We Phenomenons

Propaganda

I don't know what this world is coming to!
I don't either

Gather 'round, let me introduce you to few wonders
Not-so-new-comers into moving huge numbers
Revolution changing music, who could do it?
Thought you knew it, grew it from the grassroots
Perfect to the last loop, keep the roof jumpin'
I watch record sales, somebody gotta do something
Just to keep the truth pumpin' through your stereo
Prepared to go where nobody dare to go
Like the university, by day I school youngins
World what you comin' to?
Look what youth runnin' to
What these fools wanna do
Me and [?] done for you
Young buck threw something on your dung like Young Buck
Who frontin'? I ain't gotta prove nothing

I'm Triune and thuggin' a marksman
Cool captain startin' destruction and not a newcomer
I've seen stages of all five elements
The evolution of which my mind inherited
I'll spit thoughts insane to spark your brain
My art I'll say it'll start the change
Listen, I can salvage threat, their life martyred
A rap version of Malcolm X, I'm [?]
Speak for the future, I think for the kids
My thought packet is past 2006
So you can wait for the storm, I'll be the epicenter
While you keep contemplating the norm, I'm the one

On and on, sing the song
Bring it strong, bring it on
Sing along, all along
We phenomenons
Told you that, watch your back
Tunnel rat, holler back
Homie, check the almanac
We phenomenons
Keep it real, keep it still
Cocked and locked at the grill
Still folding record deals
We phenomenons
Scene is too deep and long
I could go on and on
Everybody sing along
We phenomenons

Yeah, walk with me, talk with me
Single file march with me
Rap gas spark with me
Come build an ark with me
Revolution starts with me
Rip this thing apart with me
Part in me partially cause I spit harsh
Is food water rhetoric but never [?] intelligence

Ninety percent of what's on television is irrelevant
But we watch it anyway despite all the distractions
Who gives a flying fornication about Michael Jackson?
And him touching kids, hug my kids when I leave the crib
Teach my [?] to bust a 45th, that's just what time it is
I rhyme to get my point across
You down to ride [?] dog
Going all out for the cause, we ain't going soft
So rock with me, cock [?] and pop with me
I ain't talked about a type of music, you's a pop with me
They use hypocrisy, talked about God, you see
Democracy's a mockery, this is a plutocracy

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Lot of emcees got chips on they shoulders
Like some ex-chicks when it's over
'Cause they not as hip as they culture
Flabby is sick like the holster
Let it go and stick to the script that I wrote, ungh!
Something like a phenomenon
Me and my entourage, we can go bar for bar, come on!
X to the breathe in the song we on
Deep in the audience, seeking the God we all, yo
I rock mics like the streets of Chicago
Rock Nikes with the Jumpman sign and 9-0, yo
How many bars thus far plus nine more
Minus two equals sixteen total my rhyme flow, oh!
Battle me, I spit with my eyes closed
So your chance is too slim like a chick with a size 4, no
Triune get 'em high and I know
Yo we causin' Propaganda this side the entire globe, go!

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