I'm Free

Stan Whitmire

Huh! It's goin down, know what I'm talkin bout?
Hold up! Yeah, dedicated to everybody that's been apart of the struggle
Know what I'm sayin'? Hold up! Everybody who's got love ones locked up in that system
Say man if ya people locked up you need to stay down with 'cha folks!
(Stay down with 'em man) This commentary is very necessary know what I'm talkin bout?
(Believe it) Young Pimp out here representing for yall! Hold up!

I'm back on the slab (slab!), back on the block (block!)
With the hustlers pleading a album, the crank, they froze on water rocks (rocks!)
The boy Emmitt had me shining when I stepped out the door (door!)
I thought I had enough but James Toney gimme some more (more!)
And the same damn day I went to the Bentley lot (lot!)
Off the show room floor, I copped and splurged, that thing was hot (hot!)
But I bet all you busters already knew that
'cause I was all on the internet gettin' my shine back (back!)
Making rhymes stack (stack!), pimpin' with my mic (mic!)
Everybody want a piece just 'cause Sweet Jones is what they like
They like the pimp shit, take a trip, if I like it a pimp get
Back floor, laid flow, UGK is back oh!

[Chorus]
"Free!"
"I'm free!" (then they got the word that they freed Pimp C)
"I'm free!"
"I'm free!" (even life after life, they ain't stoppin me!)

It was "Free Pimp see," but now see, the pimp free (free!)
Old school gave me that before I left that CT (T!)
Terrell check my bezzle on this platinum Jacob watch (watch!)
They locked up my body but my mind never stopped! (stopped!)
Cause I was plottin' and plannin' and schemin' everyday
Gettin' ready for my release so I can steal the game away
From all these clone type niggas tryin' to sound like Pimp see (Pimp see!)
He's okay but he's not me! (uh!)
By a long shot, cause 'bout, tryin' to instill to me (me!)
Them boys might run BET but trick we run the streets (streets!)
It's me and Bun B, that's for life, we the trill
When ya see a pimp shinin', trick, tell me how ya feel! (how ya feel!)

[Chorus]

I did 4 years tops (tops), never hit PC (C!)
Did my time in Population with the real ole G's
I seen a whole lot of pain, men doin' they bids (bids!)
Most of them just prayin' and who tryna get home to they kids
Wasn't nothin' like "Oz," a bunch of iron and bars
Bunch of player hatin' snitches, talkin' to the guards
And a whole penitentiary bein' ran by broads
Some of 'em kept it one hundred, most of them was frauds
Seen a whole lotta chumps (chumps!), hard men and hustlers
Some big time dealers, kidnappers and busters ('nappers and busters!)
Pimps and playas, I seen some kill with they hands
But I still don't believe the pen is no place for no man! (for no man!)

[Chorus]

Yeah! Dedicated to everybody ain't gon' never make it up out there
Know what I'm sayin'?
To everybody doin' life, keep y'all head up! (keep it up)
Don't get fed up! Uh
Do yo' time, don't let yo' time do you
Young Pimp!
Picture me rollin' know what I'm talkin' 'bout? Like 'Pac told 'em when he came home
Jumped in the five hundred

"I'm free!"

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com
written by BROWN, STEPHEN LUKE/RODRIGUEZ, CHRIS/BUTLER, CHUCK
Lyrics Â© Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., EMI Music Publishing, Universal Music Publishing Group

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/