

G. Love & Special Sauce

"Free"

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Kill it, Kill it, and bring it back to life
Kill it, Kill it, bring it back to life
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Well it's a hustle it's a hustle everyday of life
And it's enough to keep your head above the water see
Seems like the older I get the more freedom I have
But everything is complicated to me
Responsibilities, parking tickets, stress oh my god
Get off my back before I snap and break
Yo I gots to elevate
Ride my fate, take it to the highest
When I'm rhymin' on the city streets
The rhythms in my freakin' sneaks, sneaky freeks
Stoppin by the diner to recharge my cells
Get with the broths? and have a couple laughs
Take a long drive
Cause I'm still alive and if the pressure didn't get me
Then
Won't get me now, stay high as the sky and bust the
Fuck out

Free
Free
Free
Yeah...

Kill it, Kill it, and bring it back to life
Kill it, Kill it, and bring it back to life
Kill it, Kill it, and bring it back to life
Kill it, Kill it,

The music is the thing that always made me high
And it's the one thing left in life that never told me
Lies
And it's the feeling in my heart, and the tear in my eye
The freedom of my mind and the chill in my spine and
You know the more love that I gave it always gave me
Back
And if I ever borrowed something then I paid it back

And if I ever did you wrong then forgive me
But please don't put no evil on me
Cause I'm just another brother from a father
And a mother trying to make my way in the world
Don't you see

Free
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Yeah...

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