

We Are

Propaganda

Pen to hand, ink to paper, think greater
Penman creator, soul saver, embracer
Love ya not hate ya, small [?]
Walk the earth in strength
Passing it's about being passionate
My joy express it, my learned lesson
In confession you find peace
The soul weeps, the mind soundly sleeps
I rhyme to beats that create clear vision
My timeline's in the vine, my life is written
There's no more forgetting where I came from
Dirt of the earth, I'm a walking [?]
I for one speak volume at the word freedom
Oh you playing death? Watch me close my lips, read 'em
Off beat 'em, my soul high beam, I make you squint
Punch a dent in your think tank, call me a wimp
I'm from the Symph, wish the earth, peace and growth
Swear by the Bible not just cause I'm under oath

We are two of a kind, born to rhyme
We speak in stone throw [?] ripple in time
Looking inside to find a sunrise
Unite, one fight to walk on sunshine

The return of the mic burner
Life, a page turner
Story told in old-school rhetoric
Young, you better get a grip on them words
So that tongue will never slip
Keep mine in line and time will [?]
And change your aggression, an anti-depression
Rip mic session
Lessons learned, Props earned crews the term losers
Fooled ya from birth bruisers
Stand wide in the background
Y'all wondering how the ground shook, now look
Seven records deep in the plan, it's Propagan'
Son of God and Son of Man, falling off the beat never
Challenge me, I'm way too profound to stay underground
And [sense of?] unheard, half-baked word
I'm designed for the nations to embrace what I'm saying
Tunnel Rats, we ain't playin', we breakin' and deejayin'
And splittin' the wax spittin', freestyle or written

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I be like feel me everybody who be hearing my voice
We remain y'all's choice everybody rejoice
He's amazing outside the paint, raining mind-draining
Pain come in waves, I'm working to maintain it
If you understood, you'd regret if you ignore
And open mind flow spilling rhyme on the floor
The illest orator, consistent with the metaphors
I'm better for all the junk I endure

Came through that corridor and the vibe is a must
But I write too much thus I bust in surplus
Sometimes overanxious, okay I'll admit it
Be thinking at a high beat per minute
And it's forcing them to open more doors than Jim Morrison
And tap into a place that seems foreign to them
I'm never boring to them, be the illest illustrator
To ever have the guts to uprock on the equator

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