

# Whoa

## Propaganda

My name is Propaganda, Tunnel Rat fam y'all  
You know how we do [?]  
Yo, it's my turn now  
Let's do this y'all [?]

Man it's the future of spittin'  
Hittin' each and every subculture that taught you to represent  
It's shelltoes, moccasins, New Balance, Emerica  
Watch me carry the Word to all  
And feast with [?] beats that [?] with [?]  
Sneakin' mic'phones on three  
A ton of 'em pumpin' until the trumpet sound  
Bump it loud, executing excellence sight and sound  
Y'all puttin' faith in some rap Miles Davis  
Be living through my instruments and renaissance that made us  
Thank God He saved us, I turn invest  
A desire to seize iron, got 'em dying to flesh  
Give me leeway and watch the words enter my bedding  
I get off like the mic was a freeway exit  
Got the replay embedded, better let it sit  
Relay the message to the clique and watch the proud heads let by

I tell my people, my people be like "whoa"  
You tell your people, your people be like "no"  
Want to connect with the people then let's go

I'm alive by divine breath blown through my windpipe  
From dust, I rose choses wanting to fight  
My struggle known as beautiful  
When viewed from eyes with spiritual insight  
By faith and grace I write  
Grab a pen and ignite change with a purifying flame  
So bring it on, I don't care if you got game  
Or boast about titles and emcees you've claimed  
You lost already, my victory is gained by losing it  
And wouldn't make sense to those outside of my movement  
It's based on humility, boosting my abilities  
So you should ease up before you get touched  
The war's on, I fly in reformation  
That's evidence of what I represent  
Well I don't [?] beating crippling your intelligence  
Relevant with Propaganda dropping lines to match ya  
And slap box that which torments your mind  
Can the blind lead the blind?  
Only if based on memory  
I suggest your regiment stop before they're warned heavily

I tell my people, my people be like "whoa"  
You tell your people, your people be like "no"  
Want to connect with the people then let's go

I choose my words wisely, each line I say is crucial  
Pack your bags, I'm an emcee  
It's my job to move you  
Not just dancing but advancing your spiritual condition  
The wrath is approaching, judgment is near  
We gotta stay focused, I've been gifted to spit it brilliant

So it shines from a distance  
Linguistics filled with wisdom  
Flip scripts, Scriptures, scribbles, and scratches  
Crap rappers can't catch this, standing behind the plate  
When I'm pitching, we can show you got no mask or mitt  
No equipment, who got the props  
Take a gander, kid I'll buck shots, but not actor  
I cock back the camera and blast  
In the session I'm sending sentences rapid speed  
You're senseless, I'm deaf to it  
Don't rap or speak, please stop it  
Obnoxious I get nauseous when you hold the mic  
It's Braille Brizzy aight, the rapper's delight prototype  
Eye doctor givin' sight when I grab a pen and write  
The return of Christ is absolute and guaranteed like the end of life

I tell my people, my people be like "whoa"  
You tell your people, your people be like "no"  
Want to connect with the people then let's go