

Cyne "Tide Of Life"

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It's the ouiji bomb playas sneakin up on the avenues
From ante up we jump the snake eyes bout the battle
you
Hold your hands up heard you're back from sabbatical
Our playas so smooth gimme room while I challenge
you
Sights never saw in a day only in evenings
Transparent dark views you while you're sleeping
Be the overachiever the human heat seeker
The tactile style that's wild giving you seizures
Slow motherfuckers these skill packed cerritas
You're doing me bizarre sorry as hell you're just zemuh
Gangsta lean holdin my dreams hope perceiver
Do what you mean better redeem or be believer
Fresh grooves from soft planets making it so hard
From the recipient act lenin damn it we go a ball
Like sandcastles from rent bitch you go on far
With the tie with the tie with tie, huh, tired of life
Automatic static im flowing through watching your
phone line
Connect to the internet it dials like its so fine
Forever elevated its taking me so hot
Inhale lets ride after reason that im so fly
Quick connect to firewire I wont lie
Got to write love to hell just to get by
But what it kiss thetic kinetic till I touch my
Blind looking for answers until I let my ears fire
A certain resonance with the presence of elegant
African elephants for when the sound skates effortless
Its written in wisdom that banks are sound system
Air waves behave radio head contradict you

Fresh grooves from soft planets making it so hard
From the recipient act lenin damn it we go a ball
Like sandcastles from rent bitch you go on far
With the tie with the tie with the tie huh tired of life
Moving in action we're burnin in the afternoon
We keep the moves subtle and bubble on honorable
follow through
Methodical its speeds you we gin it or we capture you
You grip tight in a deck we sweat in higher altitudes
We never lose to those who don't get it

How your future speaks and in planet in chromed out
sinless living
I fear the menace so I talk to dawns
My cell phone got an altered call and beat em and beat
em
Now forgive me fly like a pelican bead
Its do or die breathe a nine now who wanna no heed
No while African back with the pen to the pad again
So that's a wrap for yall the phony rap acts in this game
called music
Some do abuse it
I'll reach for your toe be a found now I'm bruising no
jass
To a rap womb word is my wingman
I'm canen its prime rhyme you have to piss so half
assed
You get gassed the fragments made you
I came from the grind up the broad it paid you
Fuck up you aint ever gon last til it lives
that's for every chingy type rapper pulls in his lips
We're shitting on yall why spotting lyrics so brawl
Knock the wind knock the lame blame steven segal
Im jacking your chant k-o flow to win
My nigga scythe got that water full mars can we begin,
go

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