

# 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