

# What We Do (feat. JAY-Z & Beanie Sigel)

## Freeway

Man, if I get rocked, this shit for my kids, nigga  
It's that real shit Even though what we do is wrong We still hustle 'til the sun come up  
Crack a 40 when the sun go down  
It's a cold winter, y'all niggaz better bundle up  
An' I bet it be a hotter summer, grab a onion Yes, the ROC gets down, you hot now, listen up  
Don't you know cops' whole purpose is to lock us down?  
An' throw away the key, but without this drug shit  
Your kids ain't got no way to eat We still try to keep Mom smilin'  
'Cuz when the teeth stop showin'  
An' the stomach start growlin', then the heat start flowin'  
If you from the hood, I know you feel me, keep goin'  
If a sneak start leanin' an' the heat stop workin'  
Then my heat start workin', I'ma rob me a person  
Catch a nigga sleepin' while he out in the open  
An' I'ma get him, keep flowin' We gotta raise our kids while we livin'  
Make a million off a record, bail my niggaz outta prison  
Fuck a Bentley or a Lexus, just my boys in the squadder  
Nigga talk reckless, then I hit 'em with the Smif an' But I'm never snitchin', I'm a rider  
If my kids hungry, snatch the dishes out ya kitchen  
I'll be wylin' til they pick me outta line up We keep the nines tucked, chopped dimes up, rap  
about it  
Wyle out, fuck niggaz up, laugh about it  
I'm not tryin' to visit the morgue  
But Freeway move out 'til I sit with the Lord 'Til I get my shit together, clean up my sins  
Freeway got it in like 10 in the mornin'  
An' I can get it to ya like 10 while you yawnin', man  
Still deliver the order, man  
An' I ain't talkin' 'bout chicken an' gravy, man  
I'm talkin' 'bout bricks 'o ye yo, halves an' quarters  
4 an' a halves of hash, you do the math Swing past us, scoop up your daughter  
She wanna roll wit' a thug that rap, you do the math  
He won't blast 'til my stacks in order Man, lemme get 'em Free  
Hove never slackin', man, zippin' in the black Range  
Faster than the red ghost, gettin' ghost wit' Pac, man  
One time, know a got a knack to get that change  
Leader of the black gang, ROC, man Bang like T-Mac, ski mask, air it out  
Gotta kill witnesses 'cause Free's beard's stickin' out  
Y'all don't want no witness shit, we squeeze hammers, man  
Bullets breeze by you, like Louisiana, man But I gotta feed Tianna, man  
So I move keys, you can call me the Piano Man  
Rain, sleet, hail, snow, man  
Slang dough, E, hydro, man Know B. Sige in the third lane

Gramps still prayin', workin' on my nerves, man  
Like, "Son you gotta get your soul clean  
Before they blow them horns like Coltrane" But still I cry tears of a hustler  
Wipe tears from my mother, pull out beers for her brothers  
That's above us, make beds for the babies  
Tuck kids under covers, buy cribs for their mothers Shit, I'll probably be wylin' with their fathers  
Tell Ms. Robert, tell Enijah that I'm ridin' for her father  
That's like my brother, like same mother, different father  
Any problems? Dog, know I got 'em An' still we grind from the bottom  
Just to make it to the bottom, sold crack in the alleyways  
Still gave back Marcy 'A Dollar Day'  
Real gangstas make hood holidays They ain't thank us but we still paid homage, man  
Soul Food Sunday, lookin' like Big Momma's, man  
Tell the gang I never break my promise, man, man Even though what we do is wrong  
Even though what we do is wrong

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