

Akin:

Fuck a penny for my thoughts, here's a dollar if you can hear me hollar why they pop collar.
Champaign and combosie, I press play on a RCA to bring a legend back for artists,
stay tuned with the stars man, design bars man I rock with a passion of fight cause life's hard.
As long as my sky spinnin, and I reside in it I define livin with though slides trippin,
killin innocence fuck a black man's an innocent especially when held by Keen MC's that grimace,
and fuck your thinking the worlds mine your dumb def or blind s marten up see the signs.
Building falls, but race war we brawl like a new civil war fuck Bush and Gore,
I got one shot to make it to the top like a runaway slave ya'll better call the cops,
I must be tragic towards the pop culture fabric surreal to the listener this shit must be magic.

Cise Starr:

It's the art of war stores trying to sell me on the bullshit, I'm laced up buckles n belts pens and toolkits,
building up my city on rock and roll n soul, coming back on the physical wax so fuck gold.
Not a soldier of fortune, but believer in the defense, protector of the rights, I fight the current events.
Soul so bright I cause a total eclipse, fuck a new order I became my own sequence.
Individual might with individual sight with hot lyrical mics high intensity nights. (try and walk with me)

Cise Starr:

Back on the stage in a fiery blaze, letting loose the inner sanctum while I conjure the grave,
resurrecting on cassett cause my heart in stone, chip on my shoulder cause I'm always alone.

Akin:

And man, Its hard to breath without fucking up trees, I zone without the microphone ascribing at ease,
Enoch blest the instro, I let the pen strokes paper knocks close to the fate look at menstros,
reminisce on way back in the day the black face on the screen n those crackers mock slaves,
fuck a song and a dance what you get is a glance a birds eye view through black experience,
what a sling be a brake a slug meets its fate, white crawls on

a nigga dick.

Goddamn my nigga it's like i've been here before, like polaroid
shot picture i've been here for store.

The agonizing truth, just lock me up in that booth, cause I'm k
eep on spittin this shit it's for the youth

Young nigga's comin in young Madurai umbrella ya head get ahead
in this game, my nigga's.