

26**"Firefly Rebellion"**

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(BFAP):

I'm independent, independent as fuck
I can walk up to an A&R and say "Yo, what's up?"
Grab a pen, Mystik Journeymen, we wanna sign you
Four hundred thousand, what you wanna do?
I kick that fool in the head with my shoe
How do you suppose I'll sell my life away to you hoes?
N-O, unless you're talkin' about a couple million
Build our own company house, and profits in our
building
Uh, I'd house towers, we got the power
You only got distribution of our records
Business execs still rippin' my checks
Everywhere we go on private stations
In the O we throw hella underground shows
Fools that came up know were the undergrounds
Further up, industry blows
But you'll never take us down
The underground shall pound commercial bitches
Shall vacate the slots, we're pullin' switches
What is this culture comin' to?
I remember when it was cool to pound the table at
school for fun
Now it's rhymin' with guns
Too bad none of ya'll rappers really gonna pull out
none
Unless you wants to see 20 to 10
Givin' your ass up in
Four tattooed bald men transformed your soul to
gelatin
Break that fear

(PSC):

The anger in me agitates freedom
For all them people, listen, I mean it
Forget about that platform I'm standing on Zenith
Destination Apex plateau, higher level
Whatever you wanna call it
Just get yourself there, get it moving, get prepared
Be aware of the ones that wanna hold you back
Enjoy life, the great mysteries

All the facts collected in your times soar the earth like
an almanac
Living Legends make attractions of these memories
and give them back to you
Now you'll never be forgetting these
>From the heart, eye to eye contact with ya'll
Who caught contact from this bum asshole act or front
Doin' what we want patiently
Living forgoes beyond the bump
Cuz hip-hop, I love it to the truest
But too many wack muthafuckas wanna do it

Chorus:

Break that fear that holds you down
Never can you stop the truth from being found
If you scared of life, then fall from the sky
Or prepare to fight to keep your spirit alive

(PSC):

So what's a bro to do?
The future's sounding bleak
Independent comin' weak
Fill the stew to the brim
Spillin' over rims, lookin' wack
Muthafuckas better off with record contracts
Get trapped...c'mon now

(BFAP):

They said we'd be dead without a deal
But we saddled up our dreams and rocked the world
still unsigned
How many fools even been out the country?
Imagine beyond your punk ass image on a song
Or these days are gone

CHORUS

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