

# Free My Soul

Dub Fx

Yeah! All right! This is a new one more shit!

Give me the beat box and free my soul.  
I wanna get lost in the end of the road.  
Fast flips will drift away.

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By the rhythm of my lips  
It`s a fix of these nicks  
Move hips to connect of the funky beat boxes.  
This is my brain  
Shut it again  
As I could bring and you too  
Do this all train.  
Let me say, "Come back in town  
To the old school."  
Remember the days I smoke a sniff every day.  
Come on! Let be the ways on how to praise  
To force you.  
I am just another fool  
Try to survive on my mind to fight.  
And realize the dream with my own eyes.  
I`ll take the industry by surprise.  
You define the lies in suffer mind.  
Try to find a real life  
`Cause I will give it up, live it up.  
I`ll give it up for my only motion  
You`ll give me crashin` on the Earth like an Ocean.  
My poetry is like the magic in a potion.  
Your penalty is like the kiss of my devotion.  
`Cause some words of hip-hop and just don`t stop  
Took the baggage of the rhythm of the base won`t drop.  
The fever on the floor  
Will make your body rock.  
The funk won`t stop  
And send you to the top.  
Come on!  
I was in hip-hop and just don`t stop  
Took the baggage of the rhythm of the base won`t drop.  
The fever on the floor  
Will make your body rock.  
The funk won`t stop!  
Come on!!!  
Well, plenishing is a mission on the beat of situation  
We`re just takin` a place across the nation.  
The funk is a pleasant in the vision,  
Bringin` a decision to the mobilization  
About position.  
I`m singin` just all across the nation  
Live with more invasion.  
Come on! And do ya only top vocation.  
This is my frentition of prisional politition.  
Singin` that It`s the beat  
See the only division.

You see collision of all the singin`,  
But that`s the desperation  
You can`t fall without the nation.  
This population about  
See inflation without.  
You wanna let the magic, `cause the beat went out  
This fuck - Excuses, excuses  
That`s all I ever hear.  
When I livin` up and livin` out but here.  
So, don`t you fear the next  
Just impress my text  
Let your mind collect  
The best indoors to protect.  
So profuse of the media smooth  
`Cause I`ve got all the glues  
Protect the base of party, express abuse.  
Come on!  
We can`t go on just be sittin` on the fence  
The power of us.....of any mets.  
It`s a chance to see  
A group of people be free,  
Takin` over the world  
And look like you and me.  
So, let`s see, you will join me  
I`ll give you a choice,-  
The power of the weapon  
Or the Power of Your VOICE.  
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