

Set free

Above the Law

We were once the kings and queens
And now we've become the slaves
We were once, uh, the innovator
But now we've just become the imitator
We were once the leader
But now we've just become the follower
Separating ourselves in packs that we call sets
I wanna be free, uh
Free, free!

Yo, I was born as a player, momma had to break her neck
Coming up hard in the west Dallas projects
Thinking to myself, I can live or either die here
So when I step, yo, I step with no fear
Cause you can either get your bang on
Or you can get your slang on
In the 90's on the west coast
Uh, yeah, so let me take a toast
Or have a roast for
My homies, my comrades, my dawgs, my locs
Yeah, peace to ya, cause it's rough in the bay
That's why we always staying high off that dank
Trying to stay high; cause the system always trying to keep us down
Hayyy, so I clown, cause I get down
Plotting as a nation of millions that want me to keep it underground, yo
I ain't a scared nigga, so I ain't misled nigga
Call me the head nigga, straight corn-fed nigga
And you get two drops for relief
Or straight get served on the 1st and 15th
I used to be a breaker, I used to be a popper
But my first pet peeve is I hate a short stopper
My second; a nigga trying to play me for some p*ssy
Just like my homie Sam tried to play me for this bitch named Cookie
He's a rookie trying to play a man's game
But he don't know, how I got her broke, how I got a cane
There's always some kind of drama

As for why I'm crazy, blame it on my momma
It's not what you get out of life, it's what you make of it
Get your hustle on and you reap all the benefits
I've been working hard for ten years, I'm a G
And how I keep it, is by staying set free, yeah

Sha-doo-ba-dop Set me free

Check it out
I love the way your brass Bed slides across the floor
I can't forget the past yo the sweat starts to pour
Down my body, I pause as I stare out the window
I've think of what I got then I've think of what I've been through
I've reminisced about the motherf*cking old days
Old lays, and how we was in motherf*cking pain
Rolling with my partner, to get a f*cking zone
Scared to hold some cocaine, I think it was '84
A year later, still living off that shit
Counting a little paper as the world takes hits
And hits; sets over here, sets over there

You can tell they a set by the stars and they rags in the air
Bailing through the motherf*cking street
Like this is a war and they's a motherf*cking fleet
And the news starts to glorify them homicides and drive-bys
While we get high and rock them fly rhymes
Still serving that powder by the gram
While some of my niggas go to the pen, it's up to Uncle Sam
Keeping brothers in check
Keep the birds on deck
White man keep us starving with no respect
So think about it, when you're hustlin with your gang

Still gonna trying to keep breaking the chain
Just to stay, uh ... free!
Yeah, set free