

# Midas

CYNE

It Began

Many Years Ago On The African Sands

God Blew The Breath Of Life  
Came Forth Created Man

On Two Legs He'd Stand  
The World He Could Command

He Could Make Love And War With The Same Two Hands

And He Did  
Erected Pyramids In His Honor  
Forgot The Face Of His Father

Wicked Ways To His Daughter  
Started Wars  
Put His Brethren To The Slaughter

His Soul He Bartered With Evil  
To Make Life Harder  
Wealth Greed And Envy

For Self We Never Stingy  
Gently We Be Giving Ourselves To These Enemies

Never Timidly  
We Go Bold For The Night  
Forgetting The Light

That Needs To Shine Forever Bright  
But We Didn't  
So Now Our Souls Turning Acidic

Our Hope Is Hidden Behind  
Lies  
So Now We Finished

Our Mind Blemished  
We Need To Understand The Truth

God Help The Youth  
Get It Together Before We Through

Fathom That  
How We Get Back To Self Righteousness

Writing This Made Me Realize  
We Blind, Sightless

As We Walk Through Life, Lifeless  
Sitting In The Dark, Lightless

We Need Fight This  
Greed Turning Us All Midas

Instead Of Romance  
Its Finance  
Children Without No Guidance

Roaming The Streets  
Looking For Hope  
But Can't Find It  
Instead They Fight It

Embrace A Hell And Hate Righteous  
Curse And Spit  
Slant They Eyes And Yell Fuck This

Existence  
Where Nobody Will Even Listen  
They Just Follow Tradition Cause They Conditioned To Just Do It

Turn A Blind Eye America  
Cause The Truth Is Scaring Ya  
It Just Might Bury Ya  
Lies Infecting Like Malaria

Can You Handle That Penalty Box  
Cause You On Top  
You Going Stop  
Dead In The Street

Getting Ya Knot Popped  
Burning From Heat  
Can't Even Sleep  
Scared Of Defeat  
Out Of Control  
Alternate Delete

Nigga We Deep  
And Losing The Sleep  
Well Earned From 400 Years  
Of Blood Sweat Tears  
Deferred Dreams And Fears

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Fuck The Killing  
The Huallah Star He Want A Million  
So We Can Have A City Filled With Black Owned Buildings

For The Women And Children Until We Grossing A Billion  
Mob Mentality Keeping The Funds Like Sicilians

Can You Fell It  
Hell Ya Nigga We Did It  
The Cyne Rip It  
War Committed

Walk It And Live It  
Talk It And Shit It

Everyday Life Is So Vivid  
Cursing The Senate Cause We Need More Blacks Represented

We Need A New Edition Of Government Politicians  
And Policies  
Cause The Police Politely Causing Atrocities

High Velocity  
Keeping My Bank Full Of Broccoli  
Buying All Of Ya Property Until I Have Monopoly  
Word

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