

# Moonlight

CYNE

(Akin)

These days rappers are shitty  
Really gritty, that's what my style is  
I culture shock the most  
We boast, but yet we modest  
Fuck stereotypes, we've spent many a nights  
Fightin' the likes of hypocrites with every a mic  
We bold,  
Poetic slave but I ain't never been sold  
Or I was told to move my prose and go for gold  
Oh, no you didn't  
Think I was bullshittin'  
My gift of gab is real as troops sittin',  
Brown skin warriors, in the Middle East,  
Words are pen and piece of rapin'  
(For real, nothing's sacred)  
In these last days, where corny rap's the crackcane  
While I map waves to validate my rap days  
Caught in the tension, some call the art of suspension, we  
Pursue the heart and use the art as a weaponry  
Pursue the heart and use the art as a weapon, see?  
Pursue the heart and use the art as a weapon, yo.

(Cise Star):

Soft radiance, baby I'm in the moonlight  
Get in a groove until you move right  
Come on baby, we gon' live life  
Hold tight, lose sight, it's alright  
Soft radiance, baby I'm in the moonlight  
Get in a groove until you move right  
Come on baby, we gon' live life  
Hold tight, lose sight, it's alright

It's alright

For my midnight fever brushing my shoulders  
I'm stepping out in the club, the Cise is the renaissance  
Bringin' it back to slowin' it down  
From the up to downtown, nigga I get around  
The people they know me, I'm taking this slowly  
This city is mine, you blind son, only the lonely  
Stand at the top, I'm chased by the haters and cops  
That don't wanna see a nigga shine, I own the block  
You fuckin' wit' him? You fuckin' wit me,  
You betta believe you might leave with blood on your sleeve  
Wreckin' the place and put a sour taste in your face  
Escapin' the grace and got one foot in the grave  
The money you made, lyrical art disseminate,  
Oppress the mind like lyrical and biblical days  
We ready to take him, you niggas are hatin'  
Motherfucker, you what? Talk shit, I ain't playin',  
Now

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(Akin)

Ay, yo  
I'm feelin' off balance, you know my style's kinda different  
It's not quite commercial, yet beyond the ground vision  
Catch me in stores, a nigga fall between giants  
Yet I just do it fluid, I'm classic, check the mind  
Before the tours of all types, what flavor are yours?  
You can get it now or later, niggas headed for morgues  
I bring it, crime and king, while emcees get thrown  
Right out the ring, wit' yo' bling shit, it's sing-along  
(For real)  
I got a fetish to rock a true beat boy  
Rock steady when I grip mics, my clone is a decoy to trap  
Wack niggas explorin' the thought of battlin'  
I double dare you to come near fool, I'm better than  
Michael Jack, you talk then I might go slap  
Taste out your mouth, damn look, now you're bitter  
Quitter, after you heard me and Clyde rip  
Them boys like 'put that down, you got a vise grip'

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