

Cyne f/ Rico Suave**"Rousseau"**

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[Akin]

Yo, yo, yo, ayo

The chimp in the jungle, I like to gather in wisdom in bundles

My arms swing from the branches of life, I write humble

My notes are crumbled, my hopes are fumbled

Can't drop it, a ghost among you folk that stumbled cross logic

I'm definite, like change I strain wit rewards while

Speck and, Enoch start bangin on boards

Daily routines like fiends that's stuck on the crack pipe

I rhyme over feedback, dare mics not to act right

The emcee, and see y'all just tempt me wit

All ya propaganda, ya souls are empty

I was born free, now I stay confined, in this day of time

A slave to the way of the world, although I'm not blind

Machine gotta, hold on ya blue jean products

Whether you white or black, rich or poverty's product

It's a known fact, sorta like forty acres they owe blacks

I might, hitch hike on hope's road and never go back

[Rico Suave]

I was born free, but now I'm like a slave to society

Can't get a license without consent, to feel sobriety

If you have a plan, they say life will flow beautifully

I need tech support, like Vanilla Sky

Cuz someone lied to me, told me shit was cool

I made good grades, but damn it got kicked outta school

It doesn't matter, my computer doesn't read the data

Even if you're smart, your life still can get shattered

Into little pieces, this is my thesis

Just cause I'm raised ? in the belly of the beast-es

My people died in vain, the pain is on my brain

And how can I get by when held by this mental strain

I just don't understand, I be's a grown ass man

But every time I see the cops they make me lift my hands

So they can pat me down, and I just don't see how

I played by they rules but they still treat me foul

Damn!

[Cise Star]

So what is this I'm livin, day in and day out earnin
My soul I hope to spend it, it's the petty change I'm
gettin

Back through transactions, money limits my actions
I try to raise up but-(damn, damn)

Tryin to move I struggle, movin through hurt's trouble
Bumpin my head against the ceiling I ain't even
stumble

My eyes are black and blue, rattle my shackles too
I try to remove 'em but damn.

Sounds like that I'm in jail, but really I'm in hell
The space between my two ears became my private
cell

Ready and willin, able, anything justice stable
They just cut off my cable!

No food up in the kitchen, but I got dirty dishes
Does that make any sense?

My life ain't ever easy, my girlfriend's gonna leave me
Who scratched my Nas CD?

talking in background

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