I Want To Be Free (that's The Truth)

Too \$hort

You think Oakland, California, is a city of punks It only takes a second to pop the trunk And just like that, you know it's real You're in the right damn town to get killed It's all about the game and nothin' else You come out here, you better watch yourself 'Cause you can wear what you want, even blue or red But cross the wrong brothers and end up dead You catch a body full of bullets and get blasted Tryin' to be a gangsta but you just ain't lastin' This little town is gettin' wild as hell Check the penetentiaries and all the jails If they could lock us all up, that would be just fine Got my partners from Oakland doin' serious time You can't argue with the truth, it's hard to be black But it's a mindgame and you gotta deal with that I wake up everyday and I just can't wait To make mo money 'cause back in the days When I rapped, I did the same damn thing I do now Grab the microphone and show you how But I was broke, the only thing I had was game I started makin' money and knew things would change Bought a Benz, thought it might earn respect But the OPD found it hard to accept I got jacked by the [unverified] Face down on the ground, keep my hands in sight Put the handcuffs on backseat, I'm in it Illegal search for about thirty minutes Askin' me where's the dope Where's my gun but I don't know I said I'm rappin', they laugh like I told a joke And to this day they think I'm sellin' coke I want to be free, ohh yeah (And that's the truth) I want to be free, ohh yeah I be in Oakland, California every day of my life Bass so hard, you think I'm smokin' a pipe And if I don't smoke it, I gots to grind Searched all my stuff and all you find

Is a pocket full of money, count seven G's Now you wanna think I'm sellin' keys 'Cause I'm a black man, but I run my own business So why the police wanna send me to prison They see a brother makin' major cash They knock a patch out his black ass And that's the truth, you can't argue you at all Tryin' to give you ten years for a phone call Ain't even trippin' on the dank smoke 'Cause all they wanna find is guns and coke In court all the time, tryin' to fight it We get rich, we get [unverified] So what's the problem officer, this time? Is havin' big money, bein' black a crime? Or did you take me to jail to teach me a lesson Charge me with somethin' or just ask questions About the brothers I hang around? What's really goin' on in the Oakland town? Tell me who went broke, and who got rich But Too \$hort baby, just ain't no snitch You say you're just doin' your job But you're gettin on my nerves, just like Bob Every time I hit a corner, I see you Always tellin' brothers what to do You lock me up 'cause I don't know how to act But I'm down for mine, so I be talkin' back And when I do, you treat me bad as hell I'm sick of spendin' nights in jail I want to be free, ohh yeah (And that's the truth) I want to be free, ohh yeah Got out of jail about [unverified] Walkin' down the street like a broke dopefiend Had a pocket full of money tryin' to play the role Benz got towed and I was hella cold But I ain't trippin', I'm gettin' used to it now Handcuffed, your boy took me straight downtown For three warrants, had to catch me sooner or later 'Cause the five-oh's always tryin' to jack a playa For no reason, wasn't doin nothin wrong You think I'm lyin', singin' that same ol song Well I'm a black man, ridin' in a Benz How in the hell did I make these ends? Here we go, I pull over to the right Stop the engine, keep my hands in sight

I start cursin' 'cause it don't make sense
Why would I run and try to jump a fence
If I was plannin' a smooth getaway
I never woulda stopped in the first place
You'd be high speed chasin' me but this time you ain't
'Cause all I got on me is a big fat bank
And I hope I don't get robbed by you know who
Make me donate some G's to the boys in blue
And if I sue, I won't get nothin' back
But I ain't mad, I'm just black
I want to be free, ohh yeah

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