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 shoesMama 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 itVERSE 1Fuck 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 2Forever 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)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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