

Rise

Propaganda

Ladies and gentlemen
I'd like to welcome you
That's Stro on the beat y'all, he's a monster
Let's do some hip-hop y'all

Roofers move on the one now
Homies help yourself, you're welcome to get down
Time to get to steppin' and reppin' your hometown
I'ma spit a verse to put a beat in a hearse
It's dirty drum thirty-some years of murder one
Neck brace, snap case, battle track, Tunnel Rat
Where your crew been and why don't you speak?
We top seeds in the playoffs, man that was a Maui
Came from all walks of life, a piece of what I speak
Bring peace back like it was pre-360
Home, God grown to understanding the game
Tune our ears to your [?] and take up your mic'phones again
I'm West Covi, style-wise y'all owe me
But race takes the place of anything [?] throw me
Coping fire I got so much to say to ya
Between bars only got so much space, do ya
Stay pure or water down your art?
Am I too smart to be that dumb or too dumb to be that smart?
So I face the clock, race to give y'all the facts
And can you help me out Dax?

You got us wondering what you want from us
It's like no matter what we do, it's not enough
We had our season for sitting down and resting for the second round
But now it's time for us to rise
Just the way it's always been
Guess it will always be
(What up, Prop, thank you man, check this out)

Now I remember a time when time didn't matter
And the second hand would be the first to wait a minute
And in that minute a lifetime would pass
And a life rhyme would prove to be the thing that last
Said it's life that I speak, to live in this flesh
Then yield to the test cause I'm weak (forgive me, Lord)
Of this I am an expert: expression through explosion
A mic controller holding these life lessons
It's time I start sharing these collections of corrections
Introspection, collaging misdirections
And how many times was I told not to do it
But I did it anyways cause my flesh was into it
I fluid and I knew it, but stayed [?] taking
Cause there wasn't nothing to it and you people put me through it
But what about the youth?
What about being living proof and the call to the truth?
I hear 'em crying, no more denying it, got no choice
But to tell it like I told it, bold I can't hold it
Sold out on the hard road, light steps on a scarred soul
Lost control and just went with the flow
And now I can say that I finally know fo' sho
It's youth watching international
See I'm what you call classical, old school radical

Raised for the last days and born for the battle field
So Tunnel Rats and the world
Rise

Feel good, don't it? Yeah
This is Listen Watch Focus, people
We gon' try something right here
Everybody sway to the left, sway to the right y'all
Sing this with me
Sing la la la, sing la la la
La la la, la la la