

Locked In

Propaganda

I toss 'em, raps awesome
Floss 'em with the heathens
Blossom 'til we're livin' and breathin' my sheen and
Cleanin', bleedin' the banner that's blood-stained
That manner ain't mundane, the pattern is insane
Name I claim came second to God blessing
A lesson quickly learned, it's why it's my turn
Write 'til sky burns, look my eye yearns
'Cause sharpened iron, it ain't a thing, plain and simple
Most intricate, independent, ending all sessions
Sending all questions back
Boom carrier county until it falls to the cold
It's on all I know, throw mine for the bows
Get it live like Pentecost, like get it?
Don't get lost, just spit it
Terrific spill it like I meant it
Slip a little bit, getting intimate
With the Infinite Son I'm living in

It's locked in, y'all soon'll catch wind
Homie, you ain't know (who you living with)
It's locked in, y'all gon' catch on soon
Homie, you ain't know (what you been singing)
Stays locked in in these patterns, y'all ain't got it
Yet trust you will see (where we 'bout to go)
Stay locked in, forget it, you don't get it man
You don't know (I don't know), you don't know

I shown 'em, Props own 'em
Grown with no ending
Thrown into a bull and then bend the style ending
Christian whipping the weapon, it's pure Word
I'mbettin' you ain't heard, I'm getting on my nerve
Stood my ground 'round people who think evil
An equal opportune, your crew'll stop soon
Fool, I rock moons hot as high noon
Pop don't assume it ain't a thing, plain and simple
Right to the left, mine's still best
Mine is God-focused minus things hopeless
Don't dare burden your brother, it's just rap
Get back, it's 'posed to be your choice
Rock a flow for the kids, watchin' the people get fierce
Stoppin' the planet with ears
Unlock it, drop it, rockin' meteors of heat
By far, run my TR [?]

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I bleed 'em, fools need 'em, keep 'em at bay
And speak 'em like an arrogant spray of sun rays

Ain't playin', arrayed perfection of mic checks
Injection of right text, rejectin' the right and left
Took my time buying soul with cold flows
It goes down so much that gravity gets touched
Actually ain't bluff, battling get crushed
After me ain't much, it ain't a thing, plain and simple
Sir, better learn it ain't your turn
Earn it [?]
Whole humbly hope in Holy Ghost
I know, it 'posed to be your choice
Rock a flow for the people, rock like there ain't no sequel
Make it came and equal how Evel Knievel
Feeble attempts to reach benchmark
Give me the mic, I'll knock it out the park after dark like

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