

Feel Me

Propaganda

Throw your hands up in the air
This is my gift to the future
Black white brown, it don't matter
This is the way we lock it down

This is for the working man, works with his hands
Maneuvering through traffic, tryna do what he can, man
Coffee in his cup man, on the stage buck man
(This is what way we lock it down)
You ain't never seen nothing until you seen a Cali traffic jam
Drive's man insane, check the fourth lane traffic cam, man
All-in-all he swears it's all worth it
Weekend's coming and he ain't gotta work it
All its shortcomings, I don't ever wanna leave
Los Angeles born man, we breed emcees
Break a man's spirit, the things that I've seen but
(This is what way we lock it down)
I was raised on the brown side, me and the vatos
Said that that flaco negro won't stop though
Learned those years they was just like us
So black men and brown men, throw your fists up like

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I learned of my calling in classrooms for years
And teach for grandmama's raising they kid's kids
So that one less mom buries her son
Son stop thinking that going to jail's fun
Honor record's much more than degrees
And to the degree in which you fail as a man makes you a man
Brag about your struggle like crack was a good thing
(This is what way we lock it down)
And we ain't never had nothing, don't knock the hustle
Don't need another man tryna add to the struggle
Bring our people down and keep them fiends higher
Gotta take each other like the clan can retire
People name kids after killers of their kin
Like no black men in history did anything, forget 'em
Write for that man, bet there's one in your building
But y'all don't ever see him, he's busy raising his children

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At least with Latinos, blood's thicker than money
Sneak across borders to feed they abuelitos
Named their ninos Salvador and Jesus
All hopes that Cristos would save all their tios
Tias, [?] rosary, me I don't go
Nina so worried, we just buried your prima
These are the realities, victor never wins
Angel ain't got none as Hector's so hectic

Floria, Maria, Grace, I speak your presence
Night is so frio for me and mi hijos
Rose and Iris would blossom into beautiful ladies
Not shy girl and sad eyes, it's crazy
Brothers and sisters share cells with brothers and sisters
Now they feel free yearly, yo really?
Conceived in sin then sewn in corruption
Looking for redeemers in the hoods and you need 'em

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