

Escape

CYNE

(Hook: Cise Star)

Hold up man gotta be free
Hold up man gotta be me
Hold up man gotta stand up
Brush off cause we gonna breakthrough these
Fuck that hold back now get low
Don't shit in my su su studio
We gonna rock to the top
Keep it hot to the block
Til the people don't stop
Ha get go

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(Verse 1: Cise Star)

How you feel about the up til you get down
Why you sound like a punk bitch get grown
Gimme some links with them grits real quick bitch
Ha ha new day yes sir get gone
Runaway to the runway catch sun
Take off to exhaust while I twist one
Turn on to the song while I move you
Damn can I move you yes don't question
New socks, new shirt, dirty dishes
New car, no gas, so vicious
Oh my god oh my god don't you listen
No pot to piss in Muslim, Christian
Same shit new day ain't nothing changed
New shit same day can you feel the pain?
Oh my god oh my god can you make a change
If I see this shit again think I'm gonna go insane

(Verse 2: Cise Star & Akin)

When will these humans learn
Empires crash and burn
A house of cards that's built on sand will never ever work
Hush that what's that cause the truth hurts
Groundwork being laid for the world church
In the guise of love we gonna give it up
Submit or fall, hear the bomb burst
Blast blast, now we all caught in police state
Walk or run right into that old redneck grave
The Girls and boys got fire in the hole
School's out go play
They shooting, so move
Now we all caught in police state
Do you want to escape or pray
Escape, put God in the classroom

We're OK
Intelligent design

(Verse 3: Cise Star & Akin)

It's the year of the boombox turn off radio
Fight for apocalypse shut down studio
Down studio down studio down studio
This is that 808 rap
We spit light let sky crack
We see it, loophole where
Gotta get that come again what
Say its that 808 rap
We spit light let sky crack
We see it, loophole where
Gotta get that come again what
Gotta get that come again what
Too much too soon and the ball drop
Not much have not and you call cops
Black bars no sleep with the padlocks
Let's get free small voice in the boondocks
Get right get wrong who the fuck knows
Choose a side pick a lie and you make foes
Don't like what you hear then you close doors
I'm gonna say how I feel til you all know
Blast blast, now we all caught in police state
Walk or run right into that old redneck grave
The Girls and boys got fire in the hole
School's out go play
They shooting, so move