

## The Clipse "Freedom"

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### "Freedom"

*[Pusha-T:]*

With every line written, And all I have given  
Music's been nothing more than a self made prison  
I've taken inmate losses at the hands of this one  
My pen's been the poison to family and friendships  
Now is time to mend shit,  
Time to bring closure to  
The clear conscience of Pusha is long over due  
Thinking to myself, what could I be owing you?  
They only tell you great when they reminiscing over you  
Before I trouble T-Roy,  
It's just a D-Boy  
Let me play the role of a common on his B-Boy  
Speaking my truth in rhyme no matter how bland it is  
A heavy heart lighting that's just what my ransom is  
All apologies,  
I bear the cross I wear the blame  
We in the same group but I don't share my brothers  
pain  
Not to confuse,  
Our sentiment are all the same  
I just don't feel Nothing I'm Numb by the will to gain  
Same thing brought tears to innocence  
I turned away  
And didn't even flinch,  
Yuuch  
The music drove me crazy  
Looked up and lost the first bitch I ever wanted to have  
my babies  
Nowadays  
She can't even face me  
I'm sorry for the heartbreak  
I promised you forever my lady, Jodeci baby  
Pompus muthafucka!  
Just look what them jewels made me  
I'm only finding comfort in knowing you can't replace  
me  
What a thing to say! But what am I to do?  
I'm role playing a conscious nigga  
And true is true

Cocaine aside  
All of the bloggers behoove  
My critics finally have a verse of mine to jerk off to  
I owe you all

*[Malice:]*

This is were the buck stop, here's where I draw the line  
I touch the hem Gods work is so divine  
I see the error of my ways over time  
Never to return, Malicious has been refined  
Like wine with time, I get better  
Napa Valley Vintage my flow is fermented  
Now drink of me, as if I bought the bar  
Run to these words, as if there's no tomorrow  
Never mind my car, careful what you wish for  
Behind that red curtain the devil and his pitch fork  
Jealousy, I ask thee: "What is this for? "  
How was I to know I was happy being piss poor  
No whore, that's not love, we was fucking  
I was in search of a chicken head; you was clucking  
And I was lusting  
We were both out of order  
I shoulda known better as I'm reminded of my  
daughter  
Am I my brothers keeper for himself every man  
I have been your reaper, there's blood on my hands  
Except me as your keeper, there's been a change of  
plans  
Be careful of what you speak of, I've come to  
understand  
Bitch

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