

Free

Nines

Yeah, and this track is called free
Featuring Skrapz and Miss Kai Ryder
I know you heard the preview of this track on skrapz is back part two
But this is the full version
On that Loyal to the soil
Shouts to all my niggas in the pen
Free up all my niggas man
Free all my bitches up in holloway too?

Yo look I was with the thugs? and the killers n the wing
It was dead though, I ain't tryna glorify the ting yo
I ain't tryna gas up the children
The jail house things long family
There's nothing like freedom
There's nothing like chilling with family
Kicking back watching TV with my mom and my aunty
Or over seas with my gyal under a palm tree
Or in the strip club [?] nina and bailey
The jail house ting is a joke ting
Certain niggas get a likkle bird and starting bragging and boasting
This isn't the life I'm promoting
The only reason that I hustle hard is so I'm not on a broke ting
The roads similar to the ocean
Some niggas are drowning, some niggas are constantly floating
Some niggas are washed up and left on the coast
Went from eating lobster to eating butter and toast

I just wanna be free
Wanna go home to my family
I don't care 'bout vanity
I just wanna be free - (oh I just wanna be free)
I just wanna be free
Wanna go home to my family
This ain't where I wanna be
I just wanna be free, I just wanna be free

Right now I got it nice
This time last year, I was eating slop and rice
Couple paigons tryna move tough
Fuck an education with them razors in my toothbrush?
Never know when I'm gonna nank a man
Me and dooey had the landing? smelling like amsterdam
Couldn't wait until the day when I leave the pen
Hugged a couple niggas, that id probably never meet again
Then I started trapping in the same week
Said that I was gonna chill until I come off tag
But the games peak
I need to get my P's right
And nothing goes down in my hood
Unless I give that shit the green light
Free the team
No food around me
I'm sleeping clean
When I started rapping only kilo could see the dream
That was when them hoes used to treat me mean
Used to be like money mitch, now we the dream

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Bum, ayo my nigga said skrapz where'd you wanna be in 5 years
I started talking 'bout big cars with big gears
I started talking 'bout big yards with big stairs
So much passion in my voice made me shed tears
I'm just tryna see some big dough?
That's why I grind yo
I ain't tryna gloriy the ting though
I was in my cell, metal bars on the window - dead though
I ain't tryna glorify the ting yo
Little niggas 12 and he's copying my lingo
Telling me the other day he had to let his ting go
I was like yo
What you know about strap?
30 years in the pen
What you know about that?
What you know about 3 man living in a cell
One man take a shit
Every mans gotta smell
No chilling on the block
Can't fuck another girl
Feels like you just landed in hell

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I just wanna be free
Wanna go home to my family
This ain't where I wanna be
I just wanna be free, I just wanna be free