

Free My Soul

Fil Campbell

(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

Niggers 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 nigger 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 nigger 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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