

Promoe "Freedom Fighters"

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"Freedom fighters in the streets rock, rock on/
fighting for freedom, writing for freedom/"

Promoe:

Iâ€™m here to give a voice to all the blurred faces/
the ones who vandalize and disturb neighbours/
The ones who go to court and get no legal aid/
have no rights in society but to keep the evil paid/
The ones that are outlawed worse than Reno Raines/
and make the average Joe on the street demand
cleaner trains/
The ones whose history ya'll want to erase/
no historyâ€™s no future, despair in their face/
The ones who get beat up by police and toy cops/
like my boys got victims of boycotts/
you claim theyâ€™re not political but to me/
the whole art form questions private property/
A political crime of passion/
this one is to my train bombing, train trashing...

Freedom fighters in the streets rock, rock on/
fighting for freedom, writing for freedom/"

Chorus:

I represent the spray paint artist/
I can feel your pain and hardships/
I know youâ€™re workinâ€™ the grave yard shift/
so you can keep that train yard hit/
And though society hate our shit/
and love feh build their great star ships/
I know as long as your brave heart ticks/
Itâ€™s on your side the creators sits/

Promoe:

Youâ€™re never home sleepinâ€™ always out peepinâ€™ the
yard/
you doinâ€™ whole cars with no guards/
If 5-0 show up do throw ups on po-poâ€™s car/
you blow up the precinct if they put you behind bars/
Youâ€™re smart, no heart for a system that hates you/
you praise true masters like Seen and Phase 2/
You amaze crews and do a one man whole train/

that I'll bring fame to your name like John Coltrane/
Disregard cold rain and bad weather you'd better/
practice your letters cus you gotta get better/
Yo yo get up get out and do something/
you can't sleep cus you wanna become king of
bombing/
Equipped with bomb ink and the most fat caps/
and a walkman with Promoes fat rap/

Freedom fighters in the streets rock, rock on/
fighting for freedom, writing for freedom/

Cosmic:

Who can tell you what you can do and can not?/
Who can beat you down, smash your face and put on
hand cuffs?/
Who built the cage and who makes sure you stay in it?/
Who can break the law, break your jaw and get away
with it?/
Who sets up trials then calling you a liar?/
Who is out spying preparing train yards with barbed
wire?/
Who represent the evil with no regret?/
Who forget about the people and what punishment we
get?/
but yo Who is out jumping electrified fences?/
Who is throwing rocks at hidden camera lenses?/
Who is getting raw shitty to get up all city?/
who is writing graffiti but never admit that they did it?/
Who is discriminated and not told the truth?/
Who's affiliated to killers according to the news?/
Who goes by the names of Suer, Swob and Jeis/
Kaos, Side, Heis, Cake and Obey?/
Who is on the frontline fighting sodomite?/
I gotta say peace to my peeps and all of my...

Freedom fighters in the streets rock, rock on/
fighting for freedom, writing for freedom/

Chorus

Promoe:

To all my freedom fighters let me see them lighters/
if you're fed up with security guards who beat up
writers/
Fed up with seeing your pieces get buffed/
police that's corrupt and leaders that bluff/
Fed up with a unjust justice system/
we gotta teach our young ones cuss the system/
If you're fed up with the gun busts, cuffs and prisons/
then let me see you pump pump up your fist son/

Listen, you hear the freedom chimes? playin' at the
speed of rhyme/
tellin' you to free your mind/
Graffiti is a freedom crime, beautiful and
revolutionary/
suitable for revolutionaries/
On that road seldom travelled by the multitude/
remember this when the cops come to fuck with you...

Freedom fighters in the streets rock, rock on/
fighting for freedom, writing for freedom/

Chorus "

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