

Baby Don't Do It

Freeway

(Sugar don't do it)
(Noooooo)
(Don't let 'em down)

State Property and Roc is the label, I keep the burner by the navel
So don't you think about stoppin me, that nigga
(Young Hov) he bring businesses to the table
So I ride for 'em, (blast for 'em), hit y'all niggaz with the Mag
Y'all think we fallin off (no, no, no, no, no, no)
hammers leave you torn apart, dump your body with the trash
Freeway, flow right where he left it
I'm from the hood where they will clap any second (do it)
These niggaz up to no good
Roll up on you while you're roll in your woods (no, no, no, no, no, no)
You never stood a chance, hood claims another man
Hammers stay with rubber grip, wrap change in rubber bands
Once broke, now the dough is pathetic
And so is the niggaz I ran with, they'll wet you
they will get you, they addicted to chasin niggaz with weapons
So (baby don't do it), learn from the last eight losers
We had it locked for the last eight summers and I contribute to two of 'em
More like three, got more icy
And more heat to turn your white T, burgundy
So (baby don't do it), chea, this is more than just music
I will cock it, shoot it and leave you to lose it
Nigga (sugar don't do it), my nigga Beanie Sigel he'll lose it
he will cock it back and shoot it and leave you
Don't fuck with the people (do it)
Uh, if you think that you built (do it)
I think that you not, I think that I will
(no no, sugar don't do it), dump lead in your grill
Uh, you still tryin to be rich, I'm tryin to be Hoffa's can rhyme
but I'm in a bind, roll with the mobsters (no, do it)
Jay, Dame Dash and Hoffa, movie directors and authors, connects with the off
ice
Freeway got connects with the bosses
I get a quote from the dealer, you connect with the auction, nigga
I'm still prepared for your squadron, I tear off my target vest
Cover my organs, Calico with the cartridge

In a destructive manner, we blast on bammers
Trash talkin in a Chevy '63 Impala
Downplayin dumb shit, niggaz is real with this
Fuck around and say the wrong words and we killed the bitch (baby don't do it)
Sticks and stones may break a nigga bones
But when I up chrome, I get a motherfucker gone (go home) (do it)
Shoot Patron, chased with Lemon Drops
Smoke purple until I'm too high, cryin, vibin to 'Pac ("All Eyez On Me")
Done wrong, gon' get done wrong (no, no, no, no, no, no)
But how I feel and how I live homeboy, won't fit in one song
Free, I know you feel me daddy, all a nigga know
Was to get money and once you got your money, niggaz stole
'Cause who knows where shit goes when this plays out (no, no, no, no, no, no)
)
Rap music brought a nigga pay days without a doubt
But, what do you do when it's all said and done?

Ain't nobody checkin for records and won't nobody come
Life goes on, I don't want to be another Joe
Fifty-five doin concerts, relyin on his shows (baby don't do it)
So, I stack my green, to match my means, straight Jewish
When niggaz spent money, I ain't do it
Just 'cause you lookin like you ballin in the eyes of the public
How many really think he got to touch it? (baby don't do it)
Yo, a fool at forty, a fool forever
Don't be a forty year old fool, dude get cheddar (cheddar) (sugar don't do it)
Hey, I got to live with my mistakes, so I'm a take 'em
And put 'em into words, that way we all ain't got to make them (do it)
Take them words I put off in this song (do it)
Live your life by it, nigga take your chance, you on your own (no no, sugar
don't do it)
But my advice is to anyone who tries
Every time you take your next breath, just be prepared to die
Don't do it