

Articles of Propaganda

These are the articles of propaganda
if we cock hammers they blam us
lock Gods inside slammers
block knowledge then damn us
rather choose fear than understand us
see, I don't understand this
I see so many highly intelligent beings
poisoned by the words they choosin
politics just noise to cause confusion
they say we should think outside the box
but inside this box I'm thinkin more
they systematically seekin to capture and rattle me
not knowin they increasin the chances of another casualty
an I ain't talkin bout casually killin mines
I'm casually talkin bout killin minds
an destroyin the articles of propaganda
fuck being confined to a box in the slammer
just cause they don't want to stop and understand a
young black man from a place on top of your map where nine
outta ten got hammers
my city cold so I keep heat so the streets don't slam us
See, I keep Marcus Garvey in my soul
cause there's much we hardly know
and much more we can't control
like, they killin dreams on the compound
tellin us calm down
don't make me drop a bomb down

lay face first on the ground
 don't make me grab arms and beare down
 These are the articles of propaganda
 where is my life without liberty
 in my pursuit of happiness they limit me
 block my peace of mind deliberately
 take these morals and these values and deliver these
 but these are the poisons infringin on my liberties
 every leader I was given they been killin these
 they seek to silence us steada settin colloquial precedence
 See, they will never tear my soul asunder
 or blind me with the lies that make some wonder
 sometimes when I'm down and this weather I feel under
 I look up at the these stars and wonder
 why my medulla amygdala so similar to my father
 how I grew up way over here but ended up way over yonder
 I sojourn for the truth
 thank Alex Haley for The Roots
 Huey P new bout the proof
 for Kings Dream I'm a shoot
 cause X marked the spot
 that by any means necessary I'm a plot for
 till I'm not blocked by a locked door
 an even then I'm still goin plot more
 cause I done seen a lot but missed a lot more
 I got a lot of homies now who a thought though
 'member we were kids plottin on the top floor
 now I'm standin on the grass lookin at they plot though
 thinkin bout my future this shit gotta stop though

seen too many televised lies truth despise a liar
 humbled by what I see in my sons eyes
 either I'm Hells Angel or Heavens Demon baptized in eternal
 fire
 since his heart beats first beep
 I been tryin to raise a man though
 fuck stickin to they plan though
 kickin door commando
 choppa Talibando tryin to get them bandz though
 I'm a set the record straight
 show him what they'll never take
 mind strong Gorilla tape
 been a long road still feel the hate though
 grew up off the land with a full plate though
 had to take a breather tell'em wait break slow
 had to take a breather tell him wait break slow

Here is a Copy of one I wrote 2 years ago when
 I first got to this prison. keep this copy I have
 plenty and the original

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