

Freeway

"Know What I Mean"

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[Verse 1 - Freeway]

(You know what I mean)

I'm on my hood shit, nigga that bullshit

A full clip on my hip, ready to pull shit

I'll blam ya, I'm the (MC) with the (Hammer) that is (Too Legit To Quit)

(You know what I mean)

I said I'm on my block shit, totin that glock shit (uh huh)

Sellin them drugs, baggin up them rocks for a profit (uh huh)

Show me some love, nigga come up here with that nonsense

Fill 'em with slugs (buck, buck)

(You know what I mean)

I'm 'bout to break it down little niggaz, what it do little niggaz

I see myself when I look at you little niggaz (that's right)

I came to school who? School you little niggaz (pay attention)

Pay attention 'cause I'm about to drop some jewels on you niggaz

Only move with niggaz that don't get moved on

Don't get cool with niggaz that get they scheme on

They'll leave you somewhere steamin with all your jewels gone

(You know what I mean)

I made it out but I'm in so I'm promotin the hood

I'm about to break down a few do's and don'ts in the hood

You gotta stack your dough, stay on your toes in the hood

(You know what I mean)

If you motherfuckers tryin stack riches in the hood

You gotta maintain your business, watch the snitches in the hood

If they snitchin wipe the snitches and the witness out the hood (woo!)

(You know what I mean)

Wipe 'em down

Find a innocent chick in the hood, pipe her down

You startin to like her so I think you need to wife her

now (that's right)
Put everything in her name 'cause her credit good
Like houses and vehicles, you survivin now
You makin cash and you can pass off weight
But gotta be prepared to blast and be prepared for the
hate
'Cause them bitch niggaz'll kill you and then be there
for your wake
(You know what I mean)
Bastards, carryin your casket
Gotta keep your friends and keep your relatives
straight
'Cause them same niggaz'll bend you, get you sent
upstate (uh huh)
Keep them bitches out your business
They'll set you up with the quickness
(You know what I mean)
I'm a witness
This nigga Hass ran a lottery joint
This chick slow ride 'em, blow dried 'em, had him right
off point
Put him to sleep then she kindly brought the robbery to
him (damn!)
(You know what I mean)
Watch your back in the hood, 'cause hate come from all
angles
And be weary of niggaz and bitches, they on angles
Make sure you tote your banger, never sell dope to
strangers
Be courteous to your neighbors
I am Swayze, later

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