

Freeway Feat. Rick Ross & Dre "Lights Get Low"

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Right about now
You're about to be possessed
By the sounds
Cool and Dre and Freeway
Hit it

Young Philly from the block ya'll, rockstar
This is criminal opera, I got ya'll
60 niggas willin' to pop ya'll, rock ya'll
Freezer cruise the city in a hot car, sports car

In Cleveland today, Atlanta tomorrow
Free'll never be soft 'cause the hood is in me
They say it'll be here today and gone tomorrow
But I'm still standin' strong 'cause the hood is with me
Hit me

Yes, before this rap thing cracked off
I was somewhere gettin' a pack off, that's all
Now I'm gettin' my raps off, that's all
Shuttin' down coliseums like NASA, asshole

Freezy where ya been?
I took four years off
I went to Mecca paid respect
And earned some checks from the road

Be the man that cut the checks
So please respect young hoe
Before I hit ya'll with the tech
And turn ya lights down low, woah

Lights get low
(Low)
Let the music take total
The music take total control
Trol, trol, trol
(Hey, hey)

Let the music take total
The music take total control
Trol, trol, trol

(I got to hustle, I got to grind)
(Yeah, I got to hustle, I got to grind)

Let the music take total
(He in here, boss)
The music take total con
(Freeway)

Born with the murder when we got the hood burnin' up
Yeah, this what you want my niggas know to turn it up
The white people mind the city, prepared for me to run
You standin' in a pool of blood, young, shoulda seen
the sign

What you wanna do? Tell me what you wanna move
A good week for me another man, money too
I'm into blowin' and playin' you niggas low
Fast tappin' out and they fuckin' with figure fours

I don't wanna wrestle, I wet 'em and then be froze
Me and Free hit every freeway around the globe
If she with me just notice she throw stacks
A quarter stick of dynamite off in that whole bag

She, the bomb, I'm the boss
Maybach that's my flyin' sauce
Count a mill' with me, shawty 'cause you need to ride
You watch it freeze up, you will see in time

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Let the music take total
The music take total con

Ya'll rappers perpatratin', free motivatin'
Put bones together like I'm the great lakes
Then use my dome achin', I'm so patient
Strugglin' between my music and movin' weight and

I can move a crate in less than an hour

And make hit in the same hour is so amazin'
Matter fact Free' so hood
That I still hit the kinks for three weeks
I'm cool with Asians

Nigga come at me goin' lose
You need to fire 'em dudes
To hike 'em up through his agent
Me and cool and Dre will give you abrasions

Hit his chest 'cause his hustle so soft
Don't make me go off
Treat this town like the brightest star
Rise in the east and set in the west

If a nigga got beef, I'ma put it to rest
God, bless is when I tell 'em
When I leave 'em deceased
Now peep holla

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