

Free Nation  
Free Everything  
Niggas in the Chi got goals they can't attain  
They either spit or break it and flip it like Boldy James  
Chef it like Gordon Ramsay, 7 on they side  
They keep a Ben Gordon handy, keep a Ben Gordon handy  
Dandy-lions in my freshly row  
And my phone stay buzzing, all these pesky hoes  
Be trynna to chill with him  
Fuck 'em, mind on my money  
Cops, duck 'em  
Grind for this honey  
Cause life ain't as sweet as they say  
So niggas wrist twist when they pre-heating the yay  
Me? Shit, I just sprinkle all the kief on the haze  
And the Ron Brons rocking pre-Heats like they J's  
Couple niggas I grew up with, playing 2k  
Red Kool-Aid, with a Panera Bread souffle  
I'm cold chilling and pilling leaves off rare bouquetes  
Nothing major, something like the Huntsville Stars  
Or an undecided student bumming rides in your car  
Like the flies in your car, these niggas rolling down the windo  
ws  
Trynna catch a breeze in this Free shit  
But if you wasn't fucking with us since the prefix  
When the boat rock, all you shallow niggas gon' be seasick  
  
Can't stress it enough  
Just a chill ass nigga from the Chi, homie  
Can't stress it enough