

All My Life (feat. Nate Dogg)

Freeway

Jeah, uh
Real niggas stand up, uh
Whoo!
Jeah, uh, uh, yo From Cali to Philly, Philly to Cali
I deliver the order, haulin' a milli
Y'all niggas silly, I really don't want no problems
It's North Philly hot, really hot
Duck cops, send shots at idiots, really I
Got the mack milli I wet your squadron up
Oh! He don't feel me y'all
Nate go get the gats, we shootin' up they videos
Really y'all, ain't makin' a dollar
When my shit drop, it's the Roc, holler
Shoot you from toe to collar, watch you holler, pop my collar
Holler! Bink controllin' the track
Free and Nate controllin' the flow, y'all cats need to fall back
Holler! at your boy if you wanna get rich
I got a town and they want it tonight, you got pounds
Well they one of the Knicks, cross Free better be strapped
The rest of your life
All my life I'm. . .
I'm gonna be
Lovin' dough, chasin' hoes
Smokin' 'dro, yeah yeah yeah
All my days I'm. . .
I'm gonna be
Ridin' strapped, back and forth
East to west, watch your back And I'm going going back back
To Cali Cali, is we strapped? Yes!
Private jet, gat in the vest, packed with the (?)
Hit Nate soon as I land, hop in the van
Everything calm and cool, gat by the croch
Travel with the tool, it's just a part the plans
And I'm from the Eastside, that's how we ride
I let Mister Sig Sawyer sing a song to your man
Yeaah, it's the worlds most dangerous
Clinque, the Roc, we get neck in Los Angeles
Chicks scandalous, it's just a part of the plans
I smash, photograph it, send 'em home to they man
At last, I'm more than a rap star, she bit off
More than she can chew, she's one of the fans
She said she know how we do, I swallow your crew

Break a playa off then then get a (?) for his man, yeaah
Tell Philly Phil Free comin' to town
And we can blaze thirty L's once I get off the plane
And go shoot past Roscoe's for chicken and waffles
You act tough, hollows will stop at your mainframe
Hit up your main man, stick to the game plan
Your main man chick wanna come home with me like Cam
Get done with her, pass her to Cam
If I wanna squirt her, take her to Fatburger
Spit murder, cross the clique, get murdered
Out in Cali wearin' any color, State Prop, stick to my brand
It ain't nothin' but crooks in here
(Whoop! Whoop!) Freewizzle, big Nate Dizzle
(Whoop! Whoop!) Get took straight from the club to the spittle
For shizzle, y'all gon' have to call the cops in here
And Nate from the westside, that's how they ride
Shots in your backside, never bust in the air, yeaahWhoop!
Uh, holla!
State Prop Chain Gang!
Y'all niggas know what it is
Whoop!
Back and forth, east to west
Whoop!
Freeway is in the house, is in the house, uh!
Young Gunnas in the building! Holla!
Y'all bitch ass niggas
Put your mouth on a pistol
Put your mouth on a motherfuckin' pistol! Holla!
Matter of fact, spray nigga
Jeah!
Jeah, it's the Roc!
Uh!

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