

These Walls Don't Lie

Promoe

Uh one two, uh one two. And you don't stop
Production dj large and promoe on the mic
for all my people, people (graffiti writers)
It goes a little something like this

It was the last days of summer sun shine'in through the window
Life movin' real slow, you know how things go
His friends knew him by the name of Bingo
As he turned up the volume of a hot new single
From Looptroop his favorite rap group
He loved how they represented him yo, the graff youth
From the grass roots he came from sweden to
Felt proud when he played his new friends the latest tunes
Check this shit out man; that he had to download
Cause his local record store was on the other side of the globe
They didn't carry the stuff, but he felt it was ok to do
He spread the troops message all the way to australia dude
Oh man I couldn't be wrong when long arm and freedom fighters wears his fuck
ing theme songs
In their headphones those nights he spent when we stayed up
Adrenaline rush when we enter the layup singin'

Babababa baaaa
You know graffiti won't die.. die

Babababa baaaa (no it won't)
(uh huh)Because these walls don't lie.. lie..(we don't lie)

Babababa baaaa (come on)
I'm dedicating this beat.. peace..(huh)

Babababa baaaa
(he said)To those d.v.s.g:s

They stepped in with a grin and a boosted Kangol
Mimicking the king Rick the ruler's manors
Fresh dressed in his newest shoes and flannels
Then began letting off with the loosest cannons
Figuring this will be my coolest panel
But when they see it all they see is just a gruesome scandal
Erasin' all signs of life, callin the youth some vandals
They can't handle the truth so that's how the truth is handled
Deep into the music and his art man, his true love
Didn't even notice when the train pulled up
And before the bloodstains faded or the engine cooled off
That very same train hit another writer: Olaf
On a different continent though: Europe
But then they came to the same place that I'm sure of
In this world people always looked upon them as a terror
But now 50 000 chariots singin' the chorus, going...

Refrain: Babababa baaaa (uh ha, uh ha)
Graffiti writers won't die.. die.. no

Babababa baaaa (I'm telling you)
Because these walls don't lie.. lie.. (they don't lie)

Babababa baaaa
(come on) I'm dedicating this song.. song

Babababa baaaa
To those gone, your memory live on.. on

I know a lot of people including myself get uncomfortable
When people including myself get emotional
But I gotta be true to myself and to most of y'all
Man I still got love for graffiti culture though
A lot of people including myself get uncomfortable
When people including myself get emotional
But I gotta be true to myself and to most of y'all
Man I still got love for graffiti culture though

A lot changed from the days of Spray can stories
See me in the yard today, lost like a freakin' tourist
And I don't claim to know much, all I really know is
We were 17 once actin' like we were immortals
Fearin' no evil, people said we had no morals
That's fine, their corrupt world it really wasn't for us
We just laughed at the bullshit names that they called us
Hated us, we hated them and both sides found out what a war is
We were winning in the beginning then found out 'bout the horrors
Don't get me wrong my love a hundred percent, no less
And peace to my people, we grow with the knowledge
I bite Tone Def same time I'm payin' homage
To cats from South Africa, writers from New York
Australia, Spain, France and Germany, up north
Still the same rapper tellin' cops to fuck off
And all my writers: Survive! This my love song to y'all

Babababa baaaa
(don't they know that graffiti can't be stoped.)

Babababa baaaa
(This one is for my train bombing, train trashing.)

Babababa baaaa
(to all my graff writers who want the sun up.)

Babababa baaaa
(reminisce'n on many days of being a writer)

Babababa baaaa
You know graffiti won't die die noo

Babababa baaaa
because these walls don't lie lie noo

Babababa baaaa
to all my people world wide wide yoo

Babababa baaaa
all my writers survive yo..