

## 400 Years

CYNE

Akin:

I'm passing Gods conception approaching near the land deception adjust the mirror  
in my rearview i see reflection  
at times my highways lead to bleak direction so i seek confession speaking to  
o beats  
i call it resurrection cuz i got my soul back  
some call me pro black  
really i'm just playing my part i could've sold crack  
it's not for me  
my old man thought of prophecy  
Kwame Nkrumah's vision live in my odyssey for real  
but not ya Homer in Greek mythology  
Akin devise schemes to conquer this trickology  
the time is now to forsake the faking  
I'm freedom in the making  
GOD's kitchen chef rock a frigid apron

Cise Starr:

My pulse quickening  
As my heart became a simile  
I drift into the reaches of self  
I felt panicky  
Hoping for anarchy  
Liberation from this insanity  
Tears running down my cheek hit the canopy  
Wall of self doubt Shout scream and wail  
At the pain coursing through  
My being I'm in a hell of thought  
Caught between a rock and hard place  
My personal space violated catching a case  
I can even taste the bittersweet smell of defeat  
I'm feeling the heat of blood running down in the street  
Then look where I stand  
My shadow is the trace of a man  
That endured the hardships Formulating a plan

Chorus:

For 400 years we shed tears  
and when it's death among peers we poor beers but for what  
look what the world made me  
enslaved me but at the end what the fu\*k is gonna save me

Akin:

System ridiculous they fabricate lies now i'm sick of this  
like people with syphilis  
still trying to cripple this will revolution rap attack Pope Nicholas  
chill don't ever tell me that  
lies they try to sell me that, i can't afford it your evolution get aborted  
let it be known  
i don't condone thrones in Rome  
call it prejudice  
i sever this mic with a poem  
folks will hate to see this and mercenaries out for Jesus  
live from the pearly white gates about to squeeze is godly bad?  
confederate flags i'm held hostage  
no forty acres and mule abused profits

no forty acres and mule abused profits

Cise Starr:

I'm breaking these shackles

They got me chained away from my liberty

Look at the history

How they treated us through the centuries

Like inanimate animals

Only given annual holidays

To represent the hardships we endure today

That's not enough

What the fu\*k we getting comfortable now, looking like clowns

While industry is taking our crowns

And tarnishing our soul

Trading our worth for platinum and gold

Our souls are undersold

For what / Semiprecious pieces of metal value changing with time

Open your eyes we need to rise Open your eyes we need to rise Open your eyes  
we need to rise