

Proper Propaganda

Dilated Peoples

(Harry Allen)

We're coming to you live from the Scottish Right Temple
Near the intersection of Crenshaw and Wiltshire
Where, as you can see in the background
Military personnel are mobilized and waiting orders
Despite the quiet and the deceptive calm,
tension is still
thick in the air after last night's concert and rebellion
The incident was allegedly sparked by
police officers trying
to shut down a reportedly peaceful concert by hip hop artists
Dilated People's We'll keep you updated with any new developments. For Triclops
Media Watch, this is Harry Allen, hip hop activist and media assassin
And now, Proper Propaganda. (Begin Song) Watch it. Yes. (Indistinct shout-outs)

(Verse 1)

Yo, we handle it, these brothers are fabulous
Dilated's showing you what rhyme travel is,
Words spittoon from sunlight to moon
Bustin' on stage like gunfights in saloons
Bring, my mic back, you like that?
Journalists? We're journalists too, we could strike back
Hardcore reporters with orders from headquarters
Behind enemy lines, sidestepping the borders
Press passes, we bring it to you as it happens
The streets love my crew from music to rappin
Street commander slash beat expander
Yeah, they fight the slander with the proper propaganda
What's happenin'? You got a question? Then ask it
The news is just a TV show, get past it
And this, from a quiet wartime journalist
Headlines, wake up, refuse and resist
Resist, like this, like this

Like thi-thi-thi-thi-thi-thi-thi-thi-this, y'all (Chorus)

We kick finance action, and scores of sports
Politics, new fashion and war reports
Entertainment, when we come to perform
Watch, the illest weatherman in the biz with the storm watch
Triclops Media, record, tape and TV, Net radio, CD or DVD
Our sights (like rhymes on paper time)
This is why Baboo is scratching and keeping time (Scratching) (Verse 2)

Glory, the pen is mightier than the sword
Cause the pen gives the word sending swords to war
They twisted it when he pulled Mao Tse-tung
They said political power comes from the barrel of a gun
The officer meets his fate, .44 by .38

It was a dirty deed, but that don't mean a dirty case
Witnesses against the state are shushed
Facts overlooked so the judge can throw the book
Perhaps for politicians with something to prove
In the city where they blew the roof off and move Yo, questions when answered leads to more
questions
Why it takes months to deliver a confession?
The principles are the same even without the name
But I still say M-U-M-I-AI have to fight, it could easily be me
But just being the thinker than speakin it freely
Although I use my brain before using a fist
Don't push it, wake up, refuse and resist(Scratching)
(Chorus)

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>