

Fallen

Propaganda

They say that we fallen (Fall, fallen)
They say that we fallen (Fallen)
Then tell me why you follow (Foll, follow)
If we're fallen (Fallen)

Huh, if I was you, I would appropriate us too
Huh, let it sit
It's understandably confusing depending on tool you using (Fallen)
Huh, just come through Alexandria library, drips through these fingertips
Mental state miserable, your wings don't fit
You bigger than your body give you credit for
A metaphor for how we see us, these creatures we've settled for
We are actually fascinating, actuating
You made poverty your play haven
Pueblo Indians prayers made of cornmeal and turquoise (Fallen)
Harvestin' dreams with the medicine of the Iroquois
Different like the cloth we cut from
A creative nature with the joy we came from, uh
The truth you can't run from, uh
The style and finesse are a nectar of a broken neck
You wanna drink the juice but can't live through tight squeezes
But I don't pay the price, I pay dues
But the pain is paint, and quit I can't
And yo faith is rank and yo attitude stank
And I couldn't stand to think
The state without Ma Rainey or Count Basie, trap music, ya crazy
Black women are north stars if we fallen
Why you follow?

They say that we fallen (Fall, fallen)
They say that we fallen (Fallen)
Then tell me why you follow (Foll, follow)
If we're fallen (Fallen)

Look, the Pharisees say I'm falling like Alica
My hood think I'm ballin', Alopecia
My melanin like the check on belly named Keisha
It's prolly why the devil be tryna peel my Chiquita
Go bananas for everyone that made an exit
Out the slums, so they give you crumbs until you desperate
And folk become the ones that tote guns 'cause they receptive
To suckers who played 'em like dum dums
'Cause they was left with no father figure
You falter quicker when ain't no structure
My paw paw lifted a lotta scripture so we ain't suffer
A pot to piss in is hard to get for the multicolored
But y'all just keep on jackin' jewels that y'all know we discovered
Don't fret, digest, how they take what was born in projects to world wide we
b
Get over easy, they do us greasy like poached fried eggs
And be right back on our zucchini 'til the whole tide shifts, ouu
But it's all gravy, we'll keep it wavy like du-rags
So whenever you ask for a new fad, you'll surely see it
I know you'll give us a new pad while thinkin' we're too poo trash
To be 'round the doodads you keep in secret
But hell, that's the world we live in
When yo chips is high, be weary of the ones who chip in

When Lucy try to tempt you, remember that it was written
And I swear to God I ain't fallen but I might be trippin', ouu