

## Cyne

### "Samura's Optic"

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[Cise Star]

Afro-American, livin in the eyes of Aryan  
Characteristics, contacts and hair extensions  
And what we doin to ourselves just to fit in  
They had us in the fields or slavin in the kitchen  
It is my mission, to shed light to the subject  
Confederate flags over the houses of the rednecks  
American pride, or just evil in disguise  
A close reminder of why many of my people died  
To bring change in the midst of pain and oppression  
We had to stand together and our hope was the  
weapon  
Now we neglectin, important lessons from our  
forefathers  
We need to stand tall and reclaim our lost honor

[Akin]

Definin blackness, what's ghetto, and what's real  
And what the fuck make a nigga wanna feel  
That he gotta chase, dollars and fake  
Pipe dreams and 38s, hate, wit the nickel plate  
Within a arm's grasp, I'm marchin past  
Them so called thugs waving arms to blast  
Another black, ass  
Destruct the masses, I'm Cassius Clay boxin bastards  
Lyrically speaking I'm tryna touch the people and  
Lyrically speaking I must critique the people and  
I'm far from the likes of God  
Though I am one wit self yo position is odd  
Nigga, how the fuck you go knockin my style  
If I'm not a real nigga than what's the profile  
Is it, new shoes on my feet, every other week  
Or carryin heat but niggaz just like me  
I'd rather spend the most of my time  
Writin in my composition note, book of rhymes  
My mind's confined for now but it'll be free  
When the fat lady sing from her soul to me

[Cise Star]

We're quick to forget history's hardships  
And ready to trade pride for money and bullshit

It's sick the way the media portrayin our people  
Instead of motivatin change they're perpetuating evil  
Negative outlooks make impressions on the youth  
They try to ignorance synonymous with blackness  
It's blasted, the way the images of acid  
Burning into the soul, go give it guns and ratchets

[Akin]

Yo, it's farewell to hell and, welcome in heaven  
A new man is born divine like the number seven  
Walk with me, if you will  
Through the depths of a nigga's will it might feel  
Kinda surreal  
I woke up this morning smiling wit the rising sun  
Like Robert Ness but hardly my day begun  
One with the most high, I keep her close by  
My heart when folks try  
To bring me down now I'm knockin on heaven's door  
Jump the gate ask for God on the seventh floor  
Come holla at me see my people gotta hate complex  
with self  
Til the point where we're numb to the pain that's dealt  
Across the load, this bullshit we're not gonna know  
About some brothers killin people in Sierra Leone  
Over jewels that we cherish, here in America  
Peace to Sorious Samura, thanks for helping the  
World see the truth that they already know  
So let's get free people all across the globe  
From the great walls of China to France, to  
Johannesburg  
Back to the land of Egu-Egu I recite the words

[Cise Star]

I pledge allegiance only to those believing in me  
My eyes steady on the prize til the people are free  
Words to the wise so I always try to see  
The things holdin me back so I can breathe

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