

Freedom

Tsu Surf

Sitting in the bing, flip flops and greens
Trying to get me eight and if I lose seventeen
Side bitch fucking, baby mom is pregnant
Whole charge pending, they running shit separate
Drag of that rollie, whole lot on my mind
Bail a hundred thou, all cash, no bond
Been in this bitch for month, I'm trying to be patient
Talking 'bout 8, give me 5 I'll take it
Allah won't budge, God won't listen
Cause I only pray when I'm in a fucked up position
Old friends, codies only good for snitchin'
Gangstas go down thug and come back Christian
I'ma go down swinging, and come back pitchin'
First stop pussy, second stop the kitchen
Might gotta max out, if I gotta act out
Year and a half, hit, cause I had to pull the axe out

It's baby Pakistan, where the wolves lurk
I probably wouldn't get a job if I could work
Trial next month, I gotta beat this shit
Car creeping through the hood, gotta heat this shit
Trappin', cops burn down, gotta eat the shit
Sitting in the classroom, teachers ain't teaching shit
I'm feeling like the last of a dying breed
I don't want to be here, but I ain't trying to leave
Pill driving through the hood like a mad man
Six more me, lurking in the Caravan
Summers bring the brick out, nights be colder
Hot box the Monte, Surf is never sober
Metal on the waistline, hood on my shoulders
And for that, I'll grill this whole strip with them toasters
Don't mind me, I'm just ventilating
And don't mind these, they just penetrating
And you could go ahead with the pause shit
I got a bad bitch, she take all dick
I don't need freedom, I'm fine here
My daughter, my hood, my grams and my Mom here
They want war, Iraq, send a bomb there
In the hood shining; Times Square
Fuck freedom, I love my hood
Them cops pests trying to bug my hood