

# Liberation

## OutKast

And there's a, and there's a  
And there's a, and there's a fine, line  
Too late to pray that I'm on it  
Ya yeah yeah Y'all, uh huh, y'all There's a fine line between love and hate you see  
Came way too late but baby I'm on it  
And there's a fine line between love and hate you see  
Can't wait too late but baby I'm on it  
Can't worry bout, what a nigga think now see  
That's Liberation and baby I want it  
Can't worry bout, what another nigga think  
Now that's Liberation and baby I want it (Let me hear it, let me hear it, let me hear those, let me hear those)  
Many times I sit back and contemplate  
I'm fresh off the dank, but I'm telling my story  
My relationship, with my folks is give and take  
And I done took so much, now gimme my glory  
To have a choice to be who you wants to be  
It's left up to me, and my momma and 'em told me (yes she did)  
I say to have a choice to be who you wants to be  
Is left up to me, and my momma nem told me No, no, no  
I'm so tired, it's been so long, struggling, hopelessly  
Seven and forty days, hey  
Oh, I sacrifice every breath I breathe  
To make you believe, I'd give my life away  
Oh lord, I'm so tired, I'm so tired  
My feet feel like I walked most of the road on my own  
All on my own, we  
We alive but we ain't living, that's why I'm giving until it's gone  
Cause I don't want to be alone (I don't want to be alone)  
I don't want to be alone, yeah  
Is there anything I can say to help you find your way  
Touch ya soul, make ya whole, the same for you and I  
There's not a minute that goes by that I don't believe  
We can fly but I can feel it in the wind  
The beginning or the end  
So people keep your head to the sky Shake that load off, shake that load off Folk in your face, you're a superstar  
Niggas hang around cause of who you are  
You get a lot of love cause of what you got  
Say they happy for you but they really not  
Sell a lot a' records and you roll a Benz

Fall up in the spot now you losing friends  
All ya want to do is give the world ya heart  
Record label trying to make you compromise ya art  
You make a million dollars, make a million mo'  
First class broads treat ya like a nigga po  
You want to say "Wait!" but you're scared to ask  
Ya world starts spinning and it's moving fast  
Ya try to stay sane that's the price of fame  
Spending your life trying to numb the pain  
Ya shake that load off and sing ya song  
Liberate the minds, then you go on home I must admit, they planted a lot of things  
In the brains and the veins of my strain  
Makes it hard to refrain, from the host of cocaine  
From them whores, from the flame  
From a post in the game  
Makes it hard to maintain focus  
Then from the glock rounds and lockdowns and burials  
The seeds that sow, get devoured by the same locusts  
Cause it's a hard row to hoe  
If your ass don't move, and the rain don't fall  
And the ground is dry  
But the roots are strong, so some survive  
To your surprise, no one voided their cries  
You got more juice than Zeus  
Slanging lightning trying to frighten  
Plains dwellers, of the Serengeti  
But get beheaded when you falsely dreaded  
Melanin silicon and collagen injected  
Dissecting my pride, fool I don't want to get it started  
We be the lionhearted, without a fantasy  
It's like that red sprite, you can't imagine it  
Unless you looking at the canvas of life  
And not through the peephole of mortality  
Single minded mentality  
Getting over on loopholes  
Getting paid two-fold on technicalities  
Clicking your heels, scared to voice how you feel  
Pack the steel  
Picking cotton from the killing fields with no Toto  
I don't we in Kansas no mo' though  
Midwest or Dirty South  
Clean dressed or dirty mouth  
Whether robbing preachers or killing Poor Righteous Teachers  
You a scared demon  
Shouldn't be allowed to spread semen

And your cowardly lies never defying the jackals of babble  
Running with they pack, tail between your legs  
Though the man on your head say the story  
As you downplay your glory  
Cackling, helping the shackling of your brethren happen  
Just by rapping  
Liberator

Songwriters

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