

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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