

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