

## 2 Live Jews

### "Free"

Visit "[Free](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Freeway]

Okay, I see where y'all goin

Okay, aight dude, you want me to fuck with that Free  
shit? Okay..

Yeah, I got you blazed...holla!

Uh! Yeah!

Nigga, the name is strong, it can mean ten things in  
one

This dedicated to my niggas that grind from ten to ten  
In other words all day duck the cops cuz they wanna be  
free

Man, them gates is strong and when that nigga locked  
down and he can't get out

And he lose a couple pounds and his skin get pale

And he's sittin in his cell til his patience gone, you know  
Freeway be feelin your pain, I got twelve homies doin  
the same

And if they had bail, homey, they'd be out

But they don't so they sittin for a minute

That's the price of the game when you in it

Your freedom get strippin away

These niggas came through my hood with the nines

My man Black hit they wheel with the K, spun it around

Same day cops book em guess who send kites to em,  
nigga?

Free! That's right, Holdin em down nigga, the clique  
tight

Homer and Joe we get it down, open your mail

Read your letters, see a couple flicks of ya boyzie  
boyzies

Nigga, Freeway like Georgie Porgie, puddin pie kiss the  
girl

Fuck kiss, get orgies

One clip'll rock ya world, nigga calm ya bore beef

Shootin out with Free you gon' need a four leaf

But Freeway ain't all about the drama

I seen bullets come up out the lamas and go into  
melons

And leave niggas killas leakin like Aunt Jemima

Fuck what ya man think that nigga gone but he ain't

Free

Gimme the kees, y'all niggas is bitchin  
Package it up, I'm out with the breeze  
In and out of lanes until I get where I'm goin  
That's how I got my name, mane, series and my man  
ain't free  
You can get shot in your face  
Not payin attention, lunchin, gripped by the deez  
Gotta be on point movin ya work by them benches  
That's how I got my change, fam  
Ain't a damn thang free in this world but your boy got a  
mean plan  
To get my team out the ghetto with my boys in stilettos  
til we rich man  
I'mma play Joe Clark when it's hardly norm  
Free! Whether the coupe on F or coupe on E  
I can get ya chick on E  
See through her dress, get the address  
Give her the F, pass her to E  
They say the best things in life are free, but I can't tell  
I gotta pay for all the food that I take in  
And gotta pay for all the chronic that I inhale  
That's why I stick with my team, nigga, stick with my  
men  
Y'all dudes freelance, play for any team  
Don't stand for nothin then you fall for anything  
Turn on your voice soon as you get any cheers  
But it's cool, beat downs with bats and spiked chains  
are free  
Gettin played and haters screamin my name ain't me  
Gettin paid and changin the game is me  
That's why I keep a gatt in the tuck  
That rip through ya bean, y'all niggas mad cuz y'all  
ain't Free  
Look, I focus and aim, listen to bull  
One verse can fuck up the game  
Kick in a door, icier chain  
Clean up ya kids, hook up ya bulls but gotta work hard  
cuz it ain't free  
Used to get work hard couldn't cook soft  
My homey remain anonymous, looked up to D  
And you guessed it we worked up the soft, tripled the  
reef  
But the game's sold not told, it ain't free

Visit [2 Live Jews](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.