

I Know

Propaganda

I'm a silent cyclone, split house and home
Slag Stalone Rocky five mike and I'm gone
Crack my own knee caps to stand all alone
Suffering from blow out your speaker syndrome
Propaganda, beware like a snake when he rattle
You's a fake time waste, you ain't suited for battle
I'm a black tunnel rat, boy I'm choking emotions
And rep the west coast, here to take over the ocean

Now put your eyes on panoramic view
So you can catch me cap to shoe
Cameras flash to trap the moves
But only got a glimpse of logo and the limp
A snarling fold of a lip, a story told to your kids
Does he exist? Keep guessing
A myth so big, just to live, I gots to eat legends
If you less, you get spit
So make more hits, eat right, go 'head raise your weight
It's an honor knowing I'm al by my all-time great

Y'all can't underestimate
No army could ever infiltrate
No man can tell me who I am or tell me who I ain't
Cause I know

Never a greater crew
You don't agree, who asked you?
Keep your teeth together
Stay out my biz and your life may last you
I got the perfect purpose
Solo [?] like a pilot
In calm we dropping bombs and flood [?] islands
Two feet deep and drop in
Who can beat me and Props in top rock hopscotch?
In what? You playing or you watching
You nine deep in line
The only champ to challenge us is eight at a time

I'm a rhyme right-hook upper-cut sucker punch
Respect when I bust, I ain't asking for much
I'm that pit in your gut when grandmamma would cuss
I'm a channel it yelling Los Angeles, scandalous
Blood bath swimmer, rip an emcee to bits
Got the snare running scared, better lace up them kicks
Cause the heat come in waves when the beat plays
Gon' conjure up a verse for the Ancient of Days
For those who appreciate a love for the art
Hungry for the word and been down from the start
Your chance don't miss, the future is this
So every time you diss, we gon' chant with a fist

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I'ma rap on the road for the control of the night

And offer my insight to a streetlight and a mic fight
Still better be careful cause it might bite
And offer my skills to roadkill men, that's I'll
Y'all wondering if my pen's got venom in 'em
I sketch a chin check, you gon' swear that you feel 'em
My voice takes over your back seat subwoofer
Next you on the net yelling "How can I book ya?"

We ridiculous hot flowing, I'll take over plot showing
Your ignorance illegal, now you're knocked for not knowing
We don't punish with rock throwing
If you're caught slowing the program
You'll be marked as a foe, sure to be broken
If the door's closed, I'm climbing through windows
On the outside, you ain't worried who's cold
You been froze
Right, who playin' the game? I'm running your life
If you married to the mic, just know I'm touching your wife

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