African Drums

African

[Intro - Freeway - talking]Worldwide shit, we all over the globe
Y'all know, Freezer!
[Verse 1 - Freeway]I traveled from overseas back, Free's back, to each his own
I had the businesses, ? home
I chatted in the jet like Special Ed I flown
Back to Africa, too bad I had to leave my chrome
Passport on file (file), condo by the Niles (Niles)
The camera tried to follow this top model to Cairo (yeah)
Get a few female (Top Models) to swallow (that's right)
When they finished with Tyra, then then holla at the boy (woo!)
Yeah, some of my homeland's ravaged from the war
It's vital that I visit some spots out of The Bible
I'm by the Red Sea, not the Dead Sea
All tracks get destroyed like Sodom and Gomorrah (let's go)
[Chorus - Freeway]It don't matter where you at, it's matters where you from
That's why I spit hood raps over African drums
You gotta rep where you from, no matter where you be
That's why I spit street raps over African beats
It don't matter where you at, it's matters where you from
That's why I spit hood raps over African drums
I shut it down and leave with your Queen to be
[Verse 2 - Freeway]
Witches in the tuck like the young King Tut
I was dustin the murder tracks while they were wrappin him up
He was rulin over Egypt
Now I'm on my way to be rulin over rap, body people on they remix
I got the belt flow would leave Michael Phelps seasick
I'm chasin wealth, people like "who the hell he is?"
It's L-E-S, Freezer his L-E-S
Flow is just as wet as the Arabian Sea is
I post up in the Arabian Peninsula
I'm a Muslim, I follow the Sunnah and never deviant
Thaw, other rappers do not have the ingredients
Not wicked with the tongue like young Free is
[Chorus][Verse 3 - Freeway]It's the rap Prince Akeem, your mom's dream
In other countries I'm always heard but not seen
Except for the internet but I'm a store force 'em
Different cities monthly, I'm goin on a world tour
These other rappers' flows gettin old but not Free's

I got a hold, I'm in control, y'all sloppy
I like my hoes, pigeon-toed, knock-kneed
Bring it home for papi? Rock and roll
(Pop, Lock & Drop It)? Like Nia Long
They comin short with the profit, I lock and load
Stay in touch with the right broads via phone
These other niggaz they might blow but we explode, yeah
[Chorus]

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