

Evolution Fight

CYNE

While optimists dream
I weave my life with esteem
In and out of what's logic, shit ain't quite what it seems
I pause, soaking in applauds and criticism
I crack a smile basking my flaws in cynicism
But i'm still searching for them happy days
And for a fresh start i'm cutting my hair but not my nappy ways
Its kinda hard fucking with so many faces
And trying to have our music touch oh so many bases
Places embracing us when we not home
with pen arms or clench fist trust We're rocking on
Living this moment of truth being is relevant
Divine timing this beat must be heaven sent
Locked in the room for days
So i can write this
I'm solitudes best friend for now though i might just stab 'em in the back
Open up my door
Go and buy a TV, so i can watch the war
Maybe not i think rather chill and smoke
And just be with my thoughts and perhaps some hope
While on a quest for green i gotta pay the rent
Still i'm trying to make A dollar outta what makes sense
I'm on quest for green cuz i gotta pay the rent
Still i'm trying to make A dollar outta what makes sense cuz

Baby boomer aging
Hormone raging kids they all adore this hip hop
Red yellow black caucasian latin asian what are we fighting for
Its war outside i'm trying to keep my head up to the sky
Before it falls all on my head then i can't cope that's why

Even if i get the fortune and fame
I'm a prey in this game
1980 baby crazy aborting the lame
Open future it's wide-open stay on my toes
Some are fragile i'm agile aiming at foes
Those cowardly man
They ruling with an iron hand and they got power to swing and strike a Godly
plan
Oh tell me why the church of the pope they lie
If i controlled gas you know john paul'll fry
He's mixing church with the state confusing the masses
Then sell that religion as water in half glasses
Aids in africa the children are dying
Billion dollar budget conquer mars who's flying
Oh shit better yet who's spying
Can you see the peeping tom on earth when he's eyeing pluto Jupiter
In the age of neptunes we hop to the beat
Street leap gimme leg room
I need to maneuver back to my roots
Speak food for thought mind obese from the fruit
Loop over and over this life that i sample
Pop goes the world make moves now gamble life on a roll
I write this as i mold
Hope to translate experiences
Mics will behold a new world order
Same sex marriage

White mans plight on pause might perish

Honey roasted lies
No grams of carbohydrates
Look slanted eyes
Surprise
A shitty mind state
Control the nation
With the amber alerts
The Elderly are going berserk
The medicine hurts
Too much
Money exchanges the hand of pharmaceuticals
The Rates going up
It fucked
Sitting in cubicles
Emotional bombs are ready to launch
They ripping apart
The fabric that make who we are
It tears
Much too easily
We fornicated our morals
uh huh
Fuck the deity
Its anal or its oral
Watch the skies that we scrape with buildings
Stuff the Ritalin down the throats of children it real
Check ya order in this fast food nation
I got Iraq war the game for PlayStation
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