

I came up with my man, same hood, same age  
Witheld names to protect the guilty and  
Your boy Free was filthy, same clothes, different day  
Be the first to admit it, while niggaz claim to be  
willies, hey  
We cleaned up the first donny I drove  
Cooled up the first tommy I seen, follow the flow  
Smoke a timmy, with this semi, made his chimney move  
Nerves made his body shake, everybody froze  
So young with a pump and a mac  
Still manage to make it the magic, the bad kids  
On the block, with a bundle of crack, package of pills  
All heads will try to teach us to rhyme  
He said Muhammed walk with a sword, I roll with a gat  
This the same shit, different day, from times  
Now my man Book ain't writing me back  
So I figured, I'll try to reach 'em with rhymes, no listen to Mac

We thuggin' for life  
Gonna take it, oww  
And then enough  
Ain't no mistakin'  
But it's for life, it's my life  
Not for the taking

To all my boys in the hood, the East coast throw boy back  
From the land of them throw boys black  
I keep my toast in the hood, gon' squeeze  
Hope you throw yours back  
Come to the streets to bring my homeboys back  
Blew my mind out this piece, but I'm always back  
I got sheet in my air, like mac, fall away back  
Shiit, I'm trynna come way up  
And make the path so freak, I tear the runaway up  
Uh, my life a bitch with a period on  
But still I keep it real, dog, I'm hittin' it raw  
And I don't know how to carry this bitch  
Sometime I wanna marry this bitch  
Sometimes I feel like quitting this whore  
But I can't cause it feel like, giving it all  
I've been on so fucking much, feel like my living was all  
But in my lifetime, I'm a deliver regrets  
Still with the evils, know that one day I'ma sit with the boss

(Beanie Sigel)

It's not even close, we throw toast, sleep with ya gats  
It's the worst of both hoods, holla at 'em Mac  
(Follow up exact with the Mac, and the v  
Get back, if you happen to see, the Mac or Free, at where you be)  
I be where you at, I come where you live  
The cat untuckle the gat, manuever the thing  
(The Mac untuckin' a pump, removin' they wig, with ease  
Hear the feds trynna ruin the boss Sieg'  
Before they kill me like Cornbread, you be like Diallo  
Before I'm stuck like luima, I be up when you need it)  
And I'ma ride for you, lace up my sneakers, puffin' my reefer  
Tuckin' my heater, duckin' your rounder, uh

Tell 'em tricks they gonna die when I see 'em  
Let 'em know my friend colt 45 tryinna meet with they mind  
But we keep drama, think, rhyme is the reason  
And Freeway the reason that you tied up in pajamas, uh