

## **C-Murder F/ Soldier Slim % Da Hound**

### **"The 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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