

# Freeway "Walk Wit Me"

Visit "[Walk Wit Me](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

## "Walk Wit Me"

(feat. Busta Rhymes, Jadakiss)

*[Intro - Freeway - talking]*

Holla at ya fuckin boy  
I know it's been a minute my niggaz  
But this the official return of Freeway  
Early!  
And if you ain't walkin with me  
Then you must be against me  
And it's goin down, we ain't takin no prisoners  
That's right, that's right, okay!

*[Verse 1 - Busta Rhymes]*

HOLD ON!  
Now tell me who the fuck you thought it would be  
I'm in the booth with a quarter water, recordin with Free  
It's nice to be important, but it's more important to be  
Nice with the spit, pay attention you ain't more  
important than me!  
You need to get it right bitch, YOU AIN'T KNOWIN, see  
it's the God yo  
See most of you niggaz is corny with your corn on the  
cob flow  
Wells Fargo bread, ship it like cargo  
I'm shit and got 'em sick while I'm whippin a Monte  
Carlo  
I let the sparks go, what you tryin to step on my Clarks  
for? (Clarks for)  
It's cold in this bitch, you better put on a scarf ho  
Stayin close to the money, duckin the Narcs  
so I can keep a whip in McLaren's, while I pull up and  
park slow  
When I get the itch, I go fuck a bitch down and park  
slow  
The God's dope and you can't defeat me, it's hard, I'm  
one of the last of Allah's hopes  
Chain big with an ugly pendant a nigga drippin heavy in  
a long rope  
They'll name you after my aimin at you through a long  
scope  
They need you like the reaper done came to greet you

in a long coat  
You'll all choke  
While I'm spittin (givin you bars), swallow and digest it  
like I was livin up in your mom's throat (mom's throat)  
Then I float  
Back and forth through the hood, lockin the city, so pity  
you and your squad bro  
If you ain't heard when I last said it - the God's dope  
These niggaz think they can stand a chance when  
testing me, AW (NOPE!)

*[Chorus - Freeway]*

(Walk with me)  
(You walk with me)  
(You walk with me)

You should walk with me  
It's Freeway, and I'm rebellin, you should walk with me  
I got the whole world walkin with me, stompin with me  
Yeah, they Million Man Marchin with me, every city  
Walk (walk), haters y'all need to walk (walk)  
Cause I'll leave you chalked (chalked), if you fuck  
(fuck) with me  
I got the whole world walkin with me, stompin with me  
Yeah, they Million Man Marchin with me, every city

*[Verse 2 - Freeway]*

Uh, take a walk with the dyin skills that define art  
Move with lethal straight from my mind's thoughts, I  
define smart  
Nigga try me, I leave 'em dearly departed  
Civilians or artists, arsenals' awesome, I leave your  
man chalked  
I am Noah, I will kick you from the damn Ark  
Feed you to the fishes like spare parts, don't you dare  
start  
Boa constrictor flow, constrictin your air lines  
Like you out of space with no oxygen, tell your man  
HALT!  
I am royalty, play with me, get your man sparked  
Throw him in the oven like ham hots, 'til the man rot  
Or it's off with his head, off with his dreadlocks  
My mom cooked yayo and boil eggs in the same pot  
So I'm still reppin but excellent at the same time  
Tell 'em stay away from open fire, the flame's hot!  
The gate's hot, but they vacate when the gates pop  
Niggaz dropped my man, bust blank shots at the same  
time  
No discussion, I will bust with the same nine  
Niggaz say they bust when it's game time, but they will  
not

They still wish on the wishin well, but my will's hot  
Niggaz prayin I flop, I still wish 'em well  
Roc-A-Fella's the team, your team's not sellin  
Y'all sellin the streets dreams, the dreams in a pot  
Me and Busta's keep it clean, we not tellin a thing  
If a nigga tell on me, I'm lettin off shots

*[Chorus]*

*[Verse 3 - Jadakiss]*

AH! yeah, uh huh, AH!

Nice work, gun work, you should see son work  
Dead serious or fun work, either one hurt  
Yellow gold, white gold, platinum, yappin 'em  
If he even think about movin, put a cap in 'em  
Real shit, fake shit, hate shit, snake shit  
Knowin something don't belong to you and you take  
shit  
Head shots, you and you, graveyard funeral  
And I ain't comin home 'til June 2022  
Real humble, mad smart, got heart, had heart  
Another nigga raisin my seeds now, the sad part  
Good guy, bad guy, mom's cry, dad cry  
All I got is stories to tell, how I was mad fly  
Jack Mack, Tuna fish, all I could do is wish  
And wait for this bullshit appeal, but it's foolishness  
And the jailhouse lawyers talk with me  
It's cool, but I need somebody to walk with me

(Walk with me)

(You walk with me)

(You walk with me)

(Me, me, baby girl)

Visit [Freeway](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.