

The B.U.M.S. "Elevation Free My Mind"

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I gotta free my mind (4X)

I gotta free my mind.. free my mind

Yeah, I gotta free my mind.. free my mind

I gotta free my mind.. free my mind

Yeah? I gotta free my mind.. free my mind

From sand docks to auction blocks to R&B

from hip-hop, how many rappers flip-flop to get props?

Signed the dotted line but didn't read through the costs

(When your album sits on the desk) "That's when ya lost!"

Followed your label's notion no promotion now you're audi

And that's the type of moves that make an artist act rowdy

Emcees fallin victim to financial, seduction

Then watchin creative weight extracted, like liposuction

Your A&R like C'n'R got many styles to suit ya

But if it's false to me I've never been an ass smoocher

Since I don't brainwash minds, with talkin nines and

how I shoot ya, it seems no multi-million dollar contract's

in my future, I could swallow the bait and get gassed

like petroleum, but contracts break like Rock Steady

on linoleum, no wack'n in my format, no Grammy awards

Rap over break loops and samples, no R&B chords

On a mission from God, to make the conscious souls nod

when I'm rhymin, I take tracks of coal and then

compress em to a diamond, I'm in the mindstate

to escalate, when all rappers participate

it's fate for rap to elevate..

Chorus: repeat 2X

I gotta free my mind (yo as a matter of fact)

I gotta free my mind (we're not goin out like that)

I gotta free my mind (we got the power to stay)

"Other rappers, they went slip slidin away"

You're goin, downtown to leave your mark on the biz

You reminisce, you and your A&R was first friends

You got talent and you ain't afraid to splurge hip-hop

Better thrills than Jordan alley-oops the pill but still

got verbals like murder, so call on Perry Mason

Twenty-five to life, is what I'm facin, for this fate's in

the element of fine print I've read it and overseen

by judgmental pompous ass phonetics, the critic

I'm still the rapper for the rhymes that he expresses

or manifestes, no frontin, I wrote the shit while blunted

Take control, don't be a fuckin fish on a pole

Label's'll leave you murdered in a river with no soul

it's true, for what you say is what you do with the flow

For labels MC's come and they go, but B.U.M.S.

we leave our mark for hip-hop's devastation

In our strive to stay alive for my record's elevation

Chorus

I gotta free my mind.. free my mind

Yeah, I gotta free my mind.. free my mind

I gotta free my mind.. free my mind

Yeah? I gotta free my mind.. free my mind

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