

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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