

Tragedy Khadafi

"Stay Free"

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feat. Littles

[Littles]

I wake up every morning hoping I can see the next
Knowing my honor, will and faith lies in the palms of
techs
I ain't know the meaning of life, but I still shove
Still hug the same block of these so called thugs
Watching my life being quoted through the mouths of
cowards
Knowing bids blocking SIGs is the life of ours
Watching their faces on magazines never did squeeze
I never asked to be born...man he raped my moms
Yet the same four-four long I grip in these nervy ass
palms
Can be the same gun I one day greatly mourn
Lord forgive me for my trips and falls rise through
glories
Knowing bids blocking steel gates prevented my
stories
I what "The Bridge" is broken pots, oils and stick
Got to scrape cane of the floors to hit these strips
My only fear is a gun in my palm back in the streets
Any nigga step between me and rap it's a wrap

[Tragedy Khadafi's Hook]

Only the strong survive
Sometimes the strong dies
DA got drugs, mark money and lies
Gotta stay free hustle up G's for legal fees
Avoid snake cowards and these crooked ass D's
Stay free it don't stop until the casket drops
Let it bang, make it pop until your heart beats stops

[Tragedy Khadafi]

That nigga throw them bows like Luda-cris
Shit ain't a game when them tight cuffs bruise your
wrist
On the go back down state actual fact
Bogies in the bullpen go 20 a pack
I'm a juggle, make all y'all feel my struggle
Rock cowards in the face so their scars will bubble

Hope you make your first ??? soon as you touch town
I'm pulling your pants down, hand glide spray rounds
Try to twist your crown, y'all niggas is straight clowns
Don't have me pop your head and squeeze your lemon
It's a difference between MC's and felons
Just a thug Cartier specs stand with truth
My life be the blueprint for a million youths

To get money, all seasons I keeps it gully
Out the gate young bloody what it is to be
My name ring in every borough recognize "The G"
Mahdi attribute be written in gold
Stuntin' like you rock platinum knowing it's white gold
Ain't built for this game I'm a swallow you whole
Expose your whole character, reveal your soul

[Tragedy Khadafi Hook]

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[Littles]

Yo...Instead of loving me I watch my sleeves and throw
stones
Y'all don't know shots bang out of clips and heads turn
Keep hating 'em, and waiting
What you know about enies in your ass (ooh)
TV's in the dash (duck)
15 couped out the hill on smash
Where AK's and Mack 10's bark and blast
Squeezing shots out of clips that will stunt your height
SIGs, Macks, Techs which ones you like
Guns explode my arms tend to dry you cold
Shots through your North Face fry your soul

[Tragedy]

Yo...I used to pull niggas coat
Try to wake the dead
The same niggas that you put on will pop your head
Blow a Huey Newton mack that will stop the feds
All these gizzard heads know that I'm nice in bed
Roll with gangsta divas concealing heaters
Give me brains off the chain, off the meters
Get it straight, "The Icon", (w)rap like a python
Libya my insignia straight Lebanon
Still wrap the turbans, my enemies learning
Slugs penetrate the flesh the bullets is burning

And my gangstas walking their dogs the worlds turning
My gangstas walk their dogs the worlds turning

[Tragedy Khadafi's 2X]

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