

Free (feat. will.i.am)

Natalia Kills

I got some money in my pocket and I wanna go shopping
An go buy me some things I like
I saw some kicks up in the mall, that I just gotta be rocking
I love to rock them things I like
I'm no material guy, I just wanna look fly
Cool suits, dope boots doin' them things I like
'Cause when I get my gears straight
Them honey's gonna be shocking, shocking, yeah shocking yeah I'm free
I just spent all my money
But I rocked that like it don't cost a thing
Free
Burned a hole in my pocket
But I rocked that like it don't cost a thing Call me a perfectionist
Addicted to immaculate
The hair right, shoes tight
Got to look the dress the part
With nothin' in my pocket
Got a catwalk for a closet
On my last lonely dollar
Lock me up before I hit the store
Wanna be like Midas
But my bank account is minus Gotta stretch that dollar bill
Stretch that dollar
Need a genie in a bottle
Change a quarter to a hundred
Gotta stretch that dollar bill
Stretch that dollar bill I'm free
I just spent all my money
But I rocked that like it don't cost a thing
Free
Burned a hole in my pocket
But I rocked that like it don't cost a thing I wear it once
And I don't pop the tags
The next day I'ma bring it back
I'm at the store
Can't find nothin' cheaper than my credit score
My wallet's anorexic
Can I pay my rent the next month?
I can hear my name

Callin' from stilettos on display
 Window shopping's overrated
 If I see it, I'ma take it Gotta stretch that dollar bill
 Stretch that dollar
 This Vogue is only paper
 I can't wear the glossy pages
 Gotta stretch that dollar bill
 Stretch that dollar bill I'm free
 I just spent all my money
 But I rocked that like it don't cost a thing
 Free
 Burned a hole in my pocket
 But I rocked that like it don't cost a thing Get'cha five's, get'cha ten's, get'cha twenties out
 Get'cha five's, get'cha ten's, get'cha twenties out
 Get'cha five's, get'cha ten's, get'cha fifties out
 Get'cha five's, get'cha ten's, get'cha fifties out I got some money in my pocket and I wanna go shopping
 (shopping)
 And go buy me some things I like
 I saw some kicks up in the mall that I just gotta be rockin' (rockin')
 I love to rock them things I like
 I'm no material guy, I just wanna look fly
 Cool suits, dope boots doin' them things I like
 'Cause when I get my gears straight
 Them honey's gonna be shocking, shocking, yeah shocking yeah I need to marry a man from Bel-Air
 One rack, two rack ladies clear
 I can feel the aircraft hangar
 With my coat hangers
 Bankrupt, it don't matter
 Girls give the eye 'cause they so mad
 I could look fresh in a potato sack
 Need a overdraft, I'ma overdraft
 If the bank man calls, just tell him I'm free
 I just spent all my money
 But I rocked that like it don't cost a thing
 Free
 Burned a hole in my pocket
 But I rocked that like it don't cost a thing Get'cha five's, get'cha ten's, get'cha twenties out
 Get'cha five's, get'cha ten's, get'cha twenties out
 Get'cha five's, get'cha ten's, get'cha fifties out
 Get'cha five's, get'cha ten's, get'cha fifties out I'm free, free, free yeah
 I just spent all my money
 But I rocked that like it don't
 Cost a thing
 Oh, it don't cost a thing
 Don't cost a thing

Yeah, oh oh oh

Songwriters

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MESCUDI, ERNEST DION WILSON

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