

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 suiten 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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