

Freeway F/ Beanie Sigel**"Let the Ho's Go"**

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[Verse 1: Treach]

Bass me, face me, task the tip of a tasty
Bitches are sweet as a pastry
You don't know me homey, from a peach or a pony
I'm the Only, now your lyrics look lonely
Lyrically fortified, born, I'm immortalised
Lightin shit up from Wranglers to raw hides
Packed with black positivity and wizardry
I'm my own body and it built for partyin
I rip hearts apart as if it's my last rap
The Lords abroad, and I'm respected as that
Shows seniority, lays the foundation
Bo knows, and dough knows how I built the Nation
Keep the faith tastin, keep the touch clutched
Keep your face way away from the rough stuff
If it ain't rough it ain't rugged
Either you are born with none or you're stacked or star-
studded
From the intro to end I will flow
and aslo, yo come let the ho's go

[Chorus]

Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho (Let the ho's go)
Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho
Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho
Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho

[Verse 2: Treach]

Meet my friend Mac 10, sittin backpacked and mackin
Thirsty for action, workin and smackin
The last of the allies, smoke em up shall I
or should I? I'm sure to give it a good try
No need for a survival kit, there's none left to fix
They've all been blown into dust bits
Floatin in space, spinnin in infinity
Part of the start is the end of any identity
Lost in the source, no cause, so the boss gettin off
East, the West, the South, break North
You're about as much use as a guard dog in a
graveyard
Actin is for actors so you rap but don't you play hard

I got the Mac to wax and I ain't tryin to fall back
I rap like I'm the tops, stay real cos I'm all that
It's my way on a highway, forget your friends
Cause I'll stick that ass like I was stickin a contact lens
Let the ho's go

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Treach]

You say you're hittin hard, huh, I say you're hardly hittin
I grip ya quick like a pussy in a kitten mitten
I'm gettin grand and greater, sucker catch ya later
He gettin paid with the fade of a Space Invader
You lookin Moonstruck, fear, start to talkin tough
then sayin "sorry" like I really give a motherfuck
You're little late, don't you think that was the wrong
approach-a?
A sqwuab by the name of Treach is sure to up and
smoke ya
At anytime, anywhere, for any wanted cause
I got a double-barrelled pump that's sayin "Give me
yours"
Then I'ma dash in a flash, duck and go for cover
Cause I have warrants for this robbery and many others
Another gangster, no I'm like an angry ecker
Droppin you and gettin mad if you don't say "Thankyer"
The clip clockin killers, and plus my county crew
I gotta contract for your life, now they're after you
So don't try ta hide or apologize
Apologies and go meet a French eyes is wise
So if you know what I mean and have a hot block
And never ever seen a day when the money stops
You gotta put a fist up just to let me know
Ain't I gotta pump it hard to let the ho's go
Let the ho's go

[Chorus]

[Verse 4: Treach]

Competition on canvas, never have I heard the tongue
Throw a watch at me without it being fuckin hung
Give it a new style, neck him up and keep him learning
Should've had projects in the days of Mississippi
Burning
I let her see the white sheet hit the concrete
and see that head go off and down from a thousand
feet
Cos the brother's around me don't even play all that
They see a sheet and a cross, they say "Don't gimme
that!"
Halloween in Illtown, now don't you be a ghost

Cos you get your broke or even worst smoked
Now this rhyme has been called lyrically loco
But it had to have the flow to let the ho's go
Let the ho's go

[Chorus] extended

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