

# Freedom (Produced By Sean C & LV)

## Clipse

Please speak of freedom  
Sing of amber, waves of grain With 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 all Please speak of freedom  
Sing of amber, waves of grain This 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, preach What 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 lord say stop

Songwriters

DAVID POTTER, ENDLE ST CLOUD, TERRENCE THORNTON, GENE THORNTON JR Published 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://damnllyrics.com/>