

# The Dance

CYNE

(Verse 1: Akin)

Life in the air, embrace sobriety  
Me reborn now face society  
You know light bills and emotions  
New nigger new day going through the motions  
Float I'm Elian when I spit that  
Boombbox pimp shit meet Transatlantic rap  
Hop skip or jump to the future now  
We're still stuck in time being's fight evolution bound  
Land come down went too high  
Broke trophy wife on the shelf sing true lies  
Listen listen now ain't the time for it  
You'll be on my dick when the press give me crown for it  
Or maybe when I get a fast car  
Only if she knew that my aim is not to be a  
I shot my ego a while back pronounced dead on the scene now a nigga write facts  
Repeat  
I shot my ego a while back pronounced dead on the scene now a nigga write facts  
And ya'll indulge and swallow it  
Lint in my gap pocket yet I got a following  
Wide-eyed imagination  
Real time nirvana like micstand adjacent like  
Wide-eyed imagination  
Real time nirvana like micstand adjacent like  
To free speech when you wanna  
Throw self in the wind with a thug primadonna  
Dance cause we both share the same stage  
Monkey in your state zoo locked by a gold chain  
Break a getaway or runaway from my beloved city growing old  
But I stay young and fresh  
Radiant in the moonlight  
My old school is Disco Rick and Magic Mike  
Your mama's on crack rock  
Remember them dogs  
Now we hail the snowman that's melting in fog  
Its crazy I still love her hugs when I see her  
She gave me power to tower Christ the redeemer  
Not in Rio but for real wanna build  
Something more than rhymes let words turn to real  
Let words turn to reel  
So you can see the many me  
Diaspora how can it be  
Life death sanity  
Kennedy that magic bullet ended he  
Can it be  
Shit was meant to be

(Verse 2: Cise Star)

Surrounded by automatons  
Watching life flicker like a movie screen  
Who am I to ever judge  
Living life to the fullest  
Maybe its all just illusion real truth in projectors  
Will money make my life better  
Fuck the cliché rags to riches

Real hurt brings hard stitches  
Things never change son  
So I'm gonna change how I live my life  
Shine like a full moon  
People hear the shine as it cuts through the full view  
Everybody wants to be a movie star  
But is it possible, is it probable  
To prove you exist is to have an observer  
If nobody wants to hear you  
Do you change your tune to something that they consider worthy  
And if you do are you still you  
Or out of tune fabricated to the point you are a synthesizer  
Fuck the truth I want the inner peace  
Because the truth is objective depends on who you ask  
So I'm gonna live by my inner code and pray to God that I make it home  
Pay it forward  
I'm gonna walk on my chosen path and let the world kiss my black ass  
Do you see it  
Heal the earth and let the children grow  
So maybe one day we'll all know  
God is love