

Freeway "Line Em Up"

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(feat. Young Chris)

[Intro - Freeway]

Thank you ladies and gentlemen!
Hold your applause
J'yeah, holla!
Its bout to go down, shut em down!
Just Blaze, Freeway! Young Chris! Young Guru!
The Roc is definately in the building!
J'yeah! uh, holla! uh oh! uh oh! uh oh! uh!

[Verse 1 - Freeway]

J'yeah, listen, if the rhymes stop dumpin
and beats stop knockin then Free still fuckin with Beans
R-U to the G-S, manuver the ve
throughout the U.S. with two teks of keys
one start up your whip
and the other start up your block
retarded just like a Carter
El Nino come take a sniff
or take a few of you like the glass zit
Stick shit in your artery ooouuu
Hustlin's a part of me
Niggas retardin me
Come at the team wrong
its like a see-saw
They down and we up
The pound heat clowns up
I'm moving and re-up teks, blocks and keep gon'
?? and cocks like a school bus (why?)
It make stops and it picks kids up
and it wake up the block really early in the mornin
Word, niggas want drama? Then line em up!

[Chorus (repeated four times) - Freeway]

Uh uh uh Line em up!
Uh uh uh Line em up!
Uh uh Line em up!
I, I shut em down!

[Verse 2 - Freeway]

Listen, if the coke stop jumpin

and the block stop poppin
Then Free still fuckin with Schi!
M to the is-ash, come down with the gat
take your sti-ash and kidnap your keeps

One, puff in my face and the other go in your face
Reatrded? This is a stick up
if you slow then pick up the pace
I came to take everything out your safe
and even snatch all your jewelry (ooooo)
Robbins a part of me, you just oughta be
singin the same song when money low
Ain't no parameters, snatch chains even honeys know
amateurs get state green's and hit with 24 months
From playin the game long, the eight long
Make pockets short snatch hair and bones weight
They been taking from us for too long it ain't wrong
Line em up and I jam em all yo!

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - Young Chris of The Young Gunz]

They want a war with the Roc? OKAY!
Cases catch 'em and beat 'em like O.J.
I been stretchin my d's since the O'Jays
Before I met Beans and Free, before Jay
Homie, Pops never was there
so I hustled 24 7 like the cops never was there
Yeah, fuck a box cause the metal was there
Fuck the cops cause the Fed's was paid
I been settled for years, I'm ahead of my years
Tuck the glock come pedal with K's
We can settle it here
We run with this beef, we runnin his peeps
Like five in the mornin while they under them sheets
(wake up)
Like five gats drawn, soldiers come out they sleep
Tell me what they gon' tell me when the gun out they
reach
Homie, we ain't gotta cheat
Y'all ain't stopping Sig
Young Gunner startin p. guard from State Property

[Chorus]

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