

# Free My Soul

Big K.R.I.T.

(Chorus)

Mama I made it  
Got my chain now,  
I got that Benz too  
I got my Luis Vuiton  
And my Gucci shoes

Mama I made it  
Got the choosy folks I keep some groupy hoes  
I got that old Skool With those Lambo doors  
But I am scared (Yeah)  
It all ain't enough  
To free my soul  
Lord mama I made it

VERSE 1

Fuck what they are talking  
Na It ain't about talent  
It's no longer an art  
Niggers piss on your canvas ?  
and parade  
Ok so you paved the way but I rolled the road  
Farther than you rolled before but still you block the road some more  
I'm on my last leg and they just passing me by  
With a sign that say I rap to eat and both my thumbs in the sky  
Damn!! When would my time come should I just sell dope  
For money,  
cars  
clothes  
and hoes .. cause they say thats successful  
Till a nigger run up all you and unload  
Cause he Po' and you shine just like the Moon glow  
stunting in your bently but it cost you your soul  
when God come to collect i hope u got what u owe

(Chorus)

VERSE 2

Forever dreaming  
Wishing on a star for help  
I give a nigger food for thought  
He rather starve himself  
Apart from wealth  
I think it was the shine that got us blinded  
Not sure of what we reading when we signing (our life away)  
They say ignorance is bliss  
But I like to stay  
The game is just not records and real shit  
They don't like to play  
You ghetto famous to us, u just Bo jangles to them  
Tap your feet tip your brim and sell it back to your kin  
I don't rap I spit hymns  
My Gods bigger than them  
Try to blacken your heart and say were children of men  
I sin cause i aint perfect

But I rather save your life, then hurt it  
(If I Make It)  
(Chorus)