

When I Get Free

Z-Ro

Huh I'm free now nigga, fuck the penitentiary
I can't get my bread in the penitentiary
So I'ma keep my mo'fucking feet on solid ground nigga
Keep wrecking these shows, keep wrecking these verses
And keep cashing these motherfucking checks nigga

I'm not about to throw a rock, into a pack of dogs
I'ma empty out seventeen at one of ya'll, and put a name with it
Ya'll fellas shame with it, go on and let the people know
Who you talking about, but you won't cause you playing games with it
Don't the constitution say we got freedom of speech
That's the reason I'm holding court, on you cowards in my streets
I'm the king of em, what good is a king to the streets if he ain't love em
Real diamonds in my mouth, I don't have to smile to get a bling from em
Even though I'm locked down, on suicide watch in the jailhouse
In a couple of months, you'll see me cruising by the cops when I bail out
And they gon' hate to see me back, rolling on dub-deuces
It's bulletproof on these windows, you can't send no slugs through it
So it ain't wise, to start gang banging
I ain't even gotta hit you with these double R's, buck shots'll leave your b
rains hanging
Boss Hogg Corleone, that's my brother for life
Rest in peace John Hawkins, we got you covered tonight

(2x):

When I get free, all you suckers better watch your ass
Soon as I get released, I'ma clock some cash
I'm doing time locked down, but I'll be back on the street
I'm down now, but I'll be back on my feet

Ain't no mo' record labels pimping me
Rival gangs wanna finish me, cause they women come to prison to visit me
I'm going to harlem Nights but I ain't playing, I'ma get in free
And snatch something similar to Buffy, that's just the pimp in me
So viciously I enter and exit, if you loose change you get collected
Seven point two six inches, get ya'll infected
From my rail gun, I don't come to life until my mail come
My rude attitude is natural, not something county jail done
If possession is nine tenths of the law, why can't I go home
Even though it's nothing big to a boss, I'm trying to hold on
To sanity, cause losing too many times is really beginning to damage me
I'm losing every time Lucifer challenge me
But still fighting, even without my publishing I'm still writing
Most rappers can't spit that electric, but this is real lightning
I need to be murdered, for what I do to my pen
But somebody already died for my sin, so

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A lot of thangs, fin to change
Cause I'm about to receive my recognition, in this game
I been pimping my pen for ten, ya'll act like ya'll don't know my name
But if I pull out ya'll peel out, cause ya'll familiar with my aim

Gotta watch my blood pressure, when a scrub test a G
I pitch a couple of slugs at ya, I dare ya to stand right next to me
Niggaz say why you frowning, your smile has so many VS-1's
Cause where I'm from it's shoot or get shot there, you can be the next one
To get it, I'm just trying to do some addition with my digits
Ya'll ever wonder why my rhymes are so gutter
Cause I came from the gutter, that's why I spit it gutter
King of the Ghetto is tatted, on my upper left arm
Try to invade my space, and I will slide you with the teflon
If I was rolling one deep, I'd probably still be free
But it's a blessing, cause I know they wanna kill me G
Rest in peace Pimp C, thanks for the love on MTV
T. Farris, tell all your enemies to fuck with me

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