

So Help Me

Propaganda

I have fought back tears from pain you can't imagine
And muscled up my backbone and grip on the mic'phone
Other hand to the heart, ears to the Scriptures
Word pictures give you a vision of my mission
I got raps to quote ya 'fore them pop culture vultures choke ya
Such a deadly game, aim at ya
From every angle, attack ya, but Propaganda got ya, partna
And soundboard, billboard, back to the drawing board
Southern Cali cross trainer, salt-surfing skateboard
Spirit-led b-boy, I'll show you one
I don't condone ghostwriting unless it's the Holy One
Snatched from the fire, so awesome on some
Let God be true and all men be liars, toss 'em
Curveball, Prop got a word, ya'll
Awkward assertion, an urban Spurgeon
Word surgeon urging a nation to face facts that despite what ya'll learning
A burning hell is yearning to eat ya
Let that sink in like Sharpie ink pens, my choice weapon and
Here is our mission: attempt to raise kids
Understand what "no" means and failure ain't the end if
We all cannot win but lose is not an option
Well-versed in hip-hop and sound biblical doctrine

Homie, so help me
So help me
So help me, homie, so help me
So help me, so help me
So help me, homie, so help me

That's the cry of a desperate mother
Daddy's at his with's end
Granny don't know what to do with her kid's kids
Ritalin is failing him, tenth grade he failing it
Youth pastor bailing on him, teachers can't riddle him
Po-po can't find him, out with his cousins
Same streets that his tios and primos got killed in
Hustlin' is built in, to whom is he listenin'?
Not you! Lost all control of what influences him
Got his eye on her, her, and many miniskirts
Desperate for attention and showing them curves' works
Sent her to live with Auntie, she stay in the burbs
But her BFF is finna start workin' them curbs
What we call underage, pimps call them "early"
How you gon' compete? You barely making ends meet
This is where we come in, spittin' the truth and then
Sneak in they iPods, wait for the change and then
In a time when crime is glorified as if
Killing your own kind could get you deified
Or at least immortalized in monuments
Made of graffiti, the highest honor the hood could receive
When the foundation's destroyed and hearts of men are cold
And leaders are dropping like flies, look in my eyes
See the determination, muster up the bravery
Get tired of the sideline and rush the finish line, homie

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