

Freeway & Jake One

"The Product"

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[Intro - Freeway - talking] (*echo*) (Poison) Stay away boys and girls [Verse 1 - Freeway] Uh, it's crazy how they gotta get high to get hot They smoke la to get hot, they pop pills and what not You need to hear this, I'm the codeine in your syrup The coca from the coca leaf, a necessity to hip-hop I am heroin's drip drop I'm equivalent to a zip lock of chronic from your cess spot You wanna rap, huh? You up next, huh? You wanna compete with the rest, well I'm your best op -tion, I make you quick with the tongue You can take me when you achin, make your achings go away I'm popular in the States, they even take me in Jamaica Only thing, you gonna need more product when you're done I promise you when you done, there's more product to come I even supply coppers and doctors and ball players A few politicians, some Jews, a few Christians I even got some Muslims off their Deen, I'm mean [Chorus] Yes, I am the product, I am the narcotic That right's the World's dependent on me Yes, I am the product, instead of Hooked on Phonics I got everybody hooked on me Yes, I'm the product, I am the narcotic I got all these rappers workin for me Yes, I'm the product, I am like "The Chronic" I got Dr. Dre "Detoxin" off me [Verse 2 - Freeway] Uh, Game too, Snoop too If you gettin lifted off the reefer, you too All the people smokin, lookin at the beef on YouTube I even got rock stars groups, U2 I move through crews Me and music go back, I even had Ray Charles singin the blues Uh, had people on parole singin the blues They addicted, they took me in so quickly, they want back I attract most of your favorite people that rap They get grabbed with me quickly and get put on the news Too bad, that's the down side to things But I make 'em hot, that's the upside to that I even snatch celebrity couples like Whitney and Bob I even had Britney, ask Kevin Federline I feel so bad, he was workin so hard He was feedin her heart and I was feedin her mind, come on [Chorus] [Verse 3 - Freeway] This is your brain on drugs, people listen, it's your brain on drugs No rehearsal, it's like that commercial with the egg in the pot Your mind fry when your brain on pot Choose the

lesser of the evils, either use me or not I bet you die
when you ain't on top I bet you cry when the number
that you got Ain't the number that you had and you no
longer in the number one spot You used to act so bad
but now you are not I can make you act right, just put
me in the crack pipe Everybody wanna see you back on
the mic You need a energy boost, you need some
smack in your life People even try to go to rehab and
kick me But somehow they always seem to get me back
in they life I'm there when singers sing and writers
write Peep my movement, when people clueless I just
keep 'em precise, uh [Chorus]

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