

# Full Effect (feat. Young Gunz)

## Freeway

They got me staring at the world through my rearview  
Blow that baby, scream to Gotti  
Can't help you with your problems  
Thug niggas wild when I come through They can relate to my views  
And couple with their problems(Uh!)  
Turn this up, fucks ya problem?  
This is real shit, homie In the booth with the four-fifth  
Only two clips, so the other clip  
Don't get, lonely homie, pull it homie  
No shit homie, know me?(Yeah!) Get in work, fa' we puffin licks, homie(Yeah!)  
I got the vocal chords, want to hear some more?(Yeah!)  
How I ran a block, dropped and picked up brauds  
In a hooptie not a drop-top, got ya bitch up more(Yeah!)  
Switch next-shift, from the block-shift  
To the wreck-shift, then I got the click up raw(Yeah!)  
Hatin' niggas get shot up in liquor stores  
Beat, strapped and tied up with extension cords  
Holla Freeway's in Full Effect  
And all I need is one reason just to pull this burner  
'Cause, why'all taught me to go next  
And I'm a be god damned if I'm a give my turn up  
Freeway's in Full Effect  
And all I need is one reason just to pull this ratchet out  
Why'all taught me to go next  
And I'm a be god damned if I'm a squeeze my cannon Yeah, Uh, Young Gunz, Neef(WHAT?)  
Yo, Yo, Yo Yo  
Far as I'm hearing, why'all doing a lot of comparing  
'Cause Young Neef's on the block missing a lot of appearance  
Yeah youngin' still got it in, 120 a gram  
Now that have yo smokers, and yo fiends  
Leanin' like a kick-stand  
I'd send my brother for ya mother man Put up blocks in em'  
Dead presidents wrapped in rubber-bands  
Chatti' will pistol-whips  
That'll rip through shit I hate a prick, I'd kill his bitch  
And make her lick the dick  
Neef, keeps out more then an extended clip  
'Cause I rather be judged by 12 then carried by 6 And I can show you how to DO THIS SHIT!  
Get ya straight and get ya cake right?  
Let us smoke and test ya weight  
Before you take it to plate Rock it down, stuff the shit in five eighths  
Early and not late(Uh!)

Don't be makin' no mistakes  
Put it out and then you bring it back straightIt's more money to make  
HollaUh, Uh, Yo, A'yo  
Young Gunna, just another victim of the ghetto nigga  
Post and Pivot and distrubute the work  
My Pop broke as filthy got addicted to workMan, they say it's a shame, but they say it's the  
game  
I made my way through the game  
Rowdy lil youngin', was the snotty nosed youngin'  
Everybody lil youngin'They only youngin' out huggin' that pavement  
For paper, and was shoveling pavement for neighbors  
I never made it to them 5 on 5's(Uh!)  
They was playin' live, I was tryin' stay live!Tryin' to stay alive!  
Moms workin' 11: 30 to curfew, I was tryin' to stay til' 5  
Hopin' the corners stay alive, while I'm killin' it  
Can't stop me before the day I'm robbedI'll be coppin' again  
So fuck a day job while I'm feelin' it  
They ain't stoppin me  
Straight from the center to "State Property"(UH!)

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