

# Don't Cross the Line (feat. Faith Evans)

## Freeway

The name F R double the E  
The gat hack are end where the cops'll clip  
Back, flip, hands spring semi your V  
You callin' all an' run to the cops Don't make me wet, y'all  
With what's under the T-shirt  
The heat hurt, blew off ya front porch, your backyard  
Ya'll niggaz like dicks, pause  
Thick jaws, act hard, so they keep squirtin' I move work often  
Like when New York couldn't beat Boston  
Controllin' the nets, I float on ya block  
Hop out, post up, move rocks often  
Shut the shot down, pass it to Chris  
If your boss got twelve on the neck, ten in the arm  
An' my gat at the end of my arms  
Hittin' the clip prick  
Flippin' ya vet, causin' you harm, nigga  
Ya'll need a place of respect, we runnin' shit The name, F R double the E, tell 'em  
Don't really wanna cross the line  
An' I don't wanna have to tell ya twice  
An' Trick, R O C bring trouble your way W A to the Y, tell 'em  
Means that don't show love  
Freeway gets no love  
Trick, R O C bring trouble this parts F R E, bubble the ride an' in all  
Came from takin' the trip, stuffin' the ride, yea  
I'ma ride it on every of your ride  
Caught in every broad or market  
Park it, hop out in deer crew  
The heat is on perfect, tuckin' the linin'  
I'm fine an' trynna get some tickets for slidin'  
Freeway's in full effect  
An' all these bitches want some millions  
Just to hear my rhyme An' I don't gotta boss 'em to give nectar  
The boy get check-ups, I get neck, when I don't ask  
When mami's with the ax, make my baby momma ask  
Look, that's the crime An' I don't wanna force y'all to give checks, uh  
Without tax, Freeway shoot ya from ya head to ya toe  
From ya toes to ya neck  
That's what the boy brought, extra large The name, F R double the E, tell 'em  
Don't really wanna cross the line  
An' I don't wanna have to tell ya twice  
An' Trick, R O C bring trouble your way W A to the Y, tell 'em  
Means that don't show love

Freeway gets no love  
Trick, R O C bring trouble this parts  
Freeway bring trouble to soloists  
The sawed off split, get the fuck outta dodge  
Know this, I came from nothin'  
So ain't nothin' for my gauge to duck  
You punks, get outta line  
An' I cock back, bloody ya tee  
Pull ya top back, drive through at McDonald's  
In front of Ronald, put ya brains on ya Big Mac  
Make sure the bitch don't leave  
I got a gat an' a clip in each sleeve  
With boxers, so my dick can breathe  
Breeze through in the '89  
Dealt with my boys, with my whistle on freeze  
That's how you know I got the block on smash  
Act up, I put your stripper on freeze  
Me an' Sieg', like Snoop an' Daz  
Because tricks that fuck, couldn't give me the ass  
An' they roll up, light up, pass me the trees, come on  
The name, F R double the E, tell 'em  
Don't really wanna cross the line  
An' I don't wanna have to tell ya twice  
An' Trick, R O C bring trouble your way  
W A to the Y, tell 'em  
Means that don't show love  
Freeway gets no love  
Trick, R O C bring trouble this parts  
It's Freeway and done away and we doin' it  
Holla, yeah, it's the rep  
F R double the E, tell 'em  
Cross the line, flip ya V?  
Ya lost you mind? Don't fuck with Free  
Trick, R O C bring trouble your way, holla

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>