

# Free My Soul

## Big K.R.I.T.

(Chorus)

Mama I made it  
Got my chain now,  
I got that Benz too  
I got my Luis Vuiton

And my Gucci shoes  
Mama I made it  
Got the choosy folks I keep some groupy hoes  
I got that old Skool With those Lambo doors  
But I am scared (Yeah)

It all ain't enough  
To free my soul

Lord mama I made it  
VERSE 1 Fuck what they are talking

Na It ain't about talent  
It's no longer an art  
Nigga piss on your canvas  
and parade

Ok so you paved the way but I rolled the road  
Farther than you rolled before but still you block the road some more

I'm on my last leg and they just passing me by  
With a sign that say I rap to eat and both my thumbs in the sky  
Damn!! When would my time come should I just sell dope

For money,  
cars  
clothes

and hoes .. cause they say thats successful

Till a nigga run up all you and unload  
Cause he Po' and you shine just like the Moon glow  
stunting in your bently but it cost you your soul

when God come to collect i hope u got what u owe  
(Chorus) VERSE 2 Forever dreaming

Wishing on a star for help

I give a nigga food for thought

He rather starve himself

Apart from wealth

I think it was the shine that got us blinded

Not sure of what we reading when we signing (our life away)

They say ignorance is bliss

But I like to stay

The game is just not records and real shit

They don't like to play

You ghetto famous to us, u just Bo jangles to them  
Tap your feet tip your brim and sell it back to your kin  
I don't rap I spit hymns  
My Gods bigger than them  
Try to blacken your heart and say were children of men  
I sin cause i aint perfect  
But I rather save your life, then hurt it  
(If I Make It)  
(Chorus)

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