

Paris f/ T-K.A.S.H. "Rebels Without Applause"

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[Paris] Yeah, yeah I'm representin where the sun set
Guerrilla Funk and we still ain't done yet T-K.A.S.H. and
the "Bush Killa," one threat One sniper on the rooftop,
one vet Now come get with this West coast
revolutionary tag team Republican bad dream, blitzin
the rap scene Pullin over five-oh, profilin white folks
Rewirin Diebolds, why you lie under oath I'ma let the fo'
pancake, drag and scrape Drive by the county jail with
a hand grenade It's a planned escape, Tommy Kash
take the wheel as I throw it at the gate for the Panther 8
[T-K.A.S.H.] While you sucker butts trippin off job cuts, I
just keep a glock tucked for the FBI Like a Walter Reed
patient they'll let me die for my deadly vibe, but
instead we ride [Chorus] Real revolution, actual
solution You can clap if you want but it ain't 'bout that
Hard Truth the movement, more than just music The
respect of the ghetto is where it's at [Parise] See we
make the hood mobilize Rise up cause they 'posed to
rise, ride on you cause they 'posed to ride For the Hard
Truth Soldier side When you see this motorcade unload
and drive [T-K.A.S.H.] Come slow from behind And let
the automatic make a hole from behind The rich stay
panicked, but the po' don't mind If piggies get blasted,
just those hasslin brown and black kids [Paris] We
some West coast classics, left vote passing No
wackness, no braggin, so active Freedom and equality
we gon' have it Known assassins known for blastin Dog
and K.A.S.H. [T-K.A.S.H.] On and crackin', fo'-fo's and
masks For po-po's harrassin po' folks with passion
Hard truth soldiers, our troops home right now or the
nine millimeter might BLAOW~! [Chorus] [T-K.A.S.H.]
The hood know my name, I'm good with the game If
Cheney got shot then I would get the blame even
though I didn't do it, the feds can't stand to see a
revolutionary with the ghetto influence By the way I talk
turf, and still spit the real on the way they got work, for
kids in the hills But they only got purp, and pills where it
is Mo' liquor stores than church, the dead folks go on
shirts I'm T-K.A.S.H., the pride of the underground
Guerrilla Funk, never ride to another sound Make a
politician run and hide when they come around cause

of how I instruct hounds to gun ya down The
government make scratch mo' than my homegirl who
be spinnin for my potnah with the afro Black folks stack
dough, scratch the smoke Subtract dope, add hope
and vote, like that doe! [Chorus] - repeat 2X [dub of
Chorus before sirens end the song]

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