

Free Spirit (ft. Rick Ross)

Drake

Tat my name on you girls so I know it's real
Tat my fuckin' name on you so I know it's real
Tell a bad bitch, "Girl let's go hang", you know me: Rolex, gold chain

Fuck with my young niggas, XO gang, get so drunk you forget your name
Incense burning, smoking out to my own shit
Got black wood in my white Range, I'm taking off when that light change
I'm Drizzy Drake to my old bitches, Voodoo Child to my new hoes
I miss this and I want it back so I'm all in with these new flows
New flows got new flows, rap is stress, but it pays great
Pimp flows and screw flows, my shit is sounding like grey tapes
Let me go on and hit that cup, one time 'fore a nigga hit that road
These days keep going by too fast so give me anything to make shit go slow
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

Tat my name on you so I know it's real
Tat my fuckin name on you so I know it's real
I know it hurts, but I ain't tryna hear it
Cause when I'm not around, I still be there in spirit
You'll still be mine, you'll still be mine
Tat my fuckin name on you when I go, you'll still be mine
You'll still be mine, I'll still be yours

Tat my fuckin name on you, let em know you love the boy, what's up [Verse 2: Rick Ross]

I fondle the money, fornicate with a fortune
I play with her mind, she masturbate in my Porsche
Simple love, simple math
Her chest nice, not a wrinkle in her ass
Puffing purple hash, welcome to my power circle
Sucker free no snitching and we know when cowards working
Rolls Royce rolling, rose-gold Rollies
MBA accountants, amounts, they get unholy
My mama still praying for her Rubberband Man
When them wheels land, Travis Barker drums playing
Tap dance to my drum roll
I love a bitch that know how to keep me one rolled
Tat my name on you so I know it's real
Tat my fuckin name on you so I know it's real
I know it hurts, but I ain't tryna hear it
Cause when I'm not around, I still be there in spirit
You'll still be mine, you'll still be mine

Tat my fuckin name on you when I go, you'll still be mine
You'll still be mine, I'll still be yours
Tat my fuckin name on you, let em know you love the boy, what's up I don't have to work in the morning so I
always stay for one more
Fuck what they say, I'm telling you, there's no side-effects, I'm sure
Went from driving up with some old shit to drivers opening doors
This my town if you need something, just ask for it, it's yours
Yeah, ask for it, it's yours, if you ask for it, it's done
I could Western Union some money, get your passport and then come
You'll meet everybody I know, first it might seem like a lot
But they all playing they role, put that on everything that I got
And all I care about is my city, man, I can't say it enough
I done heard things about y'all, that they can't say about us
I just hold it down for my side, I just hold it down for my set
I just give everybody a piece of this and make due with what's left
Yeah I do this shit to the death, yeah I do this shit til I'm gone
I told you it's our world, you foolish thinking I'm wrong
Stop asking how the fucking needle feel
Tat my fuckin' name on you, let these niggas know it's real, what's up Tat my name on you so I know it's real
Tat my fuckin name on you so I know it's real
I know it hurts, but I ain't tryna hear it
Cause when I'm not around, I still be there in spirit
You'll still be mine, you'll still be mine
Tat my fuckin name on you when I go, you'll still be mine
You'll still be mine, I'll still be yours
Tat my fuckin name on you, let em know you love the boy, what's up
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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