

Just Say No

CYNE

(Verse 1: Akin)

Hot in the name of no don but Bishop Tutu
We make Planet Rock, neo-Zulu
Nation at loss oh gosh who boss who knew
We're all Tony Danza's dancing for Angela
Angela, Pamela, Renee
I love you, and from around the way I stay
In your project, hood, or tenement
The rubberband man stand count benjamin
Hail washington bullet hole Kennedy
They rap comatose nigga we got remedy

Wake the fuck up wake the fuck up
That Nelly shit sucks little girls don't buy it
Wake the fuck up wake the fuck up
They underground stagnant too scared to move

(Verse 2: Akin)

So I'ma rock back and lean with it
That music like crack kill black self esteem get it
We've been dancing for too long
My feet hurt plus
My back ain't too strong
If it ain't young, it's young sleazy
Money don kill the game y'all believe me cause
Everybody up in the club I don't dance
Bitches wanna fuck for cost I won't pay
Got money in the bank
This time we getting paid right

Eje a jo
Eje a jo
Eje a jo
Eje a jo

(Verse 3: Cise Star)

Sometimes I rhyme slow sometimes I rhyme quick
Turn on the radio then damn I get sick
Every 10 minutes be the same playlist
With these doo doo ass rappers and their speak-and-spell hits
Fuck that shit my stereo's gonna quit
Playing tired ass rhymes out your painted white lips
Money now but you still act a fool
Doing Dr. Seuss rhymes and your label Playskool
Fuck that shit I'm a grown ass man
Doing grown ass things as I god damn can
While you cop chains I'ma buy me some land
While you sit on 24s I'ma build with my fans
Giving you the real shit
Shit you can deal with
Listen on the corner as the plane hit the building
CYNE mixtapes for the women and the children
One per person, play it in your churches