

Slow Cook

Propaganda

Slow cook, dry rub, little flame, let it sit
That's the hip hop I fell in love with
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That's the hip hop I fell in love with

Yeah, I fight to not write diss tracks
Distracts from the vision, reversing syntax
Win that, found a brother battling in Keytown
He said a war don't make a king
It's what you do with the crown
The ground crumbles at the feet of the humble
But if you dope, you dope, just keep the pride way low
That's the hip-hop I fell in love with
That's the hip-hop I throw my dubs with
Round robin a mic stomping
Six exit east of Compton
Trying not to be the old dude always screaming old-school
Hating on the new dudes, knowing I could school fools
Instead of leveraging veteran status for they betterment
Ligaments been itching like them kids coming to get me
When you finally reach pinnacle, it's hard to not be cynical
But slow down, enjoy the view
Many are called, chosen few
That's the hip hop I fell in love with

Slow cook, dry rub, little flame, let it sit
That's the hip hop I fell in love with
That's the hip hop I fell in love with
That low flame marinate, the dry rub, gotta let it sit
That's the hip hop I fell in love with
That's the hip hop I fell in love with

On that boom-bap dad back when my neighbor's dad
Ran his truck through they living room
And they set the crib on fire like "if I can't have you, no one can"
Tainted love, mixed messages, curses and blesses
Like patience is a virtue, but I ain't afraid to hurt you
Like crack smoke is silly, but crack sales is kingly
And the black man is God but if you try to touch the squad (pow)
My uncle Charles got smoked by a bloke reppin' Ghosttown
And I wish I coulda known him
My granny said he cold on that saxophone
And he's why I love music
It's crazy how a man you never met can influence you
Like the music for which you listen could shape how you raise your children
Like crooked men with dope pens inspired how I make my living
Gang affiliation, how it fascinated a nation but
That's the hip hop I fell in love with

That slow cook, that dry rub, marinate, gotta let it sit
That's the hip hop I fell in love with
That's the hip hop I fell in love with
That slow cook, that head nod, the neck brace, that stank face
That's the hip hop I fell in love with
That's the hip hop I fell in love with

Yeah, b-boy, pinoy, me and kuya Efechto

Roll into your show like "aché [?] ate"
Destroy, deploy, eclectic fresh flow
Sho' nuff showed up like "don't play, José"
Take tokes of this fire hydrant of wokeness
I inspire the dopest emcees to stay bold, kid
Heavy-handed pen stroke, been dope since Reaganomics
Trickle down and ruined my hometown if I'm honest
Me - just a city boy, show me no pity, boy
Stand up, man up, the only rules of the committee
On some climbing over fences to edge of the LA River
And scribble the syllables the city thought were silly
But we was all we had though, next door to the vatos
Between Florence 13 and dieciocho
This is how we grew 'em, hybrid hip-hop and hoodlum
True school 'em cause the one you enrolled in is failing ya
Backpack of rhyme books, no hooks, that's for radio
My favorite emcees don't play no stadiums
Outside the Palladium, battling the openers
Only audible audience stood in awe and awkwardness
Obvious we were too young but better rap than guns
Master kickflips, I don't hold semi-auto clips
They haggling for me to get a blue rag dangling
From my pocket, tangling with the wrong crowd
Stop it but that's the hip-hop I fell in love with
That's the hip-hop I threw my dubs with
That's the hip-hop we rock the club with