

# Freedom

ChillinIT

Freedom  
I just wanna get rich for my brothers in the six motherfucker this is  
Freedom  
I just do it for the world I just do it for my girl look baby this is  
Freedom  
I just do it for my fam I'm just trying to be the man God damn this is  
Freedom  
Say God damn this is freedom

I'm just trying to make classics  
I'm feeling no stress  
The money does mathematics like I was Mos Def  
And how the fuck is he rapping and still be so blessed  
Oh yes brudda I'm Summer Jam and I'm So Fresh  
I spent forever on irrelevant times  
And wasted too many seconds on the stress in my mind  
I never reply cause wack rappers sellin you lies  
And I be getting money like I'm Jerry Maguire  
But I  
Woke up and let the sun in my eyes  
What can I say bruh I'm loving my life  
Thinking back to my brother that died  
I know my Mum still suffers inside  
And walks around like there's something to hide  
But I  
Live life, get money  
Give a fuck about the law keep ya bread coming  
Hit the Pharcyde up until we get Runnin'  
Ah shit I hear the feds coming  
Tell them this is

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I'm never caught when I'm passin those coppers  
I'm tricky with the ball I'm the Harlem Globetrotters  
They be signed like the cards in your wallet  
But the moneys all mine there's no halving my profits uhh  
Went crazy and flirted with death once  
Now I'm trying to be the boss  
And I worked til the bread jumped  
Fresh cunt no major or turning for head fucks  
And no money that I make has a thirty percent cut (get fucked)  
And now I gots to focus  
I made her bend her back like scoliosis  
Listen to me I don't got emotions  
Locked them in the basement getting wasted with the lost and hopeless  
Everybody ride my wave when it's suiteen em  
And now they're smoking on the base and the Sudafed  
And now I'm using fake names with a pseudonym  
When I be on a flight I'm Blake James cause the buddhas lit

I stay focussed, brudda I stay focussed  
420 when I drop on the beat  
Stay smoking  
Used to rock a fella for weed I Jay Hov him  
Now I'm trying to get a classic and free like Beethoven  
I'm all black with the Chucks  
I'm in the back of the truck  
Balaclava and a packet of bud  
No lights on, no license  
I'm trying to dodge the jacks on the run  
Here they come I'm just a passionate cunt  
From the way that I spit wicked, I'm sicker with sick lyrics  
Got a monster next to under my bed like I'm Chris Griffin  
All you bruddas bad liars, chase pussy like Quagmire  
But the pussy comes to me cause I'm sitting on six figures (ugh)  
420 I spit a verse and I chew the beat  
I fucked your bitch and got chicken burgers on Uber Eats  
On her account  
I'm hitting herb moving weed  
Free my brother from the can like tuna meat

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