

## Prototypes

CYNE

(Verse 1: Akin)

Since my youth I've commenced and vibed with the truth  
Inside I was intense youth was innocent  
I bless with my moms arms caress from forms of harm  
Yes we born to progress  
I hardly can recall  
Partly from withdrawal trauma  
Partly from the scum but my mama she pardoned me  
To see her angel take form regardless  
Entangled in divided states  
The storm of retarded hits the hardest  
Conformed and separated in states they parted on color lines  
My mother shine listen  
She cultured me to be divine  
I'm here to be sincere in time I'll disappear that's fine  
Long as wrong has been declined and the unjust  
Crushed injustice rush this just us  
So we fight on the slave ship from all that slave shit  
United leave this bitch  
Seen as you please I bring my ease to this shit  
Please believe this moment they don't want it  
Cause we joining its an omen  
Long as we lust women  
Foaming in the dust  
Zone independent we adjust to this injustice  
Sinning of recessive cloning aggressive killer  
Dollar bill father of all falls  
All divides choose sides we trying to change tides  
We gain strides we aim high  
This ain't about bling god  
This ain't about bling god  
This ain't about bling god  
It's about redemption  
Birth acceptance disturbed great  
Hurt hate break we are are are  
African Prototypes

(Verse 2: Akin)

Superstar boom bap rhyme fiend misfit  
Dark child schoolboy write life spit sick  
Succumbing to world like boy does a girl yo  
Can't live with or without this feel of  
Solitude's shrug no love see they laughed when I finally spoke  
So mom I need a hug  
Squeeze me and tell me I'm beautiful  
Don't put me in a class with people that's cruel to  
A brown skinned immigrant I really can't take it  
"Yo I heard in Africa they run around naked"  
"Nah nigga fuck you" how can I coexist with ignorant  
Assholes taught by a system acknowledging hatred and bush manifesto  
That was like 89 its hard to forget those days  
In the classroom I'm writing down poetry  
Words on a paper to escape pain close to me is  
Stress and he understands the truth in the gospel  
Believing in Jesus not fuck apostles  
I'm voice in a crowd young, black, and proud  
Redemption caught in the momentary bliss

Cause the monetary world got a nigga balling fists  
Prototypes  
African Prototypes