

# African Drums

## Tribal Music

[Intro - Freeway - talking]Worldwide shit, we all over the globe  
Y'all know, Freezer!

[Verse 1 - Freeway]I traveled from overseas back, Free's back, to each his own

I had the businesses, ? home  
I chatted in the jet like Special Ed I flown  
Back to Africa, too bad I had to leave my chrome  
Passport on file (file), condo by the Niles (Niles)  
The camera tried to follow this top model to Cairo (yeah)  
Get a few female (Top Models) to swallow (that's right)  
When they finished with Tyra, then then holla at the boy (woo!)  
Yeah, some of my homeland's ravaged from the war  
It's vital that I visit some spots out of The Bible  
I'm by the Red Sea, not the Dead Sea  
All tracks get destroyed like Sodom and Gomorrah (let's go)

[Chorus - Freeway]It don't matter where you at, it's matters where you from

That's why I spit hood raps over African drums  
You gotta rep where you from, no matter where you be  
That's why I spit street raps over African beats  
It don't matter where you at, it's matters where you from  
That's why I spit hood raps over African drums  
I shut it down and leave with your Queen to be

[Verse 2 - Freeway]

Witches in the tuck like the young King Tut  
I was dustin the murder tracks while they were wrappin him up  
He was rulin over Egypt  
Now I'm on my way to be rulin over rap, body people on they remix  
I got the belt flow would leave Michael Phelps seasick  
I'm chasin wealth, people like "who the hell he is?"  
It's L-E-S, Freezer his L-E-S

Flow is just as wet as the Arabian Sea is

I post up in the Arabian Peninsula

I'm a Muslim, I follow the Sunnah and never deviant  
Thaw, other rappers do not have the ingredients  
Not wicked with the tongue like young Free is

[Chorus][Verse 3 - Freeway]It's the rap Prince Akeem, your mom's dream

In other countries I'm always heard but not seen  
Except for the internet but I'm a store force 'em  
Different cities monthly, I'm goin on a world tour  
These other rappers' flows gettin old but not Free's

I got a hold, I'm in control, y'all sloppy  
I like my hoes, pigeon-toed, knock-kneed  
Bring it home for papi? Rock and roll  
(Pop, Lock & Drop It)? Like Nia Long  
They comin short with the profit, I lock and load  
Stay in touch with the right broads via phone  
These other niggaz they might blow but we explode, yeah  
[Chorus]

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