Do Anything But Stop

Conrado Muluc

Verse 1: We're more than tenements/ streets withstanding elements/ I'm here to represent/ with indigenous images/ a yo I'm vigilant and infinite with the vividness/ A yo like Gordon Parks picture this/ a son of immigrants/ raised in a poverty ridden apartment/ my single mother couldn't afford the deposit/ so we had to rent out the living room and the closet/ con un permiso de trabajo trabajando diario/ doing her best to make it work/ but I could tell that she was hurt/ fast forward to the present/ now I got a son and daughter to raise/ but it's hard to raise them on minimum wage/ so I channel my rage/ and break the cage of my imprisonment/ hopefully changing the lives of those who listening/ Ayo my vision is to counteract this indifference/ so if you're different than we're the same/ yo, its melanin that keeps me sane/ through the insanity I've felt the pain/ picking picket signs in the pouring rain

Hook: No negativity killing this energy/ I'm a rock until the end of me/ until my lack of energy/ gets the best of me/ building a legacy/ living through the memories of those who remember me/ so when the pressure is non-stop Do Anything But Stop/ when they kicking you out the block/ Do Anything But Stop/ for the love of Hip Hop/ Do Anything But Stop/ anything but stop

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Verse 2: Even when we shine like flickering streets lights/ in an ominous cold night don't lose sight/ of ancestral insight, this is your life/ paint it like Basquiat/ every physical brush stroke is significant to your spiritual/ don't lose hope, you're the equivalent of dope/ even when you can't cope/ and realities uppercut got you by the ropes/ if we fall, we still rise/ like Mayah Angelou writing from vivid sunsets to sunrise/ I synchronized her third eye/ with these words of mine/ hoping that every line connects you to your divine/ feminine and masculine energy intertwined/

connected throughout the centuries through the mind/ it's about time/ I'm ready to take a chance again/ so I can thrive like my houseplants/ growing out of the circumstance that I'm potted in/ yo its ok to start again/ cause no matter what we destined to win, word

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Verse 3: Ayo we fresh like spray painted graffiti on walls/ or a collage by Romare Beardon/ how about a movie premiered in a ghetto abroad/ a midnight marauder accompanied by God/ not a faced/ cause only the realist can feel this/ I wonder if mi abuela can hear this?/ and if she could I hope she knows I'm doing good/ moved up out the hood/ but I'm planning to return like I should/ and if I could I would write her name in a cumulous cloud/ followed by beautiful sounds of mariachis singing through town/ they only love you when you not around/ before the casket caresses the ground/ give me my flowers now/ delivered in a bouquet of elegance/rocking intelligent para mi gente, up in their residence/ no time for negligence, foes or fancy cars/ when you're heavenly sent from the stars/ to write the dopest bars/ from here to where ever you're