

Turn out the Lights (Freewest)

Freeway

Yes, yeah Kayne, 'Philadelphia Freeway'
Y'all know what it is, yeah Before I turn out ya lights let's get one thing understood
I'ma keep my hammer real close, rubber grip tight
Tell you niggas good night, good night Before I turn out ya lights let's get one thing understood
Free gon' keep his hammer real close, rubber grip tight
Tell you niggas good night, good night The shit you heard'll do me justice, got a death wish
The shit I pack'll put holes through ya Lexus
Got the tec clip, respect it
The turn pike bully, earn stripes, move lla
Through ya turn pike early, all night, all day
Wait, switch hustles, nigga, now I muscle mix tapes all night
All day, yes, the front line of the Roc
Will through a football pass through ya chest
Brett Farve wit the glock I'm Max Payne wit the stock out
Money and fame run out, get it with Cocaine
Rep the Roc till I clock out, I make you clock out
Put sumtin' in ya brains I do my dirt all by my lonely and I got the heart to fight
So please, refrain from hatin' on me before I turn out ya lights
Ain't no hesitation, I got the guns to fight
So please, refrain from hatin' on me before I turn out ya lights Don't test my patience because I
got the guns to fight
Stay wit 'em coast to coast
I hop, I distribute the toast to folks
I stop, never, Free a rap Icon
Black Bon Jovi, in the Roc love of Roc
Jake of watches, ice cickle the time
Still got time to leave ya stash gone when you wake up Free hate smuts, stay wit a dime at all
times
Stay on the grind at all times wit so many nines
Shit baggin' and shake up, niggah, ain't no captin' to shake up
Doe like a brink truck, nine on my waist I do my dirt all by my lonely and I got the heart to fight
So please, refrain from hatin' on me before I turn out ya lights
Ain't no hesitation, I got the guns to fight
So please, refrain from hatin' on me before I turn out ya lights Free, put the burners to ya crew
Give me a reason, not squeeze on ya gang
Man the hammers go bang to bang
In wit a bang, bang Blueprint 2
Before you, slide through to deliver ya gang the thangs Switch lanes to get Paid in Full
Look, it's the rich [Incomprehensible] of transporters
Donvan McNabb of mix tapes, look hey
Follow the kid's orders, in other words do what the kid say We got it locked from the Bay back
to Philly

Where niggas pack millies like every single day
We don't play, we all about our change and
Money exchangin', if you bout your pay then Every single day, bring the lla to ya city
Act up, bring the K's to ya city
Then shots exchangin', every single day I do my dirt all by my lonely and I got the heart to fight
So please, refrain from hatin' before I turn out ya lights
Ain't no hesitation, I got the guns to fight
So please, refrain from hatin' before I turn out ya lights I do my dirt all by my lonely and I got
the heart to fight
So please, refrain from hatin' before I turn out ya lights
Ain't no hesitation, I got the guns to fight
So please, refrain from hatin' before I turn out ya lights

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