

## Himalayan Project

### "Rebel Music"

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[Chee Malabar]

Retribution through Rebel Music

Walk the talk, like my feet and speech is tied by  
shoestrings

Money's an adhesive, so broke folks use hope to glue  
things

My mood swings, in tune with the moon's whims

Groomed since, the age of six, to be a true prince

But reality bites, and my life got serpent sized  
toothprints

A seer said I'd appear, to cheers and jeers, tears and  
fears

The king, of ten thousand years, from Baroda's  
Fathegunj housing spheres

Yea, I was given this language, a palette

Of 26 alphabets, through immaculate steps

Sought the truth, like Malcolm X did through with  
Islamic texts

As a youth, pledged allegiance, put my palm on my  
chest

Now I scribble over scriptures to manifest this  
palimpsest

[Hook]

Rebel Music, my people, my culture my thoughts

Rebel Music, the haves, the have not's

Rebel Music, Reggae, Blues, Jazz and rock

Rebel Music, it's hip hop, it's hip-hop

[Rainman]

Rebel music infused in the hearts of those that feel like  
revolution is useless

People power abused and battered

My generation raised in mental malaise

Confused and calibrated, believing that our opinions,  
never matter

Our brain patterns were hammered to flat-lines

Cookie cutter, conformed to lack spines and act blind

While the social-economic gap climbs

We funnel funds for guns and gasses

Electricity and lethal injects for asses

Prison expansions - for people with black skin and  
Hispanics  
This is the rightwing bandage for Americans damaged  
and left behind  
My mic flex testifies, through the silence  
Cause I will not leave my people dumb deaf and blind  
I speak my mind, spit life lines  
Cause knowledge and word power is death defying

[Hook]

[Chee Malabar]

Someone once said, America's a Melting Pot  
the people at the bottom get burned, while the scum  
always seem to float to the top  
ack, send seven shots from glocks at Trent Lott  
they ain't upset that he said it, they mad he got caught  
might as well use the constitution as toilet tissue  
'cause ain't shit changed since 1964, duke  
De-facto segregation exists, dissident voices, diluted  
then muted  
Through the strategic placements of polls and voting  
booths, and  
Since we don't sit, where decisions get made  
I wouldn't piss on a burning bush to extinguish the  
flames  
Axis of evil, Jihad and crusades, so who's sane?  
(Hussein)  
Saddam got napalm and thangs, while we build nukes,  
talkin' disarmament  
To you my religion is seen as voodoo  
Fuck you, I'll consider Christ when your pope is  
Desmond Tutu

[Rainman]

What makes a rebel? Your clothes?  
Particular pro's? Or the rhythms and tones in your  
headphones  
What you know in your bones, or what you show  
What makes a man leave his humble abode to throw  
stones  
Already knowing he ain't never going home - Do you  
know?  
What made a student stand-alone and raise his hand  
to a tank?  
What made a businessman on a flight, take the fight to  
fanatics with knives  
What made a ballplayer pick up his bat, swing for the  
fences and hold back  
His desire to retaliate to hate  
This music's just a taste, the truth is what you make

when faced with high stakes  
In this world dominated by hate, we on the hook like  
live bait  
But some of us fighting, others enlighten  
But most of us just hanging around  
What if we all spoke?  
Could you imagine the sound of people power moving  
mountains and shaking the ground?

[Hook]

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