

# Free My Niggas

## Ace Hood

[intro:]  
hey man  
this a message to the judge  
mother fuckin' da  
mother fuckin' fed'sha!chorus:  
my homie hit me on the hip  
and say he outta jail  
said he beat the charge  
crackers let him post a bail  
i told him, (ok, i'll be there in 30 minutes)  
hit the interstate, the chevy on them 26's  
fuck the police, and the judge too  
here's a message to my hood, and my whole crew  
free my niggas  
free my niggas  
free my niggas  
free my niggas  
free my niggas  
free my niggas  
free my nigga!  
hundred miles a hour, speedin' on the interstate  
i'm just tryin' to dodge the fed's and penitentiary  
i keep my pistol on me strictly for my enemies  
a nigga playin', bet that he put out his misery  
old school, drop top, thuggin' i will not stop  
see a bitch i want and make her strip just like a chop shot  
fuck you  
niggas  
they snitchin' on everybody  
free my niggas  
free my niggas  
that shit go for everybody  
let my homie boosie go  
and my nigga super zoe  
i've been on that money tip  
shows go for 20 more  
yeah my dawg jumpin'  
he already got his jury on  
rocks in every pocket  
he already got his money long  
that's just what the real do  
pussy we don't feel you

jump up out the phantom, louie sandals when i peel through  
    hatin' i am shell proof  
    yeah nigga shell proof  
    i almost forgot  
    free my nigga stan fool  
    chorus:  
    my homie hit me on the hip  
    and say he outta jail  
    said he beat the charge  
    crackers let him post a bail  
i told him, (ok, i'll be there in 30 minutes)  
hit the interstate, the chevy on them 26's  
fuck the police, and the judge too  
here's a message to my hood, and my whole crew  
    free my niggas  
    free my niggas  
    free my niggas  
    free my niggas  
    free my niggas  
    free my niggas  
free my nigga! i think my phone ringin'  
    number i don't recognize  
i look up at the phone they called a couple times  
so i pick up that bitch like, (who the fuck is this?)  
    my dawg said, (yo!)  
    i'm like, (oh shit!)  
    (what up nigga, what up nigga?)  
he said, (i hit your phone just to fuck with ya)  
    i asked him how he up  
    he said, (i'm maintainin')  
cell phone in jail, i'm like i can't blame him  
    judge try'na give my nigga 3 to 5  
lawyer try'na minimize them numbers down  
he said some nigga snitchin' when they went to trial  
them fed's caught him slippin', we was kind'a wild  
i holler free my niggas every single concert  
salute to all my homies who was a round first  
i do this for ya'll, i do this for ya'll  
and soon my niggas get here we gonna fuckin' ball! chorus:  
    my homie hit me on the hip  
    and say he outta jail  
    said he beat the charge  
    crackers let him post a bail  
i told him, (ok, i'll be there in 30 minutes)  
hit the interstate, the chevy on them 26's  
fuck the police, and the judge too  
here's a message to my hood, and my whole crew  
    free my niggas  
    free my niggas

free my niggas  
free my niggas  
free my niggas  
free my niggas  
free my nigga!

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