

## Rousseau

CYNE

(Akin)

A chimp in the jungle, I like to gather wisdom in bundles  
My arms sway from the branches of life, I write humble  
My notes I crumble, my hopes I fumble  
Can't drop it, a ghost among you folks that stumble 'cross logic  
I'm definite, like change I strain with rewards while  
Speck and Enoch start bangin' on boards  
Daily routines like fiends that stuck on the crack pipe  
I rhyme over feedback, dare mics not to act right  
The emcee, and see y'all just tempt me  
With all your propaganda, your souls' empty  
I was born free, now I stay confined  
To this day and time  
A slave to the ways of the world  
Although I'm not blind  
Machine gotta, hold on your blue-jean Prada  
Whether you white, black, rich or poverty's product  
It's a known fact  
Sorta like forty acres they owe black  
Some might hitch-hike on hopes that never rolled back

(Rico Suave)

I was born free  
But now I'm like a slave to society  
Can't get a license without consent to field sobriety  
If you have a plan they say life will flow beautifully  
I need tech support  
Like Vanilla Sky  
'Cause somebody lied to me  
Told me shit was cool  
I made good grades, but damn, I got kicked outta school  
It doesn't matter  
My computer doesn't read the data  
Even if you're smart your life still can get shattered  
Into little pieces, this is my thesis  
Just 'cause I raise beats in the belly of the beasts  
My people die in vain  
Their pain is on my brain  
And how can I get by when held by this mental strain?  
I just don't understand  
I bes a grown ass man  
But every time I see the cops they make me lift my hands  
So they can pat me down, and I just don't see how  
I play by their rules but they still treat me foul  
Damn!

(Cise Star)

So what is this I'm living?  
Day-in and day-out, earning  
My soul I'm overspending, it's the petty change I'm getting  
Back through transactions, money limits my actions  
I try to raise up, but damn!  
Trying to move, I struggle  
Moving through hurt's trouble  
Bumping my head against the ceiling, I ain't even stumble  
My eyes so black-and-blue, rattle my shackles too  
I try to remove 'em, but damn!

Sounds like that I'm in hell  
But really I'm in jail  
The space between my two ears became my private cell  
Ready, willing, and able  
Anything just to stable  
They just cut off my cable!  
No food up in my kitchen, but I got dirty dishes  
Does that make any sense?  
My life ain't ever easy, my girlfriend's gonna leave me  
Who scratched my Nas CD?  
(Aww man, you lettin' Kenny hold your CDs again man? Motherfucker always scr  
atchin' my CDs man)