

# Opera

CYNE

(Verse 1: Akin)

A fight grimey grey smoke  
Young folk behind me  
Stool pigeon mocked got shot untimely  
Nine miles of running he only had another left  
Say hello alien glad to meet your brother death  
We are metropolis united and we here for  
Beige, white, green, red, bill, juan or hector  
Jenny from the block Vanessa on the hilltop  
Keisha got knocked up black girl lost shit  
Enforce it overseeing laws and endorse it  
Runaway so yo I don't give a horseshit  
I'm the man with the master plan  
Now hiring smiling faces in demand y'all  
Pay per view special brokeback and dead jews  
Surround sound hatred wait and get a earful  
We all need a brand don't we all need a hand  
I'm suicidal sheep reborn elephant and  
Grab your binoculars  
We going to the Opera  
Resident alien where's jimmy Hoffa  
2Pac Amaru black vote in memorium  
Escape them now go scream republic

(Verse 2: Cise Star)

Suicide kings reign hope on apocalypse  
The doctors say pull it but the family stays stopping it  
Sky so blue but the water looking ominous  
The monster in the deep and the closet and it's pondering  
That nigga went to jail so he kissing on Michael  
Swears he a muslim but he still reads the bible  
Shit's so confused like top breaking news  
How we go from genocide to Jolie baby blues  
No priorities so the story's boring me  
Fuck a damn terrorist I'm harmed by the authorities  
Red and blue lights in my mirror every night  
Stay stay in the car blind by the flashlight  
All up in my shit goddamn you a bitch  
You better write me a fucking ticket

(Verse 3: Akin)

Grab your binoculars  
We going to the Opera  
Alek Wek beautiful fuck paris hilton  
Trust fund babies got beats and they rhyme too  
With no imagination  
We are hip hop  
Now I'm bigga tomas live on the set drinking evian  
Still nude director yelled "cut" why your panties on  
Quick belladonna we only need a couple takes  
So we got hot I blew heaven on her pretty face  
And these are the breaks  
For all who relate to this tragedy at stake  
Adult biz can make you lose all  
Juice dog you was once native  
Naïve in thought protagonist save him  
Hallmark cards blonde sex gods they gave him

Religion like crack musical clap that they made him  
All weak softy asleep need coffee  
Go back to killa shhh  
Kill her shhh softly