

So Free

S.A.S

Uh-huh
S.A.S., Dipset, Killa
Rephan

We ain't the usual, we more than that crew that bang
This is S.A.S., Dipset, Eurogang
This is East to West, North, South movin' thangs
This is stretch cash comeback like boomerang
This is London, no not the dungeon
This is lump sum, shuttinl rocks in abundance
This is street life, and it's deep right
When the 3 strikes hit ya chest like a reef high

All day long I sling, I'm so free like the song I sing
I'm so free like
Alex Haley retracing his roots
I'm free, like the haze in the booth, inhale it then poof
I'm free like a mixtape rapper that just ain't known
Free like a right hand man that just came home, I'm free
I'm free like some'n for nuthin' and I'ma keep on stuntin' and frontin'
I'm so free like

You had enough yet, I had a thug rep
Way before New York, the drugs, and the Blood sets
And I get love fuck this industry
I'm reppin every nigga in these streets
So scream at me
I been known braggin', with Jim Jones flaggin' in that new Benzo wagon
I won't stop makin' heads bop in this zone
Cuz the watch face full of bedrocks and flintstones, I'm gone
Mega:
Do you believe that you free from this earth
Like a still born seed when conceived in it's birth
Until I reach in the shirt you deep in the dirt
You can't rest in peace 'til you sleep in a Hearse (R.I.P.)
Seek and you find, look bruv I'll reach you in time
And for my brehs locked in the box for freein' their mind
Right now I'm free in my mind, my season to shine
This year I shut rocks on the block
I'm deep on my grind, and all I say is

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Slowed you haters, showed you the old school vapors
Niggaz please, shit, I'm free like the local papers
Vocals greater, I don't believe in these guys
Shit I hunger the truth but they feedin' me lies
Sick to my stomach, so I spit sicker than vomit
I'm free like "Here bruv, take a hit of this chronic"
And as they blowin' the L, I show 'em as well

We gonna make it to heaven cuz we goin' through hell, so yell
That I'm free, cuz I'm free
Killa, S.A.S., Euro, Dipset, let's go
I was twirled in, refered to a whirlwind
Grew up in a whirlwind, dude on thorough gin
That's why as long as the world spin
That bentley with the engine and the trunk from Berlin, I'm curled in
Smirkin', seats is Sherling
Surely I'm sure, shit, shorty tell ya girlfriends
In traffic jammin' with pearl rims
It's magic, magician, I'm Merlin

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But in the hood, I can tell you the saga
To eat there's beef on the menu there's drama
But you punks just punkin' y'all ain't punkin' me
With car cables y'all still ain't jumpin' me
You had the .9, the A.K., a garbage truck
Took a shit, shit, you still wouldn't dump on me
All the hatin' they statin', nothin' get done to me
I still sit comfortably
Tell niggaz nothin's free
Killa