

Eightball F/ E-40, Rappin 4-Tay, Spice-1

"Freedom Fighter"

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[Intro: Daddy Rose (Dreddy Kruger) {Killah Priest}]
Yeah! Worldwide, New York to the French connection
Uh! Daddy Rose Productions, throw it up!
(Hot millenium) World relations, the future
(It's time to go) I know it's time
{Sinister Shabar} (We'll blow ya ass up)
No more, we at war (Freedom fighters
Where you at?) Uh! (My French niggaz)

[Chorus x3: Daddy Rose (Driver)]
They say that the world peace but they tellin lies
This time the revolution must be televised
(Ouais, j'suis combattant de la libert  )
(Ouais, j'suis combattant de la libert  )
I'm a freedom fighter comin at you strong with my last
breath
Give me liberty or give me death, give me liberty or
give me death
(Ouais, j'suis combattant de la libert  )
(Ouais, j'suis combattant de la libert  )

[Interlude: Killah Priest (Dreddy Kruger)]
Hot topic..
Masada, the chancellor
Sinister Shabar
(They ain't hear you, they ain't hear you)
Oh shit..
Masada, Shabar..
(Hot millenium)

[Driver]
J'suis en tenue d'combattant, guerrier en scaphandre
de combat
Celui qui s'dresse impoliment, n  gativement, l  -bas
   l'abattoir
J'te parles du jour ou tout vas p  ter
Le jour ou il faudra s'd  fendre pour obtenir la
libert  ...mentale
R  veillons les consciences, pas d'folie j'me donne
les moyens je tente ma chance
Sache qu'un p'tit peu d'ci, avec un p'tit peu d'   a

Ca fait ci-Ãa, Ãa-ci, un gros truc comme Ãa
Se rouler dans la boue pour les droits d'l'homme Ãa
coÃte rien
Sachant qu'Ãa peut protÃger ton futur gosse et tes
frangines, frangin
Des guettos d'New York aux sales banlieues d'Paris
Chacun souffre dans son coin il parait qu'c'est la vie
J'vais la dompter, la fourrer, perforer, l'essorer, la
mettre Ã ma guise
Oui comme dans "Strip-tease", en un mot la mater
Du haut d'ma tour Ã Sarcelles, j'mÃne l'opÃration
En urgences, c'est l'agence, Driver la rÃvolution...

[Chorus]

[Interlude: Killah Priest]
Gotta leak it..

[Daddy Rose (Killah Priest)]
I'm Daddy Rose, son of a black widow spider
Used to be the flame of a crack lighter
Now I'm a freedom fighter, spirit or Nat Turner
Strapped with a black burner, mind of Malcolm
Sight of a falcon, this black man is heard
from Brownsville to Johannesburg
The oppressor said he freed us, just damaged words
Gave me a replica or liberty, me garned in shackles
Feeled like a live king surrounded by jackels
Armed with two scappels, tearin out the slave masters
Adam's apples
Feel like Atlas, but the weight of the world, I must carry
it
Shotguns like Harriet, I could feel my ancestor sing
"Swing Low Sweet Chariot", for I am that I am
The Gods have spoken, Moses in the bush
Trust the virgin Mary, black widow lamb (King Masada)

[Chorus]

[Prodigal Sunn]
I'm highly liberated, anticipated, still isolated
In this crime scenery, carry heavy machinery
On some revolutionary thug shit so watch ya nugget
When the slugs spit I'm aimin for devils that be my
target
Number one priority, first of all, fuck society
All they do is lie to me and spy for my enemies
A freedom fighter, eat-a-mic sniper, fuck a liar-liar
Like I said before son I speak truth 'til I expire
My heartbeats enrage against the devil escapades
For forty-thousand decades they made raise through

wealthy slaves
See in these wicked times some carry nines and marry
swine
With corrupted mines, created his line by mankind
I generate lines of energy, cremate the century
Soldier of infinity, brolic identity
My chemistry and glee gleams like a fat diamond ring
From the alley of fiends to the +Valley of Kings+, Kings

[Chorus x3]

[Outro: Killah Priest]
The return of Shabar
Masada, King Masada
Give me liberty or give me death (x4 w/ Daddy Rose)
Give me liberty or give me death (x2)

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