

## Freeman

Vince Staples

Ah-ah-ah-ah  
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It feels good to be a free man with clenched hands  
I used to pray to find a way to make a label advance  
But nowadays 100k ain't even getting my glance (Hell nah)  
Ain't even setting up no meeting 'til they meet the demands  
An undisclosed amount from Netflix, invest it  
I turned the set into a movie set for all of the kids  
To see who you can be if you believe you're bigger than this  
Don't be no crab in the bucket, be a Crip at the Ritz  
Them crackers see me in the Sweden, try to call up the pigs  
But we know they don't fly, the time flow way too high, feel like the time flew by  
Been ten plus years, lost love, lost peers  
Shed blood, shed tears  
Cheers, grab a glass  
I'll never find a equal mind, I'll settle for the fattest ass (For real)  
I'm tryna find a way and all she say is, "Bae, you make me laugh" (What's so fucking funny?)  
Heavy is the hand that reaches past the plates to pay the tab  
But niggas gotta eat, right?  
Right?

It's all good, it's all good  
It's all good

Yesterday, this lady told me that she feel like we homies  
Love the music, love the way I'm moving, watchin' me closely  
Wanna see me on the GRAMMYS stage, holdin' in trophies  
I responded, "as above, so below me," she said, "Explain"  
It's the power of the human brain, we trapped in our dreams  
I understand I'm just a grain of sand and life is a beach  
Only Heaven know whichever way I blow in the breeze  
I'll be a fool to think it's live up to me  
But I appreciate the love, loved one, still young  
They tryna figure out the ins and outs of where we from  
Heal the blocks that we spun, the concrete crack  
Hey, we steppin', niggas won't get back, right?

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