

What if I used to be a president in a past life?  
With a match and a pipe  
And a top hat in the back of ride  
In a chariot, chasin' Harriet through the night  
I barely get sleep, my karma owe me much drama  
Men are sheep, I sold three last summer  
A black back ain't exact until it got stripes  
Beat that boy 'til he collapse  
Tease that boy, make him fight his brother  
Make him hate his mama, make him blame his father, you  
Follow the rules and they always gon' do what they do  
Never revolt, never rebel, Willie Lynch taught us just how to sell  
White lies to these black lives, and if you train 'em, then they act right  
But whatever you do

Free like my energy (Don't ask why)  
Free like my enemies  
Free like the soul of my homies  
Free like a sinner, yes, I'm free  
Yes, I'm free  
I am free like my paradigm  
Shifting my state of mind  
Listen to my creator  
Make sure that I stay aligned  
Yes, I'm free

¿Quiúbole, carnal'? (My brother)  
Me pueden poner en cadenas (They can put me in chains)  
Me pueden encarcelar (They can lock me up)  
Pero no me pueden atrapar la mente (But they can't trap my mind)  
Lamentablemente han tratado de hacer esclavos de mi gente (They tried to make slaves of my people)  
Pero del corazón hay un fuente (But from our heart runs a fountain)  
Corriente (Flowing)  
Siguiendo (Continuing)  
Sí se puede (Yes, I can)  
Si Dios quiere (God willing)  
Vamos

What if I was to leave some evidence?  
Like a crack pipe or the shell of a nine  
Milli' or a philly with plenty of my saliva  
'Cause I hit the blunt one too many times  
Blood, we can hit 'em up  
They got four, five racks in the safe  
And they don't come back 'til it's late  
Plus I got another three in the mattress by the atlas  
Put us on the map with the cake, yeah  
At least that's what we thought  
No, not me, nigga, we get caught? Yeah right  
Then peeking out the window, a nigga see them red and blue lights, oh shit  
Bro, we gotta go, nigga, no shit  
Hit the back road, clear the whole fence  
But in the process  
A nigga dropped the whole four-fifth  
And they circled the block

Free like my energy (I got caught)  
Free like my enemies  
Free like the soul of my homies  
Free like a sinner, yes, I'm free (Plus that canine tore out half my calf)  
Yes, I'm free (I don't know how to do this time, I guess I better ask my dad  
, so pass my past)  
I am free like my paradigm  
Shifting my state of mind  
Listen to my creator  
Make sure that I stay aligned  
Yes, I'm free

Ayy

What if I was to need some medicine for my lymph nodes?  
I'm a pimp with these hoes  
My bitch gave me kiss and my neck was swole  
I was in the studio next to Smoke  
And the big homie BJ said, "Boy, get that checked out"  
Guillotine flow, don't stick your neck out  
Nigga, I'm chis', I spit that best out  
But I ain't tryna be stretched out  
So I went up to Kaiser, my surprise was the diagnosis  
What? Cancer? I'm twenty-two plus when I spit, I'm dope as shit  
I went through that chemo and radiation  
Stem cell transplant, the patients  
Next to me in they eighties  
I'm just a baby

Free like my energy (But now I'm free)  
Free like my enemies  
Free like the soul of my homies  
Free like a sinner, yes, I'm free  
Yes, I'm free  
I am free like my paradigm  
Shifting my state of mind  
Listen to my creator  
Make sure that I stay aligned  
Yes, I'm free

God is so good, so good, so good  
God is so good, so good to me  
God is so good, so good, so good  
God is so good, He's so good to me