

Promoe "These Walls Don't Lie"

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A-1-2, A-1-2

But you don't stop

Then let the short shot

Production: DJ Large

And Promoe on the mic(on the mic, on the mic)

For all my people(all my people, graffiti writers!)

Goes a little something like this:

It was the last days of summer

Sun shinin' 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 on the hot new single

(Turn it up son!)

From Looptroop his favourite rapgroup

He loved how they represented him yo

The graffyouth from the grassroots

He came from Sweden too

Felt proud when he played

His new friends the latest tunes

Check this shit out man

That he had to download

Cause his local recordstore

Was on the other side of the globe

They didn't carry the stuff

But he felt it was okay to do

He spread the Troop's message

All the way to Australia, dude

And man that couldn't be wrong

When Long Arm and Freedom Fighters

Were his fuckin' theme songs

In the headphones those nights

He spent when he stayed up

Adrenaline Rush

When he entered the lay up, singin...

Bada papa papa...

You know graffiti won't die, die

No, it won't, aha

Because these walls don't lie, lie (They don't lie)

Come on

I'm dedicatin' this piece, aha

He said, to those DVSG's

And stepped in with a grin and a boosted Kangol
Mimicking the king
With the ruler's manners
Fresh dressed
In his newest shoes and flannels
Then began lettin' on
With the loosest cannons
Figurin' this'll 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 this is 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
Before the bloodstains faded
On the engine cooler
The very same train
Hit another writer: Olaf
On a different continental: 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...
Bada papa papa...
(aha, aha)
Graffiti writers won't die, die, no
(I'm telling you)
Because these walls don't lie, lie, no
(They don't lie)
Come on
I'm dedicatin' this song, song
To those gone
Your memory live on(live on)
Bridge:
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 Spraycan 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 lover
Hundred percent, no less
Peace to my people
We grow with the knowledge
I bite on death same time
I'm playin' hardish to catch
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
Bada papa papa...
You know graffiti won't die, die, no
Because these walls don't lie, lie, no
To all my people world wide, wide, yo'
All my writers survive

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