

Freeway F/ Beanie Sigel

"Nothin' To Lose"

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Intro/Chorus:

Jump (jump), jump (jump), jump (jump), jump (jump),
jump (jump)
Not yet.....
Jump (get up), jump (get up), jump (get up), jump (get
up), jump (get up)
How many niggas gettin lye tonight?
How many niggas gettin high tonight?
Jump (get up), jump (get up), jump (get up), jump (get
up), jump (get up)

Verse 1: Treach

Na-na, na-na
I say fight, you holler a quarter day late
A dollar short, poppin more corks and niggas don't get
ya collared court, trife ass Whitney will you
motherfuckin mouth, aight
And change your life, we'll sell your life, and tape your
fat ass tight
Must be just the master monk
The underhood, the underworld's under man
Motherfuck bein understood, long as we understand
You can't twist the Treach ????? and mix his friends
Niggas over here don't switch and bitch and bend
All eyes on a prize, pimpin it, and battle a million dollar
chance
I glance and just take your tip
It's that last nine hundred and ninety nine thou'
and bowed and thanked the crowd bein in style
And gimme all these boys a while, truth will tell, I ain't
have skunk
Get em tough and guts, smoke from *?stoge?* and
hand Treach
Get em out of grants that they owe, the top notch
Makin blocks flock, don't have to bust shots
I got props, I'm warning you like closing doors when
cop knocks

Chorus

Verse 2: Vin Rock

Ha
Now let me line this nigga up
How you soundin talkin plain wit my name, man what
the fuck?
Oh, you don't know, BOOM BAP SMACK AND THERE IT IS
How we dealin wit these frustrated niggas in the biz?
(What the fuck was he freakin?)
I bring some drink in, just for fun
They be guzzlin on gallons of that red ass rum
You might as well-a put a motherfuckin bounty on your
head
Cos the drama's for your momma, till your bitch ass
dead
(Let those) chickens, I see your mental picture clickin
I, know I only make it for the one-night stickin
Phat, I take that back because I was not thinkin
After one piece of my dick, your brain starts shrinkin

How many niggas gettin lye tonight?
How many niggas gettin high tonight?
Jump (get up), jump (get up), jump (get up), jump (get
up), jump (get up)

Verse 3: Treach, Vin Rock

What? Check it, when the man ain't the man no more
We'll see which one of his men will withstand and be
the man in the war
All that RAH RAH, I send that ass BYE BYE
After that I FLY, I put that on the tatt on my neck, capital
I-I

Serve those wit the nerve to test this
Step and get'cha records clipped
Original is what you kick but I know you better quit
You analyse my click then go duplicate my shit
Discredit's what you get, cos you bit

Niggas get the hit-low, and shit loads, I flip shows
If it goes to Glocks, we didn't have the blocks in your
zip code
Keep hittin knockers wit the showstopper in this
industry
For they hit us with the Hoffa or Kennedy remedy

That's when Vinnie will be
lightin shit up brighter than a bicentennial, see we
sick of talkin shit, niggas knowin how we do

So if you don't fuck with us, we won't have to fuck with
you
(We won't have to fuck wit you)

Chorus

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