Freedom (Produced By Sean C & LV)

Clipse

Please speak of freedom
Sing of amber, waves of grainWith every line written,
And all I have given
Music's been nothing more than a self made prison
I've taken inmate loses at the hands of this one
My pen's been the poison to family and friendships
Now is time to mend shit,
Time to bring closure to
The clear conscience of Pusha is long over due
Thinking to myself, what could I be owing you?
They only tell you great when they reminiscing over you
Before I trouble t-roy, it's just a D-boy
Let me play the role of a common on his B-Boy
Speaking my truth in rhyme no matter how bland it is
A heavy heart lighting that's just what my ransom is
All apologies, I bear the cross I wear the blame
We in the same group but I don't share my brothers pain
Not to confuse, our sentiments are all the same
I just don't feel nothing I'm numb by the will to gain
Same thing brought tears to innocence
I turned away and didn't even flinch, yugch!
The music drove me crazy
Looked up and lost the first bitch ever wanted to have my babies
Nowadays she can't even face me
I'm sorry for the heartbreak
I promised you forever my lady, Jodeci baby
Pompus muthafucka'!
Just look what them jewels made me
I'm only finding comfort in knowing you can't replace me
What a thing to say! But what am I to do?
I'm role playing a conscious nigga
And true is true cocaine aside
All the blogger behoove
My critics finally have a verse of mine to jerk off to
I own you allPlease speak of freedom
Sing of amber, waves of grainThis is were the buck stop, here's where I draw the line
I touch the hem Gods work is so divine
I seen the error of my ways over time
Never to return, Malicious has been refined

Like vine with time, I get better
Nappa Valley vintage, my flow is fermented
Now drink of me, as if I bought the bar
Run to these words, as if there's no tomorrow
Never mind my car, careful what you wish for
Behind every curtains, the devil and his pitch fork
Jealousy, I ask thee, "What is this for?"
How was I to know I was happy being piss poor
No whore, that's not love, we was fucking
I was in search of a chicken head, you was cluckin'
And I was lustin', we were both out of order
I shoulda known better as I'm reminded of my daughter
Am I my brothers keeper for himself every man
I have been your reaper, there's blood on my hands
Except me as your keeper, there's been a change of plans
Careful of what you speak of, I've come to understand, preachWhat else you want from us huh?
What more can you ask?
We've given you everything
We lost life
We lost love
We lost family behind this shit
This shit you call music
We call this shit life
We gave you proof
They ain't give you shit
We gave you truth
Do I entertain you mothafucka!?
Well dance then bitch!Til the casket drop
Til the casket drop
Til the casket drop
Til the casket drop
Til the casket drop
Til the casket drop
Til the casket drop
Til the lord say stop

Songwriters
DAVID POTTER, ENDLE ST CLOUD, TERRENCE THORNTON, GENE THORNTON JRPublished by
Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/