

## 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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