

# Run

## Propaganda

This is eloquent elephants conceived on Swellendam  
Actual outselling it even with no disco instrument master  
Or market genius  
The meanest punk you can't see us  
Walk with these leaders off of these meters  
Talk with these heaters, watch the crowd pleaser  
Stop, I might beat ya  
Kiss the booth dudes rule to the grass root  
You can test this God blesser  
It's infinite excellent, it's about that time my peoples

Your story ain't over  
Pass the baton and I'ma run, run, run, run, run  
The win ain't given to the swift no more  
You better learn on the witnesses how to endure  
You better run, run, run, run  
Until your heart stops  
To pass the baton so the story don't stop  
You better run, run, run, run  
Until your heart stops  
And pass the baton so the story don't stop

You can call it staying power, I call it a promise  
On the hoods of my neighbors, Journey and Don Baker  
Blood of ancestors race through my veins to  
Live out the legacy they whisper to me  
And you can hear it in my hunger  
I am much more than a one-hit wonder  
Song-birthing thunder, swinging from the bleachers  
Go and it's gone  
Let me catch you daydreaming in center field, it's on  
Bat lefty, the pride of Ms. Petty  
I ride like redcoats that comin' to steal my quotes  
And won't let the industry change me  
Swear by northeast on the grave of Gramma Mamie  
Promise pine trees that line the streets that made me  
Stop my mouth is the name that saved me  
That's on Africa, South Central, and West Cov  
I swear by this dirty Cali air

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This is granddad's taxi cab, 311 Taylor Street  
[?] between Jefferson and Normandy  
Great grandmamma being one fourth Cherokee  
DC and Fort Worth reppin' Southern Cali  
Since middle passage morphed to battle rappin'  
Homie it's what happens when you listen to the captain

I swear, names of first-century martyrs  
God put their stories in the stars above us  
Vision gets blurry that's them singing they love us  
You live among us 'cause you were one of us  
Swear heaven discussed us since Exodus  
Pier line of heroes, please don't disgust us  
This is what I swear by, hands in the air by  
Time to be hipster swing at y'all seems  
Listen watch focus, I'm tired of the games  
Swear by God's Son, there is no higher name

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