

## **Black Rob F/ Beanie Sigel, Da Brat, G-Dep, Joe Hoo**

### **"Freedom of Speech"**

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[ KM.G ]

Yo, what's happenin, man?

Yo, they tryin to come down on the ATL when whe  
speak

They say we on a negative tip

What's up?

[ VERSE 1: Cold 187um ]

Now I'ma kick a way-out style that's smoother than  
usual

It's from Above The Law, so see, it's crucial

Hype beats are kickin and rippin, yo, with a funky touch

It's done the Ruthless way, some say it's too much

D-o-p-e, please don't misdefine it

That's the way that I live and, that's the style of my  
rhyme

That's on time, just like your watch keeps tickin

(KM.G) on my side, so that my knowledge keeps stickin

Now what's really known as a radio cut?

When you can't say (shit) and you can't say (fuck)

I really think you wanna hear it

But the radio stations, you see, they still gonna fear it

Yo, I thought this country was based upon freedom of  
speech

Freedom of press, freedom of your own religion

To make your own decision, now that's baloney

Cause if I gotta play by your rules, I'm bein phoney

Yo, I got to cater to this person or that person

I got to rhyme for the white or the black person?

Why can't it all be equal?

Music is a universal language for all people

I better get off the rebellious tip

Before somebody out there say I'm startin to slip

I ain't trippin, I'm steadily flowin and throwin

Givin you a dope style

Keepin me on top of the pile

Cause ATL'll soon take over the nation

And if you don't wanna hear us, well, change the  
station

Boo! I sneak in your mind your mind

Sink in your mind, creep from behind

So fast that you won't have time  
To deny a brother that's from the streets  
Tryin to teach, hopin to reach  
Yo, 187's not one that's known to preach  
But I wish for each to have freedom of speech

(Congress shall make no law  
Respecting an establishment of religion  
Or prohibiting the free exercise thereof  
Or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press)

[ VERSE 2: Cold 187um ]

They'll milk you to make it understood  
They make it good, so that it taste real good  
To you, so see, you fall right in it  
Your minds are small, they feed you like infants  
Like children they'll bring you along  
They say we're wrong for makin a rap song  
But ATL'll hit you straight up jam after jam  
Long as we say what we want, make our stamps, we  
don't give a damn  
Those that wanna sell out need to get the fuck out the  
business  
Cause they ain't doin nothin but bluffin  
Me, I get wild every rhyme I release  
Whether I talk about violence or talk about peace  
Cause violence is somethin that happens in society  
When people are livin low and don't kow where they  
can go  
But peace, I think we all want peace  
But it's too much to face, and it's too far to reach  
Whether I say my rhymes fast, slow, sloppy or neat  
See, I wish when I'm doin, to have freedom of speech

(Congress shall make no law  
Respecting an establishment of religion  
Or prohibiting the free exercise thereof  
Or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press)

[ VERSE 3: Cold 187um ]

Now if they ban me, I don't give a fuck  
Chalk it up as experience (yeah, bad luck)  
Because I'm ballin with Laylaw's clout  
And if he say that it stays, the shit comes out  
Cause in the early days when rap first began  
Some fool jumped up and said it soon would end  
But nowadays I hear song after song  
And it proved to me that the fool was wrong  
So yo, cut the bullshit, all set aside  
It's time for the people to realize  
About the things that happen in the ghetto which those

try to hide  
When they know we just strive to survive  
(The homie said he'd have a job, if you'd give him a  
break)  
But when he gets it (he goes by the other man's ways)  
Now see, there's just one more thing I have to talk  
about  
'bout how they say rap music is turnin kids out  
You got to give your child credit for what he can do  
Plus the way that they're raised is really up to you  
Rap music, a form of literature  
Words and verbs and adjectives  
Painted up like a picture  
Yo, it's gonna hitcha, yo, it's gonna getcha  
And when I'm all finished up, it's gonna fitcha  
(Hittin the nation) station to station (heavy rotation)  
So strong that it's keepin the pace, and  
We will speak out on any situation  
But while we're doin  
Yo, we gotta have freedom of speech

[ K.M.G ]

Yeah - see, that's how we had to do that  
Yo, I gotta give it up to all my homeboys  
That got freedom of speech  
Yo, Cold 187  
Ice Cube  
MC Ren  
The deadly Dr. Dre  
Eazy-E  
The G-o M-a-c-k  
Total Koss housin thangs  
Ruthless in the muthafuckin house  
Yo, to my homie D.O.C.  
And Laylaw with the clout  
And we out

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