

Too \$hort "I Want to Be Free"

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You think Oakland, California, is a city of punks
It only takes a second to pop the trunk
And just like that, you know it's real
You're in the right damn town to get killed

It's all about the game and nothin' else
You come out here, you better watch yourself
'Cause you can wear what you want, even blue or red
But cross the wrong brothers and end up dead

You catch a body full of bullets and get blasted
Tryin' to be a gangsta but you just ain't lastin'
This little town is gettin' wild as hell
Check the penitentiaries and all the jails

If they could lock us all up, that would be just fine
Got my partners from Oakland doin' serious time
You can't argue with the truth, it's hard to be black
But it's a mindgame and you gotta deal with that

I wake up everyday and I just can't wait
To make no money 'cause back in the days
When I rapped, I did the same damn thing I do now
Grab the microphone and show you how

But I was broke, the only thing I had was game
I started makin' money and knew things would change
Bought a Benz, thought it might earn respect
But the OPD found it hard to accept

I got jacked by the [unverified]
Face down on the ground, keep my hands in sight
Put the handcuffs on backseat, I'm in it
Illegal search for about thirty minutes

Askin' me where's the dope
Where's my gun but I don't know
I said I'm rappin', they laugh like I told a joke
And to this day they think I'm sellin' coke

I want to be free, ohh yeah
(And that's the truth)

I want to be free, ohh yeah

I be in Oakland, California every day of my life
Bass so hard, you think I'm smokin' a pipe
And if I don't smoke it, I gots to grind
Searched all my stuff and all you find
Is a pocket full of money, count seven G's
Now you wanna think I'm sellin' keys

'Cause I'm a black man, but I run my own business
So why the police wanna send me to prison
They see a brother makin' major cash
They knock a patch out his black ass

And that's the truth, you can't argue you at all
Tryin' to give you ten years for a phone call
Ain't even trippin' on the dank smoke
'Cause all they wanna find is guns and coke

In court all the time, tryin' to fight it
We get rich, we get [unverified]
So what's the problem officer, this time?
Is havin' big money, bein' black a crime?

Or did you take me to jail to teach me a lesson
Charge me with somethin' or just ask questions
About the brothers I hang around?
What's really goin' on in the Oakland town?

Tell me who went broke, and who got rich
But Too \$hort baby, just ain't no snitch
You say you're just doin' your job
But you're gettin on my nerves, just like Bob

Every time I hit a corner, I see you
Always tellin' brothers what to do
You lock me up 'cause I don't know how to act
But I'm down for mine, so I be talkin' back
And when I do, you treat me bad as hell
I'm sick of spendin' nights in jail

I want to be free, ohh yeah
(And that's the truth)
I want to be free, ohh yeah

Got out of jail about [unverified]
Walkin' down the street like a broke dopefiend
Had a pocket full of money tryin' to play the role
Benz got towed and I was hella cold

But I ain't trippin', I'm gettin' used to it now

Handcuffed, your boy took me straight downtown
For three warrants, had to catch me sooner or later
'Cause the five-oh's always tryin' to jack a playa

For no reason, wasn't doin nothin wrong
You think I'm lyin', singin' that same ol song
Well I'm a black man, ridin' in a Benz
How in the hell did I make these ends?

Here we go, I pull over to the right
Stop the engine, keep my hands in sight
I start cursin' 'cause it don't make sense
Why would I run and try to jump a fence

If I was plannin' a smooth getaway
I never woulda stopped in the first place
You'd be high speed chasin' me but this time you ain't
'Cause all I got on me is a big fat bank

And I hope I don't get robbed by you know who
Make me donate some G's to the boys in blue
And if I sue, I won't get nothin' back
But I ain't mad, I'm just black

I want to be free, ohh yeah
I want to be free, ohh yeah
I want to be free, ohh yeah
I want to be free, ohh yeah

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