

# Haze

CYNE

ayo ayo  
well guess who's taken over this  
just like supreme soviet  
is down by lord's gover  
fit up all the fist  
brown skinned man  
as puerto rican places  
still making plans  
while they make the better  
i spit better  
the quite essential  
mic phenom  
the rhyme dealin  
when dealing true fellow and  
this new world up  
we like to call hold up  
hold what a great and free  
and the unknown wrong  
with host of future  
black moguls  
blue collar whites  
with the mic define roaches  
that's utopia  
I'm getting over ya  
hell gets the lead head heart  
when I hold it to the paper write a song  
so you can all sing along  
fuck that  
i reggae allong  
so your school's out  
as bags  
over baghdad and iraq  
two at the same time  
I'm sick of you Labrons  
you're praying when it's game time

Surviving the storm  
go pack multiple forms  
psychodelic with the relic  
stargate to beyond  
2001 space osessy in the sun  
like tryin em  
in the game  
so deep in the blood  
following hope  
pushin over stumbling blocks  
holding on to the little bit of love that I've got  
for my peoples in the city  
sapping cultivate on  
to my peoples in the country  
that we built in homes  
to my fathers  
that be paying child support to their kids  
to my dullin out brothers  
in jail doin bits  
keep your head up  
heart strong

with fists in the air  
keep your weight up  
for Cise Star  
we're taking advance  
so brief

We're gonna kill it with the spirit of change  
I be the only brother fed it with flames

Move it to this  
move it do it  
make your daddy proud  
proud  
now we speak into  
shit too deep  
we stack up a crowd  
ayo  
they go

I see people  
how they want to be seen  
just an another human being  
tryin to makin a dream  
it's the little thing  
that mean so much in this life  
So I'ma treat you like a brother  
fuck a wicked device  
be the more better blues  
when you are good and you lose  
be the black man surviving  
paying my dudes  
being ridiculous wickedness  
im singing on news  
that makes up witty cam  
hit a missile  
what do we do  
cultivation new experience  
open your arms  
embrace everything that's around you  
cause you're living with god  
holding on  
holding strong  
cause we're living it now  
keep it on  
hope is on  
cause love is found  
for real  
speak easy to the gravel on streets  
ask for more beats  
immanent inner heat  
be many many tears casue the role is harsh  
striving in the city of god