

Free My Niggas

Ace Hood

[intro:]hey man
this a message to the judge
 mother fuckin' da
 mother fuckin' fed's
 ha!
 chorus:
 my homie hit me on the hip
 and say he outta jail
 said he beat the charge
 crackers let him post a bail
 i told him, "ok, i'll be there in 30 minutes"
 hit the interstate, the chevy on them 26's
 fuck the police, and the judge too
here's a message to my hood, and my whole crew
 free my niggas
 free my nigga!
hundred miles a hour, speedin' on the interstate
i'm just tryin' to dodge the fed's and penitentiary
 i keep my pistol on me strictly for my enemies
 a nigga playin', bet that he put out his misery
 old school, drop top, thuggin' i will not stop
see a bitch i want and make her strip just like a chop shot
 fuck you
 niggas
they snitchin' on everybody
 free my niggas
 free my niggas
 that shit go for everybody
 let my homie boosie go
 and my nigga super zoe
i've been on that money tip
 shows go for 20 more
 yeah my dawg jumpin'
 he already got his jury on

rocks in every pocket
he already got his money long
that's just what the real do
pussy we don't feel you
jump up out the phantom, louie sandals when i peel through
hatin' i am shell proof
yeah nigga shell proof
i almost forgot
free my nigga stan fool

chorus:

my homie hit me on the hip
and say he outta jail
said he beat the charge
crackers let him post a bail
i told him, "ok, i'll be there in 30 minutes"
hit the interstate, the chevy on them 26's
fuck the police, and the judge too
here's a message to my hood, and my whole crew
free my niggas
free my nigga!
i think my phone ringin'
number i don't recognize
i look up at the phone they called a couple times
so i pick up that bitch like, "who the fuck is this?"
my dawg said, "yo!"
i'm like, "oh shit!"
"what up nigga, what up nigga?"
he said, "i hit your phone just to fuck with ya"
i asked him how he up
he said, "i'm maintainin'"
cell phone in jail, i'm like i can't blame him
judge try'na give my nigga 3 to 5
lawyer try'na minimize them numbers down
he said some nigga snitchin' when they went to trial
them fed's caught him slippin', we was kind'a wild
i holler free my niggas every single concert
salute to all my homies who was 'round first
i do this for ya'll, i do this for ya'll
and soon my niggas get here we gonna fuckin' ball!

chorus:

my homie hit me on the hip

and say he outta jail

said he beat the charge

crackers let him post a bail

i told him, "ok, i'll be there in 30 minutes"

hit the interstate, the chevy on them 26's

fuck the police, and the judge too

here's a message to my hood, and my whole crew

free my niggas

free my niggas!

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