

# Freedom (feat. N'dambi)

[Lecrae](#)

They out here prostitutin' kiddos  
Fill they pockets with dinero  
Pedophiles, pitiful  
Sell a child to centerfold  
Take they innocence, put in on the internet  
Purities tainted, dignities shaken  
Enslavin' the soul of all of these babies  
And freedom got a price nobody payin'  
Makin' money, American dream ain't it, nah!  
It's a nightmare, don't fight fair for white here  
Benjamin Franklins, killin' we hate for him  
Write a song justifyin' the lies we take for him, hold up  
They ain't with me, I'm willin' to wait for 'em  
Lil' me sat up on the porch, thinkin' dolla bills  
Stomach filled from another meal that my momma killed still  
I can't keep still  
I'd probably steal to keep a couple of Nike checks on the back of my heels  
Grandma back on them pills  
I need a stack of them bills  
They say we slaves to the money  
I guess we back in the field  
I'ma go pursue my happiness, they told me it was free  
But I'm still payin' for it, I'm indebted to this thing  
Heard a prophet say the profit, don't focus on makin' change  
Just focus on tryna be it and maybe you'll make a gain  
Maybe you'll free the slaves, maybe you'll bring a change  
The destinations are different but everyone's on the train  
Freedom isn't free  
But I still, I still believe in my freedom  
So my mind can see  
Please let me be free, please let me  
Freedom I'm out here chasin' this freedom  
They out here choppin' my feet off  
And if they catch me I'm Toby, but I ain't 'bout to believe it  
King Kunta, king of coonin', or Kenan & Kel  
Rather rot in a jail cell than be up in hell, well  
Well done, is you cookin' or is you hearin' your Father say, "Well done"?  
Is He lookin' at all your honors?  
Modestly I'll be honest, I'm hangin' onto that promise  
'Cause honestly I ain't really been everything that I oughta

Oughta be on my Harriet, bury me next to Honest Abe  
Here's lies another man murdered for tryna free the slaves  
I gave Chief Keef my number in New York this summer  
I told him, I could get you free, I'm on my Nat Turner  
Back burner, cookin' up a fat burger  
While we shuck and jive to a song about a crack murder  
Know we need a change but we threw it on the stage  
Got some money and a soul and neither one of us saved  
Slaves, get freeFreedom, it isn't free  
But I still believe, I still believe in our freedom  
So my mind can see  
Please let me be free, please let me be free  
Freedom  
Freedom, freedom, freedom

Songwriters

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