

# Evolution Fight

CYNE

While optimists dream  
I weave my life with esteem  
In and out of what's logic, shit ain't quite what it seems  
I pause, soaking in applauds and criticism  
I crack a smile basking my flaws in cynicism  
But i'm still searching for them happy days  
And for a fresh start i'm cutting my hair but not my nappy ways  
Its kinda hard fucking with so many faces  
And trying to have our music touch oh so many bases  
Places embracing us when we not home  
with pen arms or clench fist trust We're rocking on  
Living this moment of truth being is relevant  
Divine timing this beat must be heaven sent  
Locked in the room for days  
So i can write this  
I'm solitudes best friend for now though i might just stab 'em in the back  
Open up my door  
Go and buy a TV, so i can watch the war  
Maybe not i think rather chill and smoke  
And just be with my thoughts and perhaps some hope  
While on a quest for green i gotta pay the rent  
Still i'm trying to make A dollar outta what makes sense  
I'm on quest for green cuz i gotta pay the rent  
Still i'm trying to make A dollar outta what makes sense cuz

Baby boomer aging  
Hormone raging kids they all adore this hip hop  
Red yellow black caucasian latin asian what are we fighting for  
Its war outside i'm trying to keep my head up to the sky  
Before it falls all on my head then i can't cope that's why

Even if i get the fortune and fame  
I'm a prey in this game  
1980 baby crazy aborting the lame  
Open future it's wide-open stay on my toes  
Some are fragile i'm agile aiming at foes  
Those cowardly man  
They ruling with an iron hand and they got power to swing and strike a Godly  
plan  
Oh tell me why the church of the pope they lie  
If i controlled gas you know john paul'll fry  
He's mixing church with the state confusing the masses  
Then sell that religion as water in half glasses  
Aids in africa the children are dying  
Billion dollar budget conquer mars who's flying  
Oh shit better yet who's spying  
Can you see the peeping tom on earth when he's eyeing pluto Jupiter  
In the age of neptunes we hop to the beat  
Street leap gimme leg room  
I need to maneuver back to my roots  
Speak food for thought mind obese from the fruit  
Loop over and over this life that i sample  
Pop goes the world make moves now gamble life on a roll  
I write this as i mold  
Hope to translate experiences  
Mics will behold a new world order  
Same sex marriage

White mans plight on pause might perish

Honey roasted lies  
No grams of carbohydrates  
Look slanted eyes  
Surprise  
A shitty mind state  
Control the nation  
With the amber alerts  
The Elderly are going berserk  
The medicine hurts  
Too much  
Money exchanges the hand of pharmaceuticals  
The Rates going up  
It fucked  
Sitting in cubicles  
Emotional bombs are ready to launch  
They ripping apart  
The fabric that make who we are  
It tears  
Much too easily  
We fornicated our morals  
uh huh  
Fuck the deity  
Its anal or its oral  
Watch the skies that we scrape with buildings  
Stuff the Ritalin down the throats of children it real  
Check ya order in this fast food nation  
I got Iraq war the game for PlayStation  
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