

## Freeway "Turn Out The Lights"

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Yes, yeah Kayne, 'Philadelphia Freeway'  
Y'all know what it is, yeah

Before I turn out ya lights let's get one thing  
understood  
I'ma keep my hammer real close, rubber grip tight  
Tell you niggas good night, good night

Before I turn out ya lights let's get one thing  
understood  
Free gon' keep his hammer real close, rubber grip tight  
Tell you niggas good night, good night

The shit you heard'll do me justice, got a death wish  
The shit I pack'll put holes through ya Lexus  
Got the tec clip, respect it  
The turn pike bully, earn stripes, move Ila  
Through ya turn pike early, all night, all day

Wait, switch hustles, nigga, now I muscle mix tapes all  
night  
All day, yes, the front line of the Roc  
Will through a football pass through ya chest  
Brett Farve wit the glock

I'm Max Payne wit the stock out  
Money and fame run out, get it with Cocaine  
Rep the Roc till I clock out, I make you clock out  
Put sumtin' in ya brains

I do my dirt all by my lonely and I got the heart to fight  
So please, refrain from hatin' on me before I turn out  
ya lights  
Ain't no hesitation, I got the guns to fight  
So please, refrain from hatin' on me before I turn out  
ya lights

Don't test my patience because I got the guns to fight  
Stay wit 'em coast to coast  
I hop, I distribute the toast to folks  
I stop, never, Free a rap Icon

Black Bon Jovi, in the Roc love of Roc  
Jake of watches, ice cickle the time  
Still got time to leave ya stash gone when you wake up

Free hate smuts, stay wit a dime at all times  
Stay on the grind at all times wit so many nines  
Shit baggin' and shake up, nigguh, ain't no captin' to  
shake up  
Doe like a brink truck, nine on my waist

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So please, refrain from hatin' on me before I turn out  
ya lights  
Ain't no hesitation, I got the guns to fight  
So please, refrain from hatin' on me before I turn out  
ya lights

Free, put the burners to ya crew  
Give me a reason, not squeeze on ya gang  
Man the hammers go bang to bang  
In wit a bang, bang Blueprint 2  
Before you, slide through to deliver ya gang the thangs

Switch lanes to get Paid in Full  
Look, it's the rich [Incomprehensible] of transporters  
Donvan McNabb of mix tapes, look hey  
Follow the kid's orders, in other words do what the kid  
say

We got it locked from the Bay back to Philly  
Where niggas pack millies like every single day  
We don't play, we all about our change and  
Money exchangin', if you bout your pay then

Every single day, bring the lla to ya city  
Act up, bring the K's to ya city  
Then shots exchangin', every single day

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