

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)

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

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