

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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