

Freeway & Jake One "Know What I Mean"

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[Verse 1 - Freeway] (You know what I mean) I'm on my hood shit, nigga that bullshit A full clip on my hip, ready to pull shit I'll blam ya, I'm the +MC+ with the +Hammer+ that is +Too Legit To Quit+ (You know what I mean) I said I'm on my block shit, totin that glock shit (uh huh) Sellin them drugs, baggin up them rocks for a profit (uh huh) Show me some love, nigga come up here with that nonsense Fill 'em with slugs (buck, buck) (You know what I mean) I'm 'bout to break it down little niggaz, what it do little niggaz I see myself when I look at you little niggaz (that's right) I came to school who? School you little niggaz (pay attention) Pay attention 'cause I'm about to drop some jewels on you niggaz Only move with niggaz that don't get moved on Don't get cool with niggaz that get they scheme on They'll leave you somewhere steamin with all your jewels gone (You know what I mean) I made it out but I'm in so I'm promotin the hood I'm about to break down a few do's and don'ts in the hood You gotta stack your dough, stay on your toes in the hood (You know what I mean) If you motherfuckers tryin stack riches in the hood You gotta maintain your business, watch the snitches in the hood If they snitchin wipe the snitches and the witness out the hood (woo!) (You know what I mean) Wipe 'em down Find a innocent chick in the hood, pipe her down You startin to like her so I think you need to wife her now (that's right) Put everything in her name 'cause her credit good Like houses and vehicles, you survivin now You makin cash and you can pass off weight But gotta be prepared to blast and be prepared for the hate 'Cause them bitch niggaz'll kill you and then be there for your wake (You know what I mean) Bastards, carryin your casket Gotta keep your friends and keep your relatives straight 'Cause them same niggaz'll bend you, get you sent upstate (uh huh) Keep them bitches out your business They'll set you up with the quickness (You know what I mean) I'm a witness This nigga Hass ran a lottery joint This chick slow ride 'em, blow dried 'em, had him right off point Put him to sleep then she kindly brought the robbery to him (damn!) (You know what I mean) Watch your back in the hood, 'cause hate

come from all angles And be weary of niggaz and
bitches, they on angles Make sure you tote your
banger, never sell dope to strangers Be courteous to
your neighbors I am Swayze, later

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