

# Free Spirit

## Drake

[Rick Ross]Tat my name on you girl so I know its real  
Tat my fucking name on you so I know its real  
[Verse 1: Drake]Tell a bad bitch girl, lets go hang  
You know me, rolex, gold chain  
Fuck my young niggas, XO gang  
Get so drunk you forget yo name  
Incense, burning, smoking out to my own shit  
Got black wood in my white Range, Im taking off when that light change  
Im Drizzy Drake to my old bitches, Voodoo child to my new hoes  
I miss this and I want it back, So Im all in with these new flows  
New flows, got new flows, rap is stress but it pays great  
Pimp flows 'n screw flows, my shit be sounding like great taste now  
Lemme go and hit that cup, 1 time before a nigga hit that road  
These days keep going by too fast, so give anything that make shit go slow  
Yea, money in my safe, but I'm living dangerous  
They told me shit would change, but I don't really see no change in us, oh no  
[Hook: Drake]Tat my name on you so I know its real  
Tat my fucking name on you so I know its real  
I know it hurts, But I aint tryna hear it  
'Cause when Im not around, I'll still be there in spirit  
You'll still be mine, yea, you'll still be mine  
Tat my fucking name on you, when I go you'll still be mine, yea  
You'll still be mine, yea, I'll still be yours  
Tat my fucking name on you, let em know you love the boy, wassup  
[Verse 2: Rick Ross]I fondle the money, fornicate with a fortune  
I play with her mind, she masturbate with my Porsche  
Its simple love, simple math  
Her chest nice, not a wrinkle in her ass  
Puffin' purple hash welcome to my power circle  
Sucker free no snitching and we know when cowards working  
Rolls Royce rollin', rose gold rollie's  
NBA accountants, amounts they get unholy  
But mama still praying for her rubberband man  
  
When them wheels land, Travis Barker drums playin'  
Tap dance to my drum roll, I love a bitch that know to keep me one rolled  
[Hook: Drake]Tat my name on you so I know its real  
Tat my fucking name on you so I know its real  
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'Cause when Im not around, I'll still be there in spirit  
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You'll still be mine, yea, I'll still be yours  
Tat my fucking name on you, let em know you love the boy, wassup  
[Verse 3: Drake]I dont have to work in the morning so I always stay for 1 more  
fuck what they say, Im telling you theres no side effects Im sure  
Went from driving up on some old shit, to drivers opening doors  
This is my town, if you need something just ask for its yours  
Yea, ask for its yours, if you ask for it its done  
I could Western Union some money, get your passport and then come  
You'll meet everybody I know, at first it might seem like a lot  
But they're all playing their role, Put that on everything that I got  
And all I care about is my city, man I cant say it enough  
I done heard things about y'all that they cant say about us  
I just hold it down for my side, I just hold it down for my set  
I give everybody a piece of this, and I make due whats left  
Yea I do this shit to the death, yea I do this shit till Im gone  
yea, I told you that its our world, and you foolish thinking Im wrong  
Stop asking how the fucking needle feel  
Tat my fucking name on you, let these niggas know its real, wassup  
[Hook]Tat my name on you so I know its real  
Tat my fucking name on you so I know its real  
I know it hurts, But I aint tryna hear it  
'Cause when Im not around, I'll still be there in spirit  
You'll still be mine, yea, you'll still be mine  
Tat my fucking name on you, when I go you'll still be mine, yea  
You'll still be mine, yea, I'll still be yours  
Tat my fucking name on you, let em know you love the boy, wassup  
[End]

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