

[Cise Star:]

Feelin the rush, my heart palpitate to the beat
While I step to the stage in a daze, ready release
Settin loose the soul, hands gripped tight on the microphone
Whether it's right or wrong, or ready to get it on, gone
Into the inner most chamber of love
The music's a drug, it's keepin my heart from gettin numb
Livin, walkin and talkin singin, hopin that Lord will it
Children under the sun, dance til the sky spinnin
Listen or know never, tougher then good leather
We gonna rock it steady, the sound is so clever
Together, tight knit to the sweater
While I end you again, let's live forever

But I chronicle my death for toll
Writin myself down till I reach my goal
Cuz only heaven knows when I'm gonna stop
Maybe it's just when my body drops
My body drops

[Akin:]

From the black stage you lurkin on
To these songs I'm working on
A ying-yang theory, came like light was shone upon
Exhibiting a have-not, we all hustling to get cash
I'm hopin this mic, strike a jackpot
Of wisdom to the globe, piercing earlobes
Wit jewels real heavy yet steady when you rock it
Love for my b-girl, I'm comin out the pocket
Captivated by life, created on paper
I bomb with the off on that's sworn to escape the
Narrow gates of hate that conquer man's nature
Man in the mirror still shy til I face ya
Head high, hold ground, and speech is my major
Supreme rock graduate, got pens to stab you wit
Poetic sketches of pain that rain thoughts immaculate

[Cise Star:]

I chronicle my life for toll
I grasp my path, this pen I scroll
See only God knows what the future hold
But still I take cover cause this world is cold, this world is cold

I chronicle my life for toll
I grasp my path, this pen I scroll
See only God knows what the future hold
Man I take cover but this world is cold
Man this world is cold

[Cise Star:] In between the lines, I write my heart swiftly

[Akin:] So turn another page, I rage until I'm empty

[Cise Star:] I'm simply the best, caress words so gently

[Akin:] It's paragraphs I laugh, last lines I'm endin

[Cise Star:] Beginning of the end, I touch streets with meanin

[Akin:] Awake but in the day so maybe I'm still dreamin

[Cise Star:] Bein

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