

## Set free

## Above the Law

We were once the kings and queens  
And now we've become the slaves  
We were once, uh, the innovator  
But now we've just become the imitator  
We were once the leader  
But now we've just become the follower  
Separating ourselves in packs that we call sets  
I wanna be free, uh  
Free, free!

Yo, I was born as a player, momma had to break her neck  
Coming up hard in the west Dallas projects  
Thinking to myself, I can live or either die here  
So when I step, yo, I step with no fear  
Cause you can either get your bang on  
Or you can get your slang on  
In the 90's on the west coast  
Uh, yeah, so let me take a toast  
Or have a roast for  
My homies, my comrades, my dawgs, my locs  
Yeah, peace to ya, cause it's rough in the bay  
That's why we always staying high off that dank  
Trying to stay high; cause the system always trying to keep us down  
Hayyy, so I clown, cause I get down  
Plotting as a nation of millions that want me to keep it underground, yo  
I ain't a scared nigga, so I ain't misled nigga  
Call me the head nigga, straight corn-fed nigga  
And you get two drops for relief  
Or straight get served on the 1st and 15th  
I used to be a breaker, I used to be a popper  
But my first pet peeve is I hate a short stopper  
My second; a nigga trying to play me for some p\*ssy  
Just like my homie Sam tried to play me for this bitch named Cookie  
He's a rookie trying to play a man's game  
But he don't know, how I got her broke, how I got a cane  
There's always some kind of drama

As for why I'm crazy, blame it on my momma  
It's not what you get out of life, it's what you make of it  
Get your hustle on and you reap all the benefits  
I've been working hard for ten years, I'm a G  
And how I keep it, is by staying set free, yeah

Sha-doo-ba-dop Set me free

Check it out  
I love the way your brass Bed slides across the floor  
I can't forget the past yo the sweat starts to pour  
Down my body, I pause as I stare out the window  
I've think of what I got then I've think of what I've been through  
I've reminisced about the motherf\*cking old days  
Old lays, and how we was in motherf\*cking pain  
Rolling with my partner, to get a f\*cking zone  
Scared to hold some cocaine, I think it was '84  
A year later, still living off that shit  
Counting a little paper as the world takes hits  
And hits; sets over here, sets over there

You can tell they a set by the stars and they rags in the air  
Bailing through the motherf\*cking street  
Like this is a war and they's a motherf\*cking fleet  
And the news starts to glorify them homicides and drive-bys  
While we get high and rock them fly rhymes  
Still serving that powder by the gram  
While some of my niggas go to the pen, it's up to Uncle Sam  
Keeping brothers in check  
Keep the birds on deck  
White man keep us starving with no respect  
So think about it, when you're hustlin with your gang

Still gonna trying to keep breaking the chain  
Just to stay, uh ... free!  
Yeah, set free