

Free

Skrapz

Okay

And this track is called Free, featuring Nines
But you gotta wait for the mixtape
That Loyal to the Soil
To hear the full version
That song full of the crack
Run and tell their friends to tell their friends
(Skrapz is Back Part 2)

Yo, yo I was with the thugs and the killers on the wing
It was dead though, I ain't tryna glorify the ting, yo
I ain't tryna gas up the children
Jailhouse things, long family
There's nothing like freedom
There's nothing like chillin' with family
Kicking back, watchin' TV with my mom and my auntie
Or overseas with my gyal under a palm tree
Or in the strip club, me, Nina and Bailey
The jailhouse ting is a joke ting
Certain niggas do a likkle bird and start braggin' and boastin'
This isn't the life I'm promotin'
The only reason that I hustle hard, it's true, I'm not on a bro
ke ting
The road's similar to the ocean
Some niggas are drownin', some niggas are constantly floatin'
Some niggas are washed up and left on the coast
Went from eating lobster to eating butter and toast