

# No Chains

KB

[Intro]

Aye, aye

A-K, Ok, Ok, Ok, Ok

(A-K, Ok, Ok, Ok, Ok)[Pre-Chorus]

I was running with the set (yeah)

Running with the set (yeah)

We don't ever flex, we just rep

Hear me, no, what did you expect? (what did you expect?)

I don't need respect

I'm the threat (ah)

[Chorus]

Tell em I'm so free I got no chains on me

I'm so free I got no chains homie

Nappy hair, nappy hair, no shame, homie

I'm so free I got no chains on me

I'm so free I got no chains on me

I'm so free I got no chains on me

I'm so free I got no chains homie

I'm so free I got

Running through the

[Verse 1]

Right back where I started with it

I've been off since college with it (aye)

They hit the club, I hit religion (aye)

Jesus, Jesus I'll admit it (aye)

I just came from living reckless (aye)

You just give up Insta snaps (aye)

Do we need another post? (aye)

You insecure, you do the most

On my side we revive God through the WiFi

T'Challa poppin, never colonize 'round the high-fives for the top God, made us dangerous

Eight of us, flame with us, every idol bring to us, gangs of us

Trained to trust and man that's bloodstains of us Christ gained us[Pre-Chorus]

I was running with the shade yeah

I was running through with chains yeah

We don't flex, we invest hear me, yeah

This is what you get, yeah

I don't need respect

I'm the threat[Chorus]

Tell em I'm so free I got no chains homie

I'm so free I got no chains on me

Nappy hair, nappy hair, no shame, homie

I'm so free I got no chains on me  
I'm so free I got no chains  
Look at my neck  
No chains, no shame, rapper[Verse 2]  
Yeah come get your opinion they don't matter  
Money or the faith I chose the latter  
Ohh, I can see them trying to keep us on the outside now  
We pull up and watch them scatter yeah  
Running through the woo (ay)  
Heaven got a playlist  
I promise that's my favorite placement (woo)  
Faithful over famous  
Yeah faithful over famous  
New rappers that's sure to blow are really drug addicts with a studio  
You gotta pop pills on the usual then that paradise ain't really coolio  
If your world is really that flames then why you always high, tryna escape?  
Gram flexin' that's too fake and them money phones really money loans  
And that real life is you coming home, empty house and a heart of stone  
Bad chick super savage but for a bigger bag she moving on  
Oh yeah you making moves but these folks don't really love you  
Industry only love dudes that they can use, don't be confused  
Interviews that don't tip toe  
Go and check my info  
His glory that's simple  
Riding around with that tempo  
That's liberal that's conservative, that's charismatic and reformed too  
My wife happy and Jesus love me ain't nothing left to conform to  
Haha (no chains on me, I got no chains on me)[Pre-Chorus]  
I was running with the set  
Running with the set  
We don't ever flex we just rep  
Hear me, what did you expect?  
I don't need respect  
I'm the threat[Chorus]  
Tell em I'm so free I got no chains on me  
I'm so free I got no chains homie  
Nappy hair, nappy hair, no shame, homie  
I'm so free I got no chains on me

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>