

# What's Free

Meek Mill

You know what free is nigga?

What's free?

Free is when nobody else could tell us what to be  
Free is when the TV ain't controllin' what we see  
Told my niggas "I need you"  
Through all the fame you know I stay true  
Pray my niggas stay free  
Made a few mistakes but this ain't where I wanna be  
Before I'm judged by 12, put a 12 on my V  
Told my niggas, "I need you"  
Stay up I know these times ain't true  
Real life, what's free

Since a lad, I was cunning  
Just got a pad out in London  
I keep stackin' my money, I need a ladder by summer  
AK shots, niggas duckin' stray shots  
Been a Top Dawg, that's before the K.Dots  
Crackin' in '06, immaculate showmanship  
Talk it like you Mitch, disastrous on the strip  
Holdin' on your bitch, coulda never sold you a brick  
With them people you never been on a list  
Mona Lisa to me ain't nothin' but a bitch  
Hanging pictures like niggas swinging from his dick  
We so different you thought these didn't exist  
The Megalodon never seen on his wrist  
I'm from the South where they never make it this rich  
God is the greatest, but Satan been on his shit  
Walkin' the pavement, I pray I'm illuminated  
Over a decade and never nobody's favorite  
Pot and kilo go hand in hand like we gamblin' huf  
My amigo, a million grams and we countin' 'em up  
You was dead broke, I let you hold a pack  
You paid for it, but I fucked around and stole the track  
Screaming "gang gang" now you wanna rap  
Racketeering charges caught him on a tap  
Lookin' for a bond lawyers wanna tax  
Purple hair got them faggots on your back

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Fed investigations, heard they plottin' like I trap  
20 mil' in cash, they know I got that off a rap  
Maybe it's the Michael Rubins or the Robert Krafts  
Or the billionaire from Marcy ain't no way they got my back  
Seein' how I prevailed now they try to knock me back, uh

Lock me in the cell for all them nights and I won't snap, uh  
Two-fifty a show and they still think I'm sellin' crack  
When you bring my name up to the judge just tell em' facts  
Tell em how we fundin' all these kids to go to college  
Tell him how we ceasin' all these wars, stoppin' violence  
Tryna fix the system and the way they designed it  
I think they want me silenced (Shush)  
Oh say can you see  
I don't feel like I'm free  
Locked down in my cell, shackled from ankle to feet  
Judge bangin' that gavel turned me to slave from a king  
Another day in the bing, I gotta hang from a string  
Just for poppin' a wheelie, my people march in the city  
From a cell to a chopper view from the top of the city  
You can tell how we rockin' soon as I pop up we litty  
Poppin' like Bad Boy in '94, Big Poppa and Diddy  
And niggas counted me out like my accountant ain't busy  
That's five milli' in twenties, sit up and count 'til I'm dizzy  
Phantom, five hundred thousand, hundred round in a stizzy  
Is we beefin' or rappin', I might just pop up with Drizzy like

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In the land of the free, where the blacks enslaved  
Three-fifth's of a man I believe's the phrase  
I'm 50% of D'usse and it's debt free (Yeah)  
100% of Ace of Spades, worth half a B (Uh)  
Roc Nation, half of that, that's my piece  
Hunnid percent of Tidal to bust it up with my G's  
Since most of my niggas won't ever work together  
You run a cheque up but they never give you leverage  
No red hat, don't Michael and Prince me and Ye  
They separate you when you got Michael and Prince's DNA, uh  
I ain't one of these house niggas you bought  
My house like a resort, my house bigger than yours  
My spou- (C'mon man)  
My route better of course  
We started without food in our mouth  
They gave us pork and pig intestines  
Shit you discarded that we ingested, we made the project a wave  
You came back, reinvested and gentrified it  
Took nigga's sense of pride  
Now how that's free?  
And the people stole their soul and hit niggas with 360's  
I ain't got a billion streams, got a billion dollars  
Inflating numbers like we 'posed to be happy about this  
We was praisin' Billboard but we were young  
Now I look at Billboard like 'Is you dumb?'  
To this day, Grandma 'fraid of what I might say  
They gon' have to kill me Grandmama, I'm not they slave (Ha-ha-ha)  
Check out the bizarre rappin' style used by me the HOV  
Look at my hair free, care free  
Niggas ain't near free

Enjoy your chains, whats your employer name with the hair piece?  
I survived the hood, can't no Shaytan rob me  
My accountant's so good I'm practically livin' tax free  
Factory, that's me  
Sold drugs, got away scot-free  
That's a CC, E-copy  
Guilt free, still me  
And they expect me to not feel a way to this day  
You would say y'all kill me  
Sucker free, no shuckin me  
I don't jive turkey  
Say "Happy Thanksgiving"  
Shit sound like murder to me  
Smoke free  
All of y'all calling out toll free  
Labels rob you for millions yet you wanna put a hole in me  
Sugar free, seasoned but I'm salt free  
Lay a hand on Hov, my shooter shoot for free  
I promise World War three  
Send an order through a hands free, kill you in 24 hours or shorter you can'  
t ignore the hand speed  
On god, it's off the head this improv  
But it's no comedy  
Sign I fail, hell naw (Ha-ha-ha)