

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)