

# Freeway

## "One Foot In"

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[Verse 1 - Freeway]

I'm so hood, the hood relate to me, so I can say that  
Make that, trap music without the Maybach  
Stay strapped, A-Wax of rap  
I've been that since ADATS, Freezer clean tracks like  
Ajax  
Flow mean, I stepped on the scene on "The Dynasty"  
album  
So it's a guarantee y'all played that  
I'm about to bring that '98 hip-hop back  
I got (99 Problems) but my rhyme is not a problem (ye-  
yeah!)  
I'm evolvin with the talent, stay showin my ass  
Why the hell you think Jay-Z and Dame Dash signed  
him?  
Military geared him, front lined him  
Now I use my own mind, grindin tryin to be a millionaire  
I hit the stu(dio) and make that heat and let the people  
hear  
I drop it on the 'net and represent the East coast stare  
Grabbed the producer from the West, we woke the  
roosters out their nest  
They love the mixture, came to get the digits, we right  
here, yeah  
(ye-yeah!)

[Chorus - Freeway]

Philly Freezer's hold blickas no doubt  
I still got one foot in and one out  
I got one foot in the game, other foot in the gutter  
If my music don't bubble, I feel sorry for your mother  
'Cause I will come stickin no doubt  
I still got one foot in and one out  
I got one foot in the music, other foot in the streets  
If my family don't eat, I feel sorry for your peeps, peep

[Verse 2 - Freeway]

Rock-a-bye auto-matty, put daddy in deep sleep  
Now his peeps can't find 'em, he remind me of my Jeep  
That I don't got, that you won't spot  
You won't never see him, won't never meet 'em  
In a position thought I'd never be in

How the hell I got low dough when the video on  
television?  
I felt KRS when he said the libraries tell a lie buried  
It's like tell-a-lie-vision (ye-yeah!)  
Still got to pitch in, ride around with my Smith and  
My goodness, this is not what I visioned  
I was thinkin, frankly when I get in  
A whole lot of Benjamin Franklins, thank goodness  
That my niggaz still had the pot cookin  
Block jumpin, I'm a hustler so I'm never left stinkin  
And I'm still makin, music with no debatin  
On my job, never leave the fans waitin (ye-yeah!)

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - Freeway]

Oh, I feel sorry for your mother  
He missed a kick, I feel sorry for the punter  
Flow like the waters from down under the 9th Wonder  
Not one of them +Brothers+ on "The Ego Trip"  
I got my right foot in, I got my left foot out  
I'm movin yayo while I'm rhymin and I shake it all about  
Supply it to the smokers, 'til I turn myself around  
That's what it's all about, yeah! (ye-yeah!)

[Chorus]

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