

## Free Murda

### "You Can Never Be Better Than Free"

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[Intro: Free Murda]

Yea, turn my mic up loud, you know  
And my earphone, put the level in  
And let me take these young boys to school  
Knowwhatimean, Division...

[Hook: Free Murda]

This F-R Double E, out of curse  
I'm still Lil' Free, but Murda  
B-R Double O K-L-Y-N  
M-I-Double D L-E, got it  
Now shorty, go gold, he gon' be aight  
This one is going home, to Fort Greene, aight  
And cassette, for my toes, to or to clean my Nikes  
Forty 'matic chrome, help me sleep at night

[Free Murda]

Breathe, inhale, then exhale  
Ya'll ain't gon' succeed, tryin' to exhale  
Nigga showing they ass, forgot sex sales  
Bout to flip like that door on the Nextel  
Nigga knock on my door, for tech shells  
Little dumb ass nigga ain't aimed the tech well  
Dropped a hit, little kids, now can't catch spells  
You came straight to the crib, like FedEx mail

[Chorus 2X: Free Murda]

You can never be better than me  
You can never be better than Free  
You can never be better than me  
Baby, baby, no better than Free

[Hook]

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