

Tupac, Rebel Of The Underground

Rebel.. rebel.. REBEL
Rebel.. rebel..

[Tupac]

They just can't stand the reign, or the occasional pain
from a man like me, who goes against the grain
Sometimes I do it in vain, so with a little bass and treble
Hey Mister! It's time for me to explain that I'm the rebel
Cold as the devil
Straight from the underground, the rebel, a lower level
They came to see the maniac psychopath
The critics heard of me, and the aftermath
I don't give a damn and it shows
And when I do a stage show I wear street clothes
So they all know me
The lyrical lunatic, the maniac emcee
I give a shout out to your homies
And maybe then, the critics'll leave your boy alone, G
On the streets or on TV
It just don't pay to be, a truth tellin MC
They won't be happy till I'm banned
The most dangerous weapon: an educated black man
So point blank in your face, pump up the bass
and join the human race
I throw peace to the Bay
Cause from the Jungle to Oaktown, they backin me up all the way
You know you gotta love the sound
It's from the rebel -- the rebel of the underground

Rebel he's a rebel, rebel of the underground [4X]

[Tupac]

Now I'm face to face with the devils
Cause they breedin more rebels than the whole damn ghetto
And police brutality
shit it put you in the nip and call it technicality
So you reap what you sow
So reap the wrath of the rebel, jackin em up once mo'
Now the fox is in the henhouse, creepin up on your daughter
While you sleep I got her sneakin out
Tupac ain't nuttin nice
I'll be nuttin how I wanna, and doin what I'm gonna
Now I'm up to no good
The mastermind of mischief movin more than most could
So sit and slip into the sound
Peep the rebel -- the rebel of the underground

Rebel he's a rebel, rebel of the underground [4X]

[Tupac]

They say they hate me, they wanna hold me down
I guess they scared of the rebel -- the rebel of the underground
But I never let it get me
I just make another record bout the punks tryin to sweat me
In fact, they tryin to keep me out
Try to censor what I say
cause they don't like what I'm talkin bout
So what's wrong with the media today?
Got brothers sellin out cause they greedy to get paid
But me, I'm comin from the soul
And if it don't go gold, my story still gettin told
And that way they can't stop me
And if it sells a couple of copies, the punks'll try to copy
It's sloppy, don't even try to

I'm a slave to the rhythm, and I'm about to fly through
So yo to the people in the ghetto
When ya hear the bass flow, go ahead and let go
Now everybody wanna gangbang
They talkin street slang, but the punks still can't hang
They makin records bout violence
But when it comes to the real, some brothers go silent
It kinda make you wanna think about
that ya gotta do some sellin out, just to get your record out
But 2Pacalpyse is straight down
So feel the wrath of the rebel -- the rebel of the underground

Tupac is a rebel, rebel of the underground [8X]