

# 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 uprook on the equator

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