

Free

Stalley

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 som
e 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 w
ho 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

I love to be free