

# These Walls Don't Lie

Promoe

Uh one two, uh one two. And you don't stop  
Production dj large and promoe on the mic  
for all my people, people (graffiti writers)  
It goes a little something like this

It was the last days of summer sun shine'in through the window  
Life movin' real slow, you know how things go  
His friends knew him by the name of Bingo  
As he turned up the volume of a hot new single  
From Looptroop his favorite rap group  
He loved how they represented him yo, the graff youth  
From the grass roots he came from sweden to  
Felt proud when he played his new friends the latest tunes  
Check this shit out man; that he had to download  
Cause his local record store was on the other side of the globe  
They didn't carry the stuff, but he felt it was ok to do  
He spread the troops message all the way to australia dude  
Oh man I couldn't be wrong when long arm and freedom fighters wears his fuck  
ing theme songs  
In their headphones those nights he spent when we stayed up  
Adrenaline rush when we enter the layup singin'

Babababa baaaa  
You know graffiti won't die.. die

Babababa baaaa ( no it won't )  
( uh huh )Because these walls don't lie.. lie..( we don't lie )

Babababa baaaa ( come on )  
I'm dedicating this beat.. peace..( huh )

Babababa baaaa  
( he said )To those d.v.s.g:s

They stepped in with a grin and a boosted Kangol  
Mimicking the king Rick the ruler's manors  
Fresh dressed in his newest shoes and flannels  
Then began letting off with the loosest cannons  
Figuring this will be my coolest panel  
But when they see it all they see is just a gruesome scandal  
Erasin' all signs of life, callin the youth some vandals  
They can't handle the truth so that's how the truth is handled  
Deep into the music and his art man, his true love  
Didn't even notice when the train pulled up  
And before the bloodstains faded or the engine cooled off  
That very same train hit another writer: Olaf  
On a different continent though: Europe  
But then they came to the same place that I'm sure of  
In this world people always looked upon them as a terror  
But now 50 000 chariots singin' the chorus, going...

Refrain:Babababa baaaa (uh ha, uh ha )  
Graffiti writers won't die.. die.. no

Babababa baaaa ( I'm telling you )  
Because these walls don't lie.. lie.. ( they don't lie )

Babababa baaaa  
(come on) I'm dedicating this song.. song

Babababa baaaa  
To those gone, your memory live on.. on

I know a lot of people including myself get uncomfortable  
When people including myself get emotional  
But I gotta be true to myself and to most of y'all  
Man I still got love for graffiti culture though  
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When people including myself get emotional  
But I gotta be true to myself and to most of y'all  
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A lot changed from the days of Spray can stories  
See me in the yard today, lost like a freakin' tourist  
And I don't claim to know much, all I really know is  
We were 17 once actin' like we were immortals  
Fearin' no evil, people said we had no morals  
That's fine, their corrupt world it really wasn't for us  
We just laughed at the bullshit names that they called us  
Hated us, we hated them and both sides found out what a war is  
We were winning in the beginning then found out 'bout the horrors  
Don't get me wrong my love a hundred percent, no less  
And peace to my people, we grow with the knowledge  
I bite Tone Def same time I'm payin' homage  
To cats from South Africa, writers from New York  
Australia, Spain, France and Germany, up north  
Still the same rapper tellin' cops to fuck off  
And all my writers: Survive! This my love song to y'all

Babababa baaaa  
(don't they know that graffiti can't be stoped.)

Babababa baaaa  
(This one is for my train bombing, train trashing.)

Babababa baaaa  
(to all my graff writers who want the sun up.)

Babababa baaaa  
(reminisce'n on many days of being a writer)

Babababa baaaa  
You know graffiti won't die die noo

Babababa baaaa  
because these walls don't lie lie noo

Babababa baaaa  
to all my people world wide wide yoo

Babababa baaaa  
all my writers survive yo..