

Linsensuppe

"Society Hill"

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[Freeway]

Society Hill in this mother fucka
Young Roc-A-Fella, North Philly in
South Philly in, West Philly in
Free fill em in

[Chorus - Freeway]

Now if you down with street niggas nigga
(Thats that shit!)

And you run with weight holders homie
(Thats that shit!)

Now if you down with street niggas
And you run with weight holders
And you tryin to eat come to Society Hill!

Now if you down with street bitches bitches
(Thats that shit!)

And you run with work holders hunnie
(Thats that shit!)

Now if you down with street bitches
And you run with work holders
And you tryin to eat come to Society Hill!

[Verse 1 - Tommy]

A'yo I do this for my criminal mind
Street mind rhyme niggas
Jewels to blind
All cops y'all stop weed, cop killers
All day, gun play, every mother fuckin way bullets sway
.45's, four nines, four at a time
Forty ways to spit my muther fuckin rhymes
One of a kind, fuck what you heard
I'm swervin off the curb
Since Wally was kick them birds
Now after midnight, yeah thats that shit
I hustle for my cash and I rap for the fuck of it
Ride until the gas low
Shoot one out the mass yo
I'm the mother fuckin young Fidel Castro
So um spread the news
Pass the guns and move
I come in twos

I'm buyin out bars and booze
Are you scared? I ain't scared I was born to lose
I hit you wit some shit take you outta your shoes

[Chorus]

[Verse 2 - Tommy]

Yo this for my Vacant Lot niggas
My Saint Lunatics
My bad country bitches in Memphis who love to suck
this dick
Me and my niggas in the East coast
Fuck West coast weed, sour dough green
Gang homies call me padre
I get my prize the hard way, Richard Allen mob way
You can say I get my shit the god way
Six hundred Dre way, every day all day
Tommy butters like eighty eight money money
But he kept goin like the Energizer Bunny
Mad niggas done took hits from me
Took beats from me but you can't take the streets from
me
I'm from your block and you still don't love me
Still wanna kill me, still wanna slug me
Me and Bank gotta still run this company
Keep niggas bleedin like women on they monthly

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - Freeway]

That shit you heard ain't do me justice
Got a death wish
The shit I pack put wholes through your Lexus
Got a tek clip, respect it
The turnpike bully, earn strikes move yay
Through your turnpike early, all night all day
No way would you catch me with my guard down and
my feet up
Nigga I'm vest down and my heat up, expect it!
Me and Hill, wreckless, North Philly dons
Still drop bombs after the bomb
We still flame at after the plane crash
My name last after I'm gone
Used to pack ish tracks no ad libs
Move wax, count stacks when I'm gone
Try to touch mine, snatch kids, dawg the fact is
I dump quicker than any gun spitter
or any nigga thats tryin to bust they gat because my
guns quicker
Its the Roc niggas, and I rock niggas
Its the Roc bitches, and I got bitches

[Chorus]

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