

Pharoahe Monch, Free

I'm x10
I'm Free!!
Free!!
Free!!

(Hook)

You can take my ways, shackle and chain me
Back straight, standin' tall , child of God I'm (Free!)
Spit in my face, hold me down
I keep my feet firm to the ground cause I'm (Free!)

(Verse 1)

Ya A&R's the house nigga, the label is the plantation
Now switch that advance for your emancipation
You seeds in the field, like picked cotton for real
I pop glocks like Beat street with an option to kill
They take the strongest of slaves to compete in a track meet
For the king of the city, sing songs of back streets
Choruses of cocaine tales and black heat
Only to trade niggas like professional athletes
They'll take that merchandising
Snatch that publishing
Pack that black ass, ship you to London
Buy a way to France, Germany, Dublin
A real rogue from underground like Harriet Tubman
While y'all stay struggling, we smuggle MCs through the streets
They'll be bubblin' on mixed CDs, hustlin'
Klan seen me on the block and said, "Freeze!"
I said, "Fuck you! I'm a man, I'm Free!"

(Hook)

Ok...

(Verse 2)

I give birth to verses in churches with no confession
So please pardon my postpartum depression
A-list MCs can spit it in C-sections
For immature minds to get it with each lesson
Three Fifth's of a man ask nigga with no plans,
"How you discussin' publishing figures without a 'Man.?'"
They got digital codes on the music for them to scan
So even when you sample a snare you payin' the clan
Now Google Pharoahe Monch, search "trescadecaphobia" (triskaidekaphobia)
I'll explain while these 'City Banks' 'watch over ya/Wachovia'
I peeped the future in my sleep
To be honest man, we never had a 'Mutual' relationship with 'Washington' (Why?)
Cause i believe they put the virus in the latex
Condoms that they sell us, call it "Safe Sex"
When i spit, they not only call it just a glitch in the Matrix
But an errorless, terror threat that they aint even face yet

(Hook)