

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