

# Freedom

## The Game

Holdin' my daughter in the booth  
Her momma out there somewhere in that Bentley tryin' to find a roof  
Poof, I wave my wand and here comes Kendrick  
Niggas say the west ain't winnin', I'm just tryin' to find the proof  
Speakin' of Proof, I'm 'bout to roll one with Snoop  
Blow the smoke out to your memory and toast to Eminem  
Cause he, gave me the shit that I needed on Documentary  
Keep it real with myself, I got murdered like John Kennedy  
But that was cool cause I was just there for the energy  
Watchin' Bizarre pop pills while 2Pac in my hennessy  
First time in Detroit, had to rock the Grant Hills  
Cause I threw up my dukes when California was at a stand still  
But hope ain't lost cause Dr. Dre the man still  
Had faith in me, knew I had heat like an anvil  
Ran through entire crews, put their remains in a landfill  
And I ain't lost the hunger, I'm eatin' out the can still

Yeah, wherever Hov and Nas at in the world right now  
I know they listenin' like  
This young nigga be killin' this shit  
Hip-hop is life's ciroc I'm 'bout to drop a pill in this shit  
Let's go, esco bars nigga, like Nas nigga  
The flow is Rakim with the Birdman cars nigga  
Hold on I gotta take Birdman's call nigga

Stunna, whattup blood?  
"Whattup blood? What's poppin' my nigga?  
Look, I know this the last one after this it's straight Cash Money, my nigga  
So, it's YMCMB, wild life my nigga, let's get it poppin'"  
Rich game  
one hunnid  
Suwoo

New coupe, remove roof  
I'm from where niggas'll do your bitch and bitch niggas'll do you  
Inevitably we take celebrity bitches and run a chu-chu  
We puttin' on magnums, taggin' that wagon, some of these birds kookoo  
And murder is what I do to  
These Just Blazes, Kanyes, shit on Swizz, I handle my biz  
The whole world know what I do to Dre's shit  
Niggas know I'm classic, I ain't even gotta say shit  
Frank Ocean more of a man than you niggas, get up off that gay shit  
Fuck copyin' styles, niggas be tracin'  
Whether it's me, the movie, or Jadakiss, niggas just can't fuck with Jayceon  
So let's go

Laa, da da da dup da ah  
Thought you love me before  
I'm glad Every hood needs an anthem  
Laa, da da da dup da ah  
Winning comes with a price  
No matter how hard you try  
Can't buy freedom  
We're far from being free  
Yea we're far from being free  
We're far from free

Wanna welcome everybody to Jesus Piece  
After my album fades, my competition will lyrically be deceased  
Niggas saying I'm underrated  
Like a younger Jay with heat, but not the ones the Thunder play with  
So Los Angeles King is sort of an understatement  
Let me find a gun up here, I leave you niggas under pavement  
Tell 'em they rent's due, pay up or get cement shoes  
All this dope be around, you act like I ain't lean on that fence too  
But now you up here and bitches and cars is what I'm into  
You wanna send me to God, I wear 45 in that French shoe  
I fuck with Wale, Ross, and my nigga French too  
And me and Face just slashed the last beat up like a ginsu  
My album like a 'Rari, a lot of dope features  
Glad you bought it, now sit back and just blow reefer  
I know the concept behind it is gon' reach ya  
Now turn this mufucka up and blow speakers

Ladies and gentleman  
I would like to introduce to you  
An incredible gentleman  
He goes by the name Elijah Blake  
Let's go

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And last but definitely not least  
I wanna send a special shout out, to my nigga James Harden  
Another Los Angeles nigga carrying rockets  
Ballin' on you bitches