

## Pharoahe Monch

### "Free"

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Free

You can clip my wings, shackle and chain me  
Back straight standing tall a child of God, N' I'm... Free!  
Spit in my face, hold me down  
I'ma keep my feet firm to the ground, cuz I'm... Free!

Your A&R's a house nigga, the labels the plantation  
Now switch that advance for your emancipation  
MC's are the field like pick cotton for real  
I pop blocks like beat street with a notch n' a kill  
They take the strongest of slaves to compete in a track  
meat  
For the King of the city sang songs of back streets  
Choruses of cocaine tales and black heat  
Only to trade niggas like professional athletes!  
Don't take that merchandising, snatch that publishing  
Practice that black ass, ship you to London  
By way of France, Germany, Dublin  
A railroad to underground like Harriet Tubman  
While ya'll stay strugglin' we smuggle MC's through the  
streets  
Till we bubblin' on mix CD's, hustlin'  
Clans see me on the block n' say freeze  
I say Fuck You! I'm a man, I'm Free!

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I give birth to verses in churches with no confession  
So please pardon my post-partum depression  
A-list MC to spit it in C-Sections  
For immature minds that get it with each lesson  
Three-fifths of a man ass jigga with no plans  
How you discussing publishing figures without a band  
They got digital codes on our music for them to scan  
So even when you sample a snare you can't even clan  
So google Pharoahe Monch, search Triskaidekaphobia  
I'll explain why these city banks Wachovia

I'll peep the future in my sleep, to be honest man  
We never had a mutual relationship with Washington  
Why? Because I believe they put the virus in the latex  
Condoms that they sell us, call it safe sex  
What I spit, not only causes a glitch in The Matrix  
But another terrorist that they haven't faced yet!

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