

Move

Propaganda

Move, move, move, move, move, move

Let me tell you something, if you get to fronting
I'ma get to stomping crews, crews
See [?] to leave you, when I come to see you
Boy I'm gonna leave you bruised, bruised
Homie I'm a Tunnel Rat, lightening and thunder cat
Y'all know how we do fools, fools
Listen put your hands up, time has come to stand up
Everybody, anyone move, move, move, move, move

Breathe, Elohim stay prevalent, get used to the rhetoric
Handling [?] quite heavily, heavenly type evidence, better get
Used to the movement, God won't let us lose it, watch me I'll prove it
Lucifer, Lucifer, careful my crew's on ya
You bout to lose oh yeah, and when I'm through with ya
Pounding, pounding
It's absurd, the speed of my learning curve
Amazing what one finds hidden in God's Word
And took that young man who was once called a nerd
And muscled up the bravery to break all that labeling
This is what He gave to me, bounce to this
If you were once an outsider, then pound your fists
I was bound to diss, now I'm 'bout to diss
Any and all attempts to end of mine
Bend a rhyme sender, I'm finna get
Moving and bruising, now's the time
Watch me gather the troops to push through the confusion
Losing fools to foolish hoodlum movements
And peace to the fam and them clubs that booked me
I'm not a vet yet but I'm far from a rookie
Motoe came to cook these beats we now bounce to
All the way from Canada 'cause none of y'all can handle him

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Classic concoction, please no tucker
Muscular mind bended that mashed that mediocre
Mass and unmasked that mimic a mime miniature
How could Prop minister and be so cynical?
I'm from common thieves and branches of palm trees
Waved and then placed at the feet of the risen King
Blood-bought mud blood, it's all good
My hood streets teach lessons, y'all trip who would reach us
Breath taking sight like a wahoo beach is
Fine line between revelation and rhetoric
If time's of the essence, you could say I'm ahead of it
Don't act like it don't phase you, a born sinner stager
Try to hide for years for fear they might hate ya
But all in all, I'm addicted to giving my all

And spitting to liberate y'all
That's business as usual
My sixteens make you
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Prop beat your beats like Jim bangs the congas
Known to lift the truth up, prone to tear the roof up
Prone to lift your crew up, [?] uncovered
Beautiful like villages before we discovered them
Mind young and dumb but I train 'em every day
In classrooms, headphones, homework, notebooks
Prayer works, footsoldier deep in the trenches
Game of life, riot teams emptying they benches
Can't afford to miss it, Christ return's imminent
Speak like I'm intimate with infinite entity
Cypher time, feel me, bite a rhyme killer
Live this, don't know how to not handle business
Son of God kissed it, heaven and earth met
Words that Elohim would place in the mouth of kings
Cold day of wordplay, trust me, hails from Los Angeles
Held down the mic flow and canvas

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