

# Rebel Of The Underground

2pac

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 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 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

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