

Crooked Ways

Propaganda

Word to Grandpops who couldn't fathom the Obamas
I don't hate America, just demand she keeps her promises
20-teens looking like the 60's, it's crazy
A nationwide *deja vu*, what my people 'posed to do?
Go to schools named after the Klan founder
Word 'round town is y'all don't see why we frownin'
Native American students forced to learn about Junípero Serra
How is that fair, bruh?
Some heroes unsung and some monsters get monuments built for 'em
But ain't we all a little bit a monster? We crooked!
Man, your heroes are worthless
And man can sure try, but only God gives purpose
You crooked!
Be humble or be quiet
Your kingdom can catch flames as effortless as riots
Entire empire's a card castle, chill
And the strength of your whole team is crumbled with one meme
It's crooked!
Your whole works is twisted
He ain't old enough to buy beer but go on and enlist him
Send him to Iraq and why he come back crazy?
'Cause no human being should see the inside of a baby
You expect trust in a system that needed to be convinced
Of the madness of trustin' a court that waved a Confederate flag
It's crooked!
That's twisted, demented, perverted, got fallen written all over us
And got the nerve to judge each other
Crooked!
That logic fatally flawed
Like sickness is a sign that you out of the will of God
Like one ounce of crack gains the same amount of jail time
As eighteen of cocaine, but ain't they the same thing?
It's crooked!
Stay eating our own kind
And muster up a scandal 'stead of celebrating shine
And somehow that's righteous like the world needs to know
We exposin' them posers with judgmental boulders
Crooked!
And at one time, we built pyramids
One can only wonder why we ain't wiped ourselves out yet
We're as good as it gets: crooked!
Clueless buffoons put a man on the moon
And I still can't get cellphone reception in my room
It's crooked!
Boy, that's often off-kilter
Awful standoff-ish, plan is outlandish
And awful uncanny, resemblance a mis-mark
Like Chris Columbus might as well have landed in Denmark
Me - just an Allstar Chuck Taylor rhyme sayer
And the fact I ain't get lost on the way here is amazing
Me - just a crooked stick in awe of His goodness
And somehow the school-to-prison pipeline missed this
And moving minds swiftly and change an entire industry
Tailor-made for greatness 'cause cause got bad blood
Yeah, y'all still lookin' at a Tunnel Rat
Pen player, earthworm, battle cat, hates trend
Might learn my lesson the day after the world ends

And been wrestling with it since my wife was my girlfriend
Crooked like I'll take a bullet for my wife
Yet I wonder what's under the skirt of the girl on my flight
These eyes are mine, wander lost sight, come and get me
Homie, I'm not a leader, just a hippie with daddy issues
Shatter dreams and promises, a closed-minded hypocrite
All the while standing in the pulpit, the culprit
We are all of the above, right and wrong and indifferent
Yet none of the above, it naturally fit in this
Subjects and predicates subjected to my detriment
Dedicated to elevating devastating pride
It's quite a ride but if you look inside, bruh
Some things just don't make sense, go with' it
We stay perplexed at the truth that defies logic
But who say that logic the best way to understand it?
Man, that's the thinking of our colonizers
Truth is proven only through ears and eyes and
If you can't touch it, then you can't trust it
That's why they can't explain the love in my daughter's eyes
And that's that conscious rap, oh that's played out
You old-school, you old, dude, you aged out
It's not cool, them old rules, they phased out
There's new rules, them new dudes ain't like you
They say you hating when you don't toss 'em a retweet
I study for every test and y'all is looking for a cheat sheet
Things I gotta tell ya, love you too much to be scared of ya
Concoction of contradictions, misnomers and paradox
Conclusion confusion like the way that I see me
An apex predator, ten steps ahead of ya
Desperately trying to hide my insecurities
Papier maché proper, you trying to hide the duct tape
Defending my card castle like it could stand in one gust of wind
The lust of eyes shackle me just as I be tackling
My inner demons eat through my marriage and my parenting
What is arrogant and humble?
Eloquent ridiculous, confident and nervous
The smell of cigarettes and broken dreams
Sold out the tickets for the VIPs
Bands that could've been contenders now Venice Beach vendors
Like dawg, that could be me
I swore I'd never wear skinny jeans
But homie looks real dumb in size 40 Dickies
That's laughable, better be adaptable
And hit the road to see how far that rabbit hole go
This is present tense
None of this "already I've been delivered" mess
None of that pseudo-righteousness
I'mma let you guess the rest
Lusted little clusters surrounded by natives
That's the picture of foolish pride in the eyes of General Custer
They watched his eyes slowly close like
"Yeah, guerro, we remember the Alamo"
It's confusing, American generals get statues
Even for the battles that they lose
People are so perplexing
Perpetuating the same hate they out protesting
And Netflix exposing the holes in our morals like
Whose side are you on: Walter or Sky's?
You cornered now 'cause every corner boy is now humanized
Tryna make ends meet just like you and I
That shifts your paradigm, bruh that go
Change your life on sight like the skies in Morocco
What is man but rich soil toiled in fine Hennessy

A beautiful garden that cost a pretty penny
Listen it's freely given, but you've been warned
These halos stay balanced on the tip of our horns
We crooked!