

## 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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