

## **Freeway F/ Beanie Sigel**

### **"Wicked Bounce"**

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[Chorus 1] X 4

Don't fuck with us

Watch these niggas get wicked now

Check it out

[Chorus 2] X 3

Put em up

What What

Put em up what what

[Chorus 1]

[Vinnie]

Well here's a shot out to all those who think that we  
slipped

Doing this ever since 165, North 15th breakdancin with  
slick

Nigga what, I'll beat your butt

You niggas on a beef or what

And if I gotta go deep I'll cut

And if you try to face this

The Naughty by the Nature gonna lace this

Track, we be the cream of the pack

Don't come up in my face with bullshit cuz you're bound  
to get slapped

And then we'll take it to a level where you're gonna get  
clapped

And then we'll all be up in court, I don't got time for that

Cuz I'm, one third, naughty

Look into my eyes yeah you know me

Ain't nobody pimpin like us three

Call us masters, o.p.p

And when I draw the line don't get in the way, I'm paper  
chasin

Or I'll be cuttin you off like Friday the 13th and I'm Jason

Single don't mingle with ladies hearts I'm a thief

I'm not a virgin but Virgo birthday September 17th

And don't ask me for favors cuz it'll be just like pullin  
teeth

I'm on some new shit with niggas cuz you continually  
sleep

Don't creep

[Chorus 1] X 4

[Chorus 2] X 3

[Chorus 1]

[Treach]

Dun dun dun dun dun dirty the motherfucker with them  
jewels on

Did the dirt, turn the news on

Nigga left layin with his shoes on

With every clue gone

You actin nervous, what'd you do wrong?

Nigga lookin shady, all fakey all quiet

Ah forget about it when the feud's on

Now wha-what what put em up that's what the party get

I bartend on some naughty shit

And don't play that shorty shit

We hittin and kickin like (?)

Shakin like (?) chicken like pick pick pick pickin the town

Dickin em down, pickin a hoe, give em a show, the  
rigamarole

So, if you ever gone report you seen my tribe

I best to pray you got nine lives because your goddamn  
eyes lied

(...?... ) that's 25 lines motherfucker you on my side

What you gonna do wanna do talkin all the drunk talk

At least you'll die high

[Chorus 1] X 4

[Chorus 2] X 3

[Chorus 1]

[Vinnie]

Just look don't touch, just tip my bitch

Cuz things get crazy now

Punk motherfucker gonna pay me now

Got busy got forty got fam got (?) got jet got slash

Diesel do, take apart that ass

Got another motherfucker get cash fast

Did dash smash, who you fought last, him or me?

Them or we? Get Hennessy, you memory

Treachery, and to the right of me, it's that nigga uncle  
Vinnie

What with K Boogie on the break release

The beat don't cease til we double fuckin platinum  
apiece

Hands touched

[Chorus 1] X 4

[Chorus 2] X 3

[Chorus 1]

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