Free

Pharoahe Monch

You can clip my wings, shackle and chain me
Back straight standing tall a child of God, n' I'm, Free!
Spit in my face, hold me down
I'm a keep my feet firm to the ground, cause I'm, Free!

Your A and R's a house nigga, the labels the plantation
Now switch that advance for your emancipation
M-C's are the field like pick cotton for real
I pop blocks like beat street with a notch n' a kill
They take the strongest of slaves to compete in a track meat
For the King of the city sang songs of back streets
Choruses of cocaine tales and black heat
Only to trade niggas like professional athletes!
Don't take that merchandising, snatch that publishing
Practice that black ass, ship you to London
By way of France, Germany, Dublin
A railroad to underground like Harriet Tubman
While y'all stay strugglin' we smuggle M-C's through the streets
Till we bubblin' on mix C-D's, hustlin'
Clans see me on the block n' say freeze
I say Fuck You! I'm a man, I'm Free!

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I give birth to verses in churches with no confession
So please pardon my post-partum depression
A-list MC to spit it in C-Sections
For immature minds that get it with each lesson
Three-fifths of a man ass jigga with no plans
How you discussing publishing figures without a band
They got digital codes on our music for them to scan
So even when you sample a snare you can't even clan
So google Pharoahe Monch, search Triskaidekaphobia
I'll explain why these city banks Wachovia
I'll peep the future in my sleep, to be honest man
We never had a mutual relationship with Washington

Why? Because I believe they put the virus in the latex
Condoms that they sell us, call it safe sex
What I spit, not only causes a glitch in The Matrix
But another terrorist that they haven't faced yet!

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