

# Son

## Propaganda

I remember like it was yesterday  
My mama lifted her eyes to Heaven  
And was like, "Lord, my son wants to be a rapper"  
My daddy chuckled, they looked at each other  
They ain't been married for like forever  
And I told 'em, it went like this

Son, give 'em heat more intense than the sun  
Something new that ain't never been done  
Keep your heart, mind, and soul as one  
Buck 45 ton and don't blame your frail frame  
Just change the whole game  
Man, stay in the mix, no victory's flawless  
Only God can cause it and gives installments  
No more than you can handle but handle you must  
It ain't you, it's the world I don't trust  
I know you got good sense so stay away from the fence  
When you speak, say exactly what you meant, don't trip  
Shut your eyes and be a sandstorm of extra harsh particles  
And byproducts, you're bound to defy logic  
Born to cross culture  
You best not stop 'til you leveling with Radiohead and Incubus  
You're a soldier in a trench, better use your gift  
And aim it at they heart until they take you serious  
Listen

Only the strong will survive  
Do what you gotta do to stay alive  
Suredly your father knows best  
And I won't let you go astray  
Yeah, only the strong will survive  
Do what you gotta do to stay alive  
Don't get caught with your work undone  
Word of advice from a father to a son

Son, nothing better than a job well done  
And a life you can save with a gun  
So understand there's two kinds of war and you got to choose one  
'Cause one is done justly, the other is just done  
Justified, what they say to you is just a lie  
Son, live 'til the sun dies  
Be the eyes of these streets in every tear they cry  
Be a loss land lover in seas of emcees  
And oceans of want-to-bes flaunt in these songs  
If you ain't careful, then all will be gone  
The type to speak life in a long summer night  
In a studio, porch, or patio with a radio  
Ran off battery, young cats is battling  
When challenging me, it seemed to be flattering  
It's a cold world, your gift's a bomber jacket  
Wrap your mind up, keep your eyes up  
Listen

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Word of advice from a father to a son

Son, there's nothing nicer than a well-rocked cypher  
Expose a biter, well-made flier  
In the hands of a productive man  
That grinds until he gains a base of loyal fans  
From the bedrock grown into a dreadlock  
Spawned out of wedlock, give up, bet' not  
'Cause mama made a trail blazer and daddy raised a general  
Down to the mineral, competition's minimal  
Finna pull an all-day melee  
Scribbling revelation to hear what God say  
Dribbling inspiration too  
Exhale a war cry 'til the enemies all die  
And frighten 'em with a virus that enlightens 'em  
Sheer thought should excite them  
Outright outwrite them  
Then mention it's only the beginning  
Listen, son

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