

What's Free

Meek Mill

You know what free is nigga?

What's free?

Free is when nobody else could tell us what to be
Free is when the TV ain't controllin' what we see
Told my niggas "I need you"
Through all the fame you know I stay true
Pray my niggas stay free
Made a few mistakes but this ain't where I wanna be
Before I'm judged by 12, put a 12 on my V
Told my niggas, "I need you"
Stay up I know these times ain't true
Real life, what's free

Since a lad, I was cunning
Just got a pad out in London
I keep stackin' my money, I need a ladder by summer
AK shots, niggas duckin' stray shots
Been a Top Dawg, that's before the K.Dots
Crackin' in '06, immaculate showmanship
Talk it like you Mitch, disastrous on the strip
Holdin' on your bitch, coulda never sold you a brick
With them people you never been on a list
Mona Lisa to me ain't nothin' but a bitch
Hanging pictures like niggas swinging from his dick
We so different you thought these didn't exist
The Megalodon never seen on his wrist
I'm from the South where they never make it this rich
God is the greatest, but Satan been on his shit
Walkin' the pavement, I pray I'm illuminated
Over a decade and never nobody's favorite
Pot and kilo go hand in hand like we gamblin' huf
My amigo, a million grams and we countin' 'em up
You was dead broke, I let you hold a pack
You paid for it, but I fucked around and stole the track
Screaming "gang gang" now you wanna rap
Racketeering charges caught him on a tap
Lookin' for a bond lawyers wanna tax
Purple hair got them faggots on your back

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Fed investigations, heard they plottin' like I trap
20 mil' in cash, they know I got that off a rap
Maybe it's the Michael Rubins or the Robert Krafts
Or the billionaire from Marcy ain't no way they got my back
Seein' how I prevailed now they try to knock me back, uh

Lock me in the cell for all them nights and I won't snap, uh
Two-fifty a show and they still think I'm sellin' crack
When you bring my name up to the judge just tell em' facts
Tell em how we fundin' all these kids to go to college
Tell him how we ceasin' all these wars, stoppin' violence
Tryna fix the system and the way they designed it
I think they want me silenced (Shush)
Oh say can you see
I don't feel like I'm free
Locked down in my cell, shackled from ankle to feet
Judge bangin' that gavel turned me to slave from a king
Another day in the bing, I gotta hang from a string
Just for poppin' a wheelie, my people march in the city
From a cell to a chopper view from the top of the city
You can tell how we rockin' soon as I pop up we litty
Poppin' like Bad Boy in '94, Big Poppa and Diddy
And niggas counted me out like my accountant ain't busy
That's five milli' in twenties, sit up and count 'til I'm dizzy
Phantom, five hundred thousand, hundred round in a stizzy
Is we beefin' or rappin', I might just pop up with Drizzy like

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In the land of the free, where the blacks enslaved
Three-fifth's of a man I believe's the phrase
I'm 50% of D'usse and it's debt free (Yeah)
100% of Ace of Spades, worth half a B (Uh)
Roc Nation, half of that, that's my piece
Hunnid percent of Tidal to bust it up with my G's
Since most of my niggas won't ever work together
You run a cheque up but they never give you leverage
No red hat, don't Michael and Prince me and Ye
They separate you when you got Michael and Prince's DNA, uh
I ain't one of these house niggas you bought
My house like a resort, my house bigger than yours
My spou- (C'mon man)
My route better of course
We started without food in our mouth
They gave us pork and pig intestines
Shit you discarded that we ingested, we made the project a wave
You came back, reinvested and gentrified it
Took nigga's sense of pride
Now how that's free?
And the people stole their soul and hit niggas with 360's
I ain't got a billion streams, got a billion dollars
Inflating numbers like we 'posed to be happy about this
We was praisin' Billboard but we were young
Now I look at Billboard like 'Is you dumb?'
To this day, Grandma 'fraid of what I might say
They gon' have to kill me Grandmama, I'm not they slave (Ha-ha-ha)
Check out the bizarre rappin' style used by me the HOV
Look at my hair free, care free
Niggas ain't near free

Enjoy your chains, whats your employer name with the hair piece?
I survived the hood, can't no Shaytan rob me
My accountant's so good I'm practically livin' tax free
Factory, that's me
Sold drugs, got away scot-free
That's a CC, E-copy
Guilt free, still me
And they expect me to not feel a way to this day
You would say y'all kill me
Sucker free, no shuckin me
I don't jive turkey
Say "Happy Thanksgiving"
Shit sound like murder to me
Smoke free
All of y'all calling out toll free
Labels rob you for millions yet you wanna put a hole in me
Sugar free, seasoned but I'm salt free
Lay a hand on Hov, my shooter shoot for free
I promise World War three
Send an order through a hands free, kill you in 24 hours or shorter you can'
t ignore the hand speed
On god, it's off the head this improv
But it's no comedy
Sign I fail, hell naw (Ha-ha-ha)