

Geto Boys, Like Some Ho's

Intro:

[Willie D]

Geto Boys

(G.B.)'98

We gonna set this shit straight, belive that
Don't you wish sometimes you can be free
Free from incarceration
Free from paying them bills
Free to come and go when ya feel
Most of all, free from them haters

Verse 1:

[Willie D]

So many problems that exist in my world today
When I'm deceased, I want my little baby girl to say
That he was real
He loved me with all his heart
He loved mama too
Even though they sometimes fought
A young nigga in the ghetto
With plenty of dreams
Surrounded by the police
And many of fiends
At 13 started mobbin'
14 started robbin'
It's hard to have morals and values
When you're starvin'
Abused, misused, and plus a bad dresser
Nobody ever told me I was special
I put a gang of tears in my mamma's eyes
But she died
Before I got a chance to apologize
It hurts to see my baby sister feeling the pain
It hurts to see my baby brother still in the game
Ain't nothin' change but my finances
I still be stressed
All these motherf**king worries got a nigga depressed
I'm just tired
Every night, I pray to Jesus, rescue me
>From the poverty, hate, racism and diseases
So the lord said
He prepared a place for me
And when he do that
I'ma be free, yeah

Chorus:

I wanna be free
No more player hater
I gotta be free

Verse 2:

[Scarface]

Now as I walk around in my drawers
Outside smoking weed while I scratch my balls
I'm reminsing on my homies who been lock tight
Or got light
Behind trying to feed their family one night
It's not right
Suppose you watch your mamma suffer
Cause ain't another
Her kids trying they off they ass

It's gettin' rougher and tougher
By all means nigga get your cream

Stop storming what they calling this American dream
And why you looking up for a role model
You be your model
Look who we follow
Niggas forgot about the problem
And single parent upbringings
We doing bad on our ass
Nigga f**k singing
How you gonna tell me to keep it positive
And growing up I didn't have a pop to give
So these mother f**king streets is where I gots to live
F**k what you saying 'bout me
I'm sittin'on a couple G's and smoking weed
I'm free

Chorus:

I wanna be free
No more player hater
I gotta be free
I wanna be free
Gettin' tired of waitin'
I gotta be free

Verse 3:

[Willie D]

Nobody understands me but me
It used to bother me at first
But now my conscience is free
I ask the lord to give me strength
And bless the hood
And keep these fake motherf**kers out my life for good
Knock on wood
I'm still here through all these trials and tribulations
Tryin' to make it
Shit, a lot of niggas couldn't take it
My girls hate it
When I go to clubs and stay out late
She think I'm f**king around with hoes
Gimme a break
Get off my case
Can I be committed to you
And ride 'round without feelin' tied down
Damn girl, I catch enough hell on the streets
When I come home
I want some tender lovin' and peace
No one can take your place, you my ace
I dig your jealousy boo
But sometimes I need my space
I keep you laced
Like you won the lottery see
But God damn I gotta be free

Chorus:(2x)

I wanna be free
No more player hater
I gotta be free
I wanna be free
Gettin' tired of waitin'
I gotta be free