

# Freeway "Alright"

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State property, Roc-a-fella records  
This that feeling music you know  
We make that music you can feel early  
Just blaze

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

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  
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

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  
(Yeah)  
Don't let go hold on tight

Alright, alright  
(Woo)  
Alright, alright  
(Geah)  
Alright, yeah

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

Alright  
(Woo)  
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)

Alright  
All my homeboys out there dying  
(Tell 'em)  
Alright  
Hey, this world's a crazy place  
(Geah)

Alright, oh  
(Geah)

Why didn't I find my place  
(Yes)  
Alright  
Alright alright  
(Clap clap clap clap)  
(Holla)

Alright  
(Holla)  
Alright  
(Geah)  
Alright  
(Oh baby, everything is gon' be alright)

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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