

Above The Golden State

"Freedom Of Speech"

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[KM.G]

Yo, what's happenin, man?
Yo, they tryin to come down on the ATL when whe
speak
They say we on a negative tip
What's up?

[VERSE 1: Cold 187um]

Now I'ma kick a way-out style that's smoother than
usual
It's from Above The Law, so see, it's crucial
Hype beats are kickin and rippin, yo, with a funky touch
It's done the Ruthless way, some say it's too much
D-o-p-e, please don't misdefine it
That's the way that I live and, that's the style of my
rhyme
That's on time, just like your watch keeps tickin
(KM.G) on my side, so that my knowledge keeps stickin
Now what's really known as a radio cut?
When you can't say (shit) and you can't say (fuck)
I really think you wanna hear it
But the radio stations, you see, they still gonna fear it
Yo, I thought this country was based upon freedom of
speech
Freedom of press, freedom of your own religion
To make your own decision, now that's baloney
Cause if I gotta play by your rules, I'm bein phoney
Yo, I got to cater to this person or that person
I got to rhyme for the white or the black person?
Why can't it all be equal?
Music is a universal language for all people
I better get off the rebellious tip
Before somebody out there say I'm startin to slip
I ain't trippin, I'm steadily flowin and throwin
Givin you a dope style
Keepin me on top of the pile
Cause ATL'll soon take over the nation
And if you don't wanna hear us, well, change the
station
Boo! I sneak in your mind your mind
Sink in your mind, creep from behind

So fast that you won't have time
To deny a brother that's from the streets
Tryin to teach, hopin to reach
Yo, 187's not one that's known to preach
But I wish for each to have freedom of speech

(Congress shall make no law
Respecting an establishment of religion
Or prohibiting the free exercise thereof
Or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press)

[VERSE 2: Cold 187um]

They'll milk you to make it understood
They make it good, so that it taste real good
To you, so see, you fall right in it
Your minds are small, they feed you like infants
Like children they'll bring you along
They say we're wrong for makin a rap song
But ATL'll hit you straight up jam after jam
Long as we say what we want, make our stamps, we
don't give a damn
Those that wanna sell out need to get the fuck out the
business
Cause they ain't doin nothin but bluffin
Me, I get wild every rhyme I release
Whether I talk about violence or talk about peace
Cause violence is somethin that happens in society
When people are livin low and don't kow where they
can go
But peace, I think we all want peace
But it's too much to face, and it's too far to reach
Whether I say my rhymes fast, slow, sloppy or neat
See, I wish when I'm doin, to have freedom of speech

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[VERSE 3: Cold 187um]

Now if they ban me, I don't give a fuck
Chalk it up as experience (yeah, bad luck)
Because I'm ballin with Laylaw's clout
And if he say that it stays, the shit comes out
Cause in the early days when rap first began
Some fool jumped up and said it soon would end
But nowadays I hear song after song
And it proved to me that the fool was wrong
So yo, cut the bullshit, all set aside
It's time for the people to realize
About the things that happen in the ghetto which those

try to hide
When they know we just strive to survive
(The homie said he'd have a job, if you'd give him a
break)
But when he gets it (he goes by the other man's ways)
Now see, there's just one more thing I have to talk
about
'bout how they say rap music is turnin kids out
You got to give your child credit for what he can do
Plus the way that they're raised is really up to you
Rap music, a form of literature
Words and verbs and adjectives
Painted up like a picture
Yo, it's gonna hitcha, yo, it's gonna getcha
And when I'm all finished up, it's gonna fitcha
(Hittin the nation) station to station (heavy rotation)
So strong that it's keepin the pace, and
We will speak out on any situation
But while we're doin
Yo, we gotta have freedom of speech

[KM.G]

Yeah - see, that's how we had to do that
Yo, I gotta give it up to all my homeboys
That got freedom of speech
Yo, Cold 187
Ice Cube
MC Ren
The deadly Dr. Dre
Eazy-E
The G-o M-a-c-k
Total Koss housin thangs
Ruthless in the muthafuckin house
Yo, to my homie D.O.C.
And Laylaw with the clout
And we out

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