believe me, gotta take it
easy. Yet appeasin' to please 'em. Oh, Jesus,
she's breathin' on me! But I ain't that weak to put
her to sleep, so respectful,
respect your temple, subliminal. Probably
pause in the distance, reminisce visual, member my
car.

Bizzy:
Roll with me.
Roll, can't you come over?

Cat Cody:
Have you ever made love, on
the freeway, the freeway?
Have you ever met your lover
out on the highway? Ah, ah, ah, ah.

Bizzy:
We're peekin' each other's secrets. [Shhh.] No
speakin', just heavy breathin'. [Why don't you take a
ride with me? C'mon.]

Cat Cody:
Friday!

Bizzy:
Friday evenin' clear through the weekend we're
peakin' each others secrets. No speakin', just heavy
breathin'. A quarter inch
from your cleavage. The reason you got me.
Teasin--be gentle. Interested sexual in a room to
touch you eventual, too much
potential. Lookin' at you sensual. Let you go,
roll, have your space, and I'll be paper chasin' up
and down, straight ghetto face.
And have you ever fell in love just as

much that you forgot about everyone just for their touch?

Bizzy:
Roll with me.
Roll, can't you come over?

Cat Cody:
Just for that touch.

Cat Cody:
Roll. Come on and roll with
me. Stroll. Come on and stroll with me.
Girl, can't you come over? Stroll with me?

Cat Cody:
Yea, you can. Yea,
you can go with me.
Yea, I know
you can.

Cat Cody:
C'mon, yea you can.
I know you can.
Just ride with me.

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