

50 Cent "Financial Freedom"

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[Verse 1]

Nigga, this is not a fictional tale, this shit real
Who's sittin' in the Bookings? Charged, direct sale
Third shootout, who was fightin' for positions?
Shell casings out my 9 flyin' through your mama
kitchen
Paper we stack it, yeah, pistols we pack it
You fuck around, we'll blow your heart out the back of
your jacket
Bitch, get down or lay down, my work is that chach
'Cause he got big, now he lieutenant so he sit there and
watch
I swear to God I think I had the same vision that K had
Woke up sayin' "we gon' turn them corners to
Baghdad"
Yeah, we was young, but we had guns, we started
juxing niggas
All you hear is Boo-Boo fuckin' with them Brooklyn
niggas
I had supreme schemes, call it Wall thoughts
Start shootin', I bet I'll clear off the ball court
I want it all, that's just how I fuckin' feel, boy
Get in the way, you gon' take you a trip to Deramores

[Hook]

I'm dreamin' of
My dream of freedom
Financial freedom

[Verse 2]

This is to big bags of bread and some coke, nigga
You can get with the program, fam'll get smoked,
nigga
We was a school of sharks - a bunch of young soldiers
Open your head when you're half dead - you see? I told
you
On the island, got that burner, got the flamethrower
A couple niggas got blown, I got my name known
Over the phones, soon as I'm home, the game's sewn
I got connections - look, bitch, I'm connected
And I ain't givin' niggas no passes, so respect it
Or get dealt with, I'll break you off proper

You ready to die, huh? Too much Big Poppa
Easy - nigga chill or get laid out
I'll put a hole in you then find out what your gang 'bout
I do my dirt, I'm hardly ever by my lonely
I got that tek with that cooling system on me,
You think you want it, you don't want it with me homie

[Hook]

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[Verse 3]

We stackin' paper 'til we strong then we takin' over
Grab a gat, bring the crack back with baking soda
Bridge the gap, get slapped, actin' like you know us
North Pole, nah, Southside produce the colas
We're the last of our litter, this is what they taught us
We've got to kill what we eat, that nigga came up on us
If you ain't gamblin', get the fuck out the spot, boy
Shoot an ace off your foot, that's some shit you should
get shot for
Fuck it, when I win I'm a winner - when I lose, I'm a
winner
'Cause to my niggas y'all niggas lookin' like steak
dinner
You screw your face the fuck up, you goin' through
what?
The strap big enough in my truck to chew your crew up
Nigga stand down or get manned down
Mack, two clips, 30 rounds plus 30 rounds, flip it
around
You gon' fuck around and get jammed up, blammed up
Hit your spine, a standup nigga can't even stand up

[Hook]

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