

# On My Own

## Freeway

Um uh um uh here we go now  
It's because I'm all on my own, now  
You can leave him out hear alone, now  
Ya'll need to really watch ya'll tone  
Now you see the chrome  
Im a blast it for ya I'm a blast it for ya

It's Freeway all by myself  
I'm in da place all on my own  
In da club wit the chrome  
While ya'll nigga's gotta leave it at home  
Ya'll haters better leave it alone  
Before you meet wit ya DEATH  
Back up off me  
Put ya keys in the ig-nition  
Start the rolling gap, scrap, befoere I calp  
Bang out like a western  
Found out where you live at  
Pay ya spot a visit  
Listen  
Free to frosty, back up off me  
Before you get bury  
Carry the mover  
Extra rounds to get the clowns up of me  
Ya'll act scary, You act like losers, check, check  
State Prop in ya neighborhood  
Roc in ya spot, spot roc when you let us in  
Free got things locked in ya neighborhood  
Roc's on ya block, Free servin they medicine

Roof less like a shot from a cannon  
Free is in affect and will stayin datein  
Yall, baby momas should have warned you  
Cause they seen it on the bed  
when she came over the crib  
Now they don't really wanna get the k involed  
Cause we are gonna put this thang to ya head  
The whole click pull chicks don't brag  
Tell em freeway sad if it ain't bout head  
Go head, you think its bout change go change  
Put on ya shit(uh-huh), hop in a cab (yeah)  
Meanwhile free stuck in a lab  
Earning my grip, youngin's huggin' the strip  
Freeway move rhymes like dimes move hits like nicks  
On ya mind like all the time  
On ya station like heavy rotation  
Used to be on my grind like on the line

Bee Bop at the Roc we don't stop  
Boom Boom Tang my gang we move thangs  
And I put up the Range, the hoopty flow through ya block  
Ice cover my watch ya eyes stuck on the change  
What you thought its the Roc  
Wit my people from St. Lou  
Jack Frost, Jack Frost  
Up in the bang-o, the wrist froze  
Grip O's

Roc-a-Fella pitbull snatch every bitch on ya block  
Yall prick need to back up off me  
Keep ya distance, cause my smithin on seveice  
Whats ya order slugs on the menu  
Shut the shop down on purpose, work this  
Four-fifth like I'm runin' for prez  
I peel lead have you runin' from shots  
Go tell ya block ya block start wit the kid  
Kid kidnap ya pops

Shit back up off me  
Keep ya distance, cause my smithin on seveice  
Whats ya order slugs on the menu  
Shut the shop down on purpose, work this

Back up off me  
Keep ya distance, cause my smithin on seveice  
Whats ya order slugs on the menu  
Shut the shop down on purpose, work this ho

Ho, and another one  
ho and another one ho and another one