

Freeway

"Alright(feat. Allen Anthony)"

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[Freeway]

State Property, Roc-a-fella Records

This that feeling music you know

We make that music you can feel Early

"Just Blaze"

[Verse 1: Freeway]

I went from the ghetto to the ghetto and I'm back again
And we doing it back and forth roll with a gang of thugs
My burner my hood passport fresh from the airport I'm
back again

And I clap your men; I'm from a block where niggas
might blast your pops

No chance ambulance can't save your kin; smoke
reefer burn reefer

Chill in my spot instead of making selat drink liters of
gin

I'm drunk again I'm high again I just might fly a kite

To my niggas up state knocked off in the pen

They booked in a jail; I'm booking a flight

It's fucked up last year we was all on the block

This can't be life this can't be love

They roll with a whack; I roll with a snub

We all in a fight

[Chorus: Allen Anthony + (Freeway overlapping the
chorus)]

Alright, (woo) baby don't you cry (ugh)

Alright, (tell em) everything's gon be alright

Alright, (woo) I know we can make it through this

Alright, (tell em) don't let go hold on tight (ugh)

Alright, Alright, Alright

[Verse 2: Freeway + (Allen Anthony)]

Baby don't you cry

Every thing gon be alright all night, Free is on his job let
the music play

And I ain't come to hurt nobody tonight

But if a dude get out of line put him back in tech

Must be out his mind let the ruger spray

Clap until we alright all out of dodge (alright)
That's right crush the club tonight with a watch on the
Robb Report (sweet)
Check on the war report; check on the stores we bought
(yeah)
Check on the kids and shit
Hope everything's alright all night cause all day pop in
the mix
I might pop rock stars pop up on your strip
Free pop out hits get paid for my thoughts and that's
alright
And my label the shit

[Chorus: Allen Anthony + (Freeway overlapping the
chorus)]

Alright (And you hating the click)
Baby don't you cry (woo)
Alright, (tell em) everything's gon be alright
Alright, (woo) I know we can make it through this (tell
em)
Alright, (geah) don't let go hold on tight
Alright, (woo) Alright, (geah) Alright

[Verse 3: Freeway + (Allen Anthony)]

I came from the hood and I'm bringing the hood with
me
(And don't you worry about a thing)
It ain't a thing I'm bringing them things with me scrap
And I take em around the globe travel around the globe
Been to Paris and back again
Free fall back get stacks with a pen
Still move like a king pen clapping you forward
I went from gat in the tux
Snatching your gold to platinum and gold plaques on
the tuck
Same shit different line up work gat and a tech
I might get with Mac and act up in a Bent
We came a long way from a pack and tech
(We got to reach for something better) geah

[Chorus: {Allen Anthony} + (Freeway overlapping the
chorus)]

Alright, (woo) {hey oh oh baby} (geah)
Alright, (woo) everything's gon be alright for you and
me (geah)
Alright, (right geah) {come on} (ugh it's the Roc)
Alright, (it's the Roc){alright hey hey hey yeah} (geah)
Alright, (geah) Alright, {oh oh oh yeah} (geah) Alright,
(holla)

{All my homeboys out there dying} (Tell em)

(woo) hey this world's a crazy place (geah)
oh (geah) why didn't I find my (yes) place
{alright alright} (clap clap clap clap) (holla)
Alright (geah) {alright}
Alright {alright}, Alright {yeah}, Alright {oh lord}

[Freeway]

Young Free, Allen Anthony, The Roc is definitely in the
building Woo, geah, geah woop woop geah clap clap
clap clap clap woo woo woo

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