

# Promoe, Thx 1138

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

Promoe:

I'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 history'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 they'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 you're workin' 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/  
It's on your side the creators sits/

Promoe:

You're never home sleepin' always out peepin' the yard/  
you doin' whole cars with no guards/  
If 5-0 show up do throw ups on po-po's car/  
you blow up the precinct if they put you behind bars/  
You'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'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/

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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...

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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...

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Chorus &quot;