

Redefine Cutter

Propaganda

73rd and San Pedro,
Uncle Sunny and Odell
Take your pick on what killed ya
Bullets, cancer, or jail
Huh, what a life.
Listen

I came out a town in gangs
And a gang of grace
Cuz fo' sho' sin abounds and round these parts
Crowns is made of tin foil
And them boys play Halo with real guns
Lay low
Right there I blang slang
That twice born rhetoric
Our Papi pound the ground
And out came all humanity
Write heavy handed
Sharpie ink laced with mercury
Magnetic raps to draw out all impurities
Round the time the good Lord took mama winnin
The light bulb turned on
This world ain't my home
I huddled up to Triage
With curb servers and griots
That's such an L.A. reference
All good if you don't get it
But for those who would listen
I break you out your radio prison
Redefine manhood, blackness, and time
Shape and define culture
Let me fashion you some shades
Introduce you to a trend that transcends the will of men
LORD

I ain't a product
I ain't apologizing
You ain't a number
Pay them no minding
Ring the alarm
We came to redefine cutter
Carve truth in his heart
And love on her arms

Hey, I'm literate in graffiti
I am not at all kidding
From the heart of the city
That Stevie lived just enough for
Jackson, Mississippi: My people toiled the soil
And share croppers' pop coppers got they kin lynched in
That was the lynch pin of the mass migration into Texas
Rest of us would push west still
Manifest destiny
A black American family
Wanted better for they kids
And landed in Southern Cali
Who knew it was a war zone, my uncles got recruited in

Shawn and Kiona seen death out in Compton
But they ain't fall victim
Cousin Brandon either
We should have framed the tax return and moved us to Covina
There I met the mic and spray can instead of blue rags
And fell in love with flairs and entiendo Spanglish
Stand on my own and rep the Son of Man
And brand my own chest so I would never blend in
LORD