

Riding, yah  
Real shit  
(correct)

I love to be free

Breaking the half in the kitchen closet  
Baking soda by the water faucet  
Pot and spoon on the stove This the ish that make a soul fly (I love to be free)  
Naked women counting money on the sofa  
Tony Montana, bunch of coke boys, all adolescent, fly dressing  
All gold boys, get you everything from an eight ball to a home boy  
Hit the street, Chevy riding like a Rolls-Royce  
Roll joints and bump Geto Boys  
Twisting fingers, throw bankers out the window it's like we sense some danger  
I ain't fly by this fall, let you meet your maker  
Skinny nigga but I got my weight up, ten large in each pocket nigga who can hate us  
Beat a nigga out his pockets if you try and play us  
Trigger chick on this strip we some effin' playas  
Bank rolls, bank ain't never closed, nigga, pay up

I love to be free

I really just wanna be free man

Five deep in the hatchback

Cockin' straps tryna find out where the cash at  
Lurkin', hoodie down and a black mask  
Eight shots, twelve gauge wrapped in black flags  
To cool the pipes when the shell blasts  
Miss a nigga on that corner then we pill back  
To finish the job, dome shots, send him to God  
Ever stare a dead man in the face while you finish to rob  
Blood leak and body cold, eyes looking beyond  
While you're snatching out his gold, take his money then run  
And your conscience eating you like 'damn that's somebody's son'  
But you're stomach aching you can't keep scraping these crumbs  
And it's do or die and I'ma ride till no breathe in these lungs  
Playing sweet song, bust back, if the heat come  
Play your enemies close, but never ever sleep with 'em  
Advice for flashy hustlers with jack boys peepin' 'em  
If you ever see that hatchback, nigga you better squeeze on 'em

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