

Alexia % Chris Phillips "Freedom of Speech"

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Freedom of speech, motherfucker
Okay, something for the kids (hahaha)

(Pinocchio)
I got no strings to hold be down
To make me fret or make me frown
I had strings, but now I'm free
I got no strings on me

[Verse 1]
Step into the club smoothly with a L in my hand
Bitches know that I'm a freak like the elephant man
Intelligent plans
Fuck a record deal, I want development land
With my benevolent clan
And that's the reason that I only trust my fam
40,000 records sold, 400 grand
Fuck a middle man, I won't pay anyone else
I'll bootleg it and sell it to the streets my self
I'd rather be that than signed and stuck on a shelf
And because of this executives try to diss me
Racism frozen in time like Walt Disney
And now they say they wanna get me signed to the
majors
If I switch up my politics and change my behavior
Try to tell me what to rhyme about over the beat
Bitch niggas that never spent a day in the street
But I repeat that nobody can hold my reigns
I put the truth on tracks nigga, simple and plain

(Pinocchio)
I got no strings, so I have fun
I'm not tied up when we need one
They've got strings but you can see
There are no strings on me!

[Verse 2]
I guess to America I'm a disaster
A slave that was destined to own his masters
Independent in every single sense of the word
I say what I want, you fuckin little sensitive herb

This is America, I thought we had freedom of speech
But now you want try to control the way that I speak
And O'Reilly you think that you a patriot?
You ain't nothing but a motherfuckin racist bitch
Fulla hatred, pressin a button trying to inject me
But I ain't got no motherfuckin deal with Pepsi
No corporate sponser telling me what to do
Asking me to tone it down during the interview
Tryin' to minimize the issue, but I'm keeping it large
I love the place that I live, but I hate the people in
charge
Speakin is hard when you got strings attached
So I'm a say it for you 'cause I ain't got none o' that
And if you didn't understand what I spit at your brain
Aiyyo son, let this little nigga explan:

(Pinocchio)

I got no strings to hold be down
To make me fret or make me frown
I had strings, but now I'm free
I got no strings on me

Come on son, y'all niggas know the way I do
Immortal Technique, got com (?) live for you
And I know sometimes it be making you nervous
The way I snatch puppet rappers that belong in a circus
You motherfuckers just can't compare
Looking for a fan base that's no longer there
I know that you're scared, and you're hidin' up in the
cut
But this is freedom of speech nigga, tell 'em what's up

Word nigga, fuck John Ashcroft! Nigga, fuck Fox News!
Fuck those snake-ass
bitches Tryin to manipulate your opinion, tellin you what
to think
Word the fuck up, like "we invaded niggas 'cause we
want to free them"
You racist motha fucka, you don't give a shit about
those people
You can suck my dick!!
(hahahaha)

Another rum and coke at the bar, nigga
Its my day off, word up
Fuck, for the kids, (ha) for the kids (hahaha)
Beat Bandits

