

2 Live Jews

"International Hustler"

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[Verse 1]

Now I go from overseas, back to the block
Freeway, mother fucker, from the the, the Roc
Any day you wanna see my get shot of your strip
Everybody wanna be me, get paid off the block flip
Scripts move and paid off the rappin
I'm makin some things happen
You make an attempt to see me then its
Clip boom, I'm makin some things matchin, I'm froze
Stuffy nose, we bounce wit machinery, ahh
Choo, Free sneeze on you faggots
Here the clip drop, reload the semi-automatic
Get popped, then we seize keys like traffic
Box whip, locksmith, move keys through traffic
I'm like Boston, George and Blow
Philadelphia Freeway keep yay from blocks of soap
And y'all local, we international
Grip rounds everytime I hit towns

[Chorus - Freeway]

And I hope y'all hear me in London and France
I tote wax down there when I ain't luggin the cannon
and in Mecca I'm bowin, in Hawaii I'm landin
on an island, smokin and thinkin
I hug blocks in the United States
I cop cribs in Africa, y'all can't relate
I kick box in Bancok, shark in Japan
Play my part, switch vans everytime I hitman

[Verse 2]

And I, pull dimes everytime I hit man
Since I'ma little ludicrous international post dude
And I, post up where you can't get man
Make hits with Jigga man, gotta respect dude
Much respect due, disrespect? you tek food
Feed you to the bullets in front of your STEPS
Pull it in front of your PETS
Brains in their bowl, you pet food
Meanwhile I'm tryin to make MJ moves
Which one? either I fool
Jordan or Jackson, but until I get the fortune I'm snappin

Snatchin, I'll show you how the meat eyes do
Give up weight, when you show em what them heat-ers
do
Nigga wait, don't be that rude
You can take weight from anybody if he think that he
that dude
Roc-A-Fella nigga, we that crew
Shake niggas, And1 mixtape niggas, we got moves

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

And the flows SICK damn, man
It's A Man's World nigga, sit down you girl niggas
That's why I bring pounds around you girl niggas
'Case I gotta cock it back and clap on mother fucka,
what
Don't need a pound to sound you girl niggas
But the pound's loud sound'll drown you motha fucka's
ears
Yeah, it's Freeway young scarppeer
Say my name wrong, I'll lodge a bullet in your nappy
hair
Yeah, it's the flow of the decade
Studio, backwoods, 'dro and the Pepsi
Do it the best way
I was thirteen, cockin the tek back, look how the tek
spray
Now I dribble down, V-A mother fucka
For schizlle you'll see Free my nizzle
Oh, yeah, don't forget the Way mother fucka
Any stupid mother fucka in my way gettin crippled

[Chorus x2]

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