

Scattered

CYNE

(Verse 1: Akin)

It's like me versus tragedy
I don't know man where do I belong in this
I need to find home can somebody help me
Soul search is hard work no pay and I hurt
I hurt that's from open wounds but hope to blow soon
So I can stop bitching about the life and sing a happy tune
Its like eenie meanie miney moe nope hip hop is lost
Niggas kidnapped the flow and blow smoke to hear the little voice
Too shy to speak imagination run, run to enoch beat
And beat life to a nigga either dead or asleep
The martyr and the fool I rep both in my speech
That's Kwame and the house N word I can't repeat
That's Fame on the hill baby view's so sweet
A future ideal kill ear to the street bump
Y'all awaiting that new shit new shit
That tried and true shit it's trueshit
Ever since Time Being it seems that I'm seeing
Love and hate on the block cock kissing I'm fleeing

(Hook: Akin)

Play this when I'm back home until then bless the catalog I'm gone
Can't crash into it keep left we rep and move it
Moving sideways no never alright sound like so clever
They so all like, they popular can't be popular

(Verse 2: Cise Star)

I want clean Water for Chocolate flowing out of the faucet
Cause sweets can't sustain my thirst for first knowledge
Tired of the garbage but sift through for honest
But I gotta pay homage to those who rose polished
Each to his own let's rise to the occasion
The power of a monsoon break United Nations then
Put it back together to help people wherever
Sudan is a genocide but you said whatever
Turn a blind eye to those who hurt worst
And then we wonder why these storms are now raging the earth
Prayers in the sky in a wish to find solace
Preacher man quiet and the poor in spirt holla
Labor pains of these changing days I change my ways
And now I'm gonna wait for rain
Certain things will remain the same for better or worse
And other things will wash away

(Hook: Akin)

Hey hello africa stand up, tell me how are you?
Smile for me, ok dont forget progress me, you, him and her alert
Work more or less freedom, one in music
Move it into grey matters

(Verse 3: Akin)

I guess everybody voting for Jack cuz he got high hopes
It's misery plus beauty me and Clyde wrote
Yeah and for them sons and daughters walk upright peace to Jacobi Porter
You had my back when they tried me that was 95 dog I still spit ivy
And that's poison for them whores the fast food rap stars call them Mandy Mo
ore

And to Diego Iborra wish you the best it was love when I saw ya
And its horror, a rocky picture showing bodies on the floor in ruins niggas
not knowing
I keep flowing fluid running water poems sketch hope until my wrist break and
d
Pens overflowing, yeah the pens overflowing