

## Nothing's Sacred

CYNE

It's like lonely children wandering over buildings  
Money that makes sense, current events I'm building  
Currency to the billions, money became policy  
Fuelling a man's greed, the heart of all atrocities  
Power easy to please with bitches all on their knees  
Praying to golden calves and causing mental disease  
Evils they came inside me, mind became a vulture  
Searching for the death in life and calling it pop culture  
Stomach ulcer, laceration to my intestines  
I'm restless, praying to God maybe he bless this  
A lost prophet crucified my final message  
But lose the meaning like a crucifix hanging from necklace  
I'm desperate making criminal records over police beats  
Knowing the ledge reaching the peak  
Knowing the ledge reaching the peak

Who can't conform? Who can't be told what is norm?  
Who gotta perform for therapy? Whose soul is torn?  
I'm feeling that pain but in the most literal sense  
I chose to rape the system making dollars and cents  
It's tense walking tightropes and never fall off  
My crew got too live, they got hauled off  
To the stream I'll take it where nothing's sacred  
I travelled abroad and found God but can't escape this  
Moment of truth where consumers are spoofed on  
How I'm supposed to look and say I'm bringing the King down  
I'm out here to innovate  
Yo not to mention when thoughts are cynical  
My mind's in a better state, my life's like a paradox  
Sort of like American dream of making it seems that's forever s  
ought

We state the obvious cause they're blind though they're watchin  
g us  
With binoculars, rich white kids are copping this  
Critical words from the poet not novelist  
On the frontline we stand tall like an obelisk

I'm doctoring words so you can hear the truth in the verse  
Lunging at you like a robber that's attacking the clerk  
A thief of the night showing all my people the light  
A neo-Moses moving all the masses with mics  
Instead of fish I give the populous some beans and rice  
Speaking to Christ hoping that the food would suffice  
Walking the path I hold the microphone like a staff  
The first is the last, lock load ready to blast