

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 isnt 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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