

Free (Live At SWR3 New Pop Festival)

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 itGotta 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 billI'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 thingGet'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 outI 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 yeahI 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 himI'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 thingGet'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 outI'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

TEDDY NATALIA NOEMI SINCLAIR, JEFFREY BHASKER, WILL ADAMS, SCOTT RAMON SEGURO
MESCUDI, ERNEST DION WILSON

Published by
Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Universal Music Publishing Group,
BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT US, LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other
patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>