<HTML>

<HEAD>

<Title>Mishuba</Title>

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<P1>Mishuba does enjoy showing his admiration towards others by covering some of their creative works and throwing his own style on it but he loves to produce his own instrumentals using software, keyboards, guitars and microphones then recording beautiful vocals over his masterpieces. Overall he wants to deliver honest and trustful music. When a song is sung it is really his voice and not an effect, when he delivers verses they have been writing by him on a beat 9 times out of 10 produced by him. All while recording actual freestyles that have not been prewritten or premeditation to add on the special feeling of his sounds when you listen to the many different projects he has released for example the rawness of his freestyle collection on youtube.com, the deep introspective look at his life on his album New Black Kid available on all streaming services. The hypnotic nature of his singles like Too Sick or Who Am I will have you inspired to continue to watch his growth but work on yours as well.

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<BR>

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<H1> Poems </H1>

<H2> Can You Hear Me </H2>

<P1>When I talk to the Lord above I tell my God that I want to love. I want a woman that’s changes my I’s to we. I want a wife to hold when we are sleeping. I want us to cook and clean. I want us to share everything. I want to hold her hand. I want her to be proud to call me her man. I want us to support each other goals and dreams. I want us to be able to lift each other up when life decides to be mean. When we look in each other’s eyes we should see all truths and no lies. We know the flame that sparked our lives won’t ever die. She can see the disguise I put on so the world won’t know when I’m feeling weak and able to comfort me so that my spirit can be at ease. I want to know when she needs some ice cream and treats. I want to be the one that will rub her back and massage her feet. We celebrate everyday like a holiday, even if that means just watching athletes and artist play. Every wish we make is only for each other’s sake. Every morning we don’t have to question if this is a mistake. Of course we argue and sometimes fight. Not for petty reasons like what is wrong and right. I’m just mad because she almost lost her life. Some crazy thing happened and she waited to tell me if she was alright. She upset at me because I acted out without talking with her about it first. Call me a dumb ass nigga I could end up killed, you gotta remember family always comes first. We don’t want to lose one another it would hurt too much. We have a bunch of kids looking like the brandy bunch.

</P1>

<H2>Is This The Key </H2>

<P1>You seem so different, that so attractive. You have balance, should be living in a palace. Just look at you, being all cute. I rather talk with you, so the tv on is mute.I see your mind filled with desire for your rise. One of a kind going higher getting all of the eyes. They see you as a prize, I see a hell of a woman. I don’t want to see you cry. I just want to be yo man. Encouraging you every step of the way. Helping you the best I can everyday. Listening to your pleasures and pains and holding you close whenever it rains.

</P1>

<H2>Project Detha </H2>

<P1>In this cold house and to broke to turn on the oven. Hood living but I ain’t trying to act like a trap nigga preaching about heaven. Drug dealin sometimes seems like the easy way out. The risk that comes with it makes it seems like the right route. I’ll be a fool instead and believe in my own hustle. The money slow but still grows like I’m puttin on muscle. Small city and I’m reppin T-Town. Northside Tallahassee, Florida I’m reppin D-block Frenchtown. This is the side of the city the college kids are afraid of. Yo me it’s everything I’ve wanted apart of my childhood love. Haters mad cause I’ve haven’t been here in years. Most of those people ain’t even live close to here. I ain’t the type of man to run away from where I came from dude. When I graduated from college I knew Tallahassee was the place I needed to come to. Smart moves so calculated they’re hidden from the naked eye. Keeping my plan to myself maybe noticeable to my the wise. Exactly what I want so I can realize their side. But understand you can’t kill my soul because like a Phoenix I will rise.

</P1>

<H2>11:11 01/23</H2>

<P1>Sometimes I ask myself questions and realize that there isn’t one true answer. Finding myself pondering on moments that have occurred that I try not to remember. Leading me towards thoughts both pleasant and hurtful. I collect those emotions. They are the only ones meaningful. Should the senseless be forgotten just because we are in a different mental state? Even though it’s essence is apart of what is making us great. Wins and loses are apart of growth. Monumental memories we use to cope. Small battles are easily lost with time. Why when those help define what it means to be one of a kind?

</P1>

<H2>Dreaming About You</H2>

<P1>I thought about you today. I really reminisced on the memories we shared. You the only woman who could be my wife because of how you proved you care. I can feel their glares, I know you get annoyed with how people stare to much. It still doesn’t interrupt how much fun we have together during our lunch. The feeling of having someone I can share my every thought with. Is enough for me to want to protect us and be happy because it is you I share my life with. I swear sometimes it feels like you are physic. The way you sense what is on my mind even when my feelings hide it. I get excited knowing that we can’t be divided. If the world was against you baby I would start a riot. Our love is defiant, rebelling against the lies. Friends and diguise, people wishing on our demise. But still we rise, like a phoenix who has been revived. The world can believe what they want. To me you are forever my queen. I depend on you like you depend on me when it comes to our everything. Our family, money, love and pain. I mean as long as you got me and I got you we can stand the rain. They ask us how can y'all feel this way can you please explain. But their own self doubt won’t let their brain manifest and obtain how to surrender your heart so you and another soul can share the same lane.

</P1>

<H2>I Don't Even Know Anymore</H2>

<P1>Times like this make me feel like the dumbest person in the world. Why did I really feel like you would be my special girl? We didn’t take any time and rushed into a commitment. My ride or die forever is now just a false statement. Why did I believe you would be here through all of the good and bad? Listening to your words as if they were true has left my spirit feeling sad. “Babe find your heart, you can trust it with me”. “I don’t know Baby, are you sure this isn’t just make believe?” Now we are finished and I said you would be the one to do it. I hate having to eat my owm words because my truth is so fluid Lies in disguise fool me everytime. The last person on earth with a heart and it feels like a crime. Why do I even try and give these women a chance? It is like a spell has been put on me and I’m stuck in a trance. A zombie when it comes to the game of love. Brain dead to all the birds and fake shit because these vampires sucked out all my blood.

</P1>

<H2>I Need To Do Better</H2>

<P1>Why is it when I decide to let my guard down. I end up depressed heart broken sitting with a frown. I told myself that I would not let that happen again. To protect myself from the outside and within. Then I met with you with all of your wonderful glory. I ended all the other chapters and with you I could see an extravagant story. You made me feel like I could have everything my heart ever desired, but I fucked it up and just continued to add fuel to the fire. I know that I was wrong. That is the kind of mistakes you make when you feel madly in love. Still new to each other with walls built strong I know that I could have possibly lost my angel sent from above. With all of my being I just want to apologize. If you could feel the look in my eyes I feel like a piece of me died. Maybe you are right and I have to much negative energy. Please understand submitting my heart to love and trust is very hard for me. I did not think we would end over that fight. It is probably to early in the day for you and for me to late at night. I will fight for you if you can show me a small glimpse of light.

</P1>

<H2>Alone In The Castle</H2>

<P1>Writing for myself because I enjoy the memories and thoughts. I am stuck in a time where women promote the essence of hoes and thots. The ladies of love are equally around. I hear their whispers and see them smiling through their frowns. In this little town I do not know where to look myself. Not a party person and I do not focus on my wealth. Not a showoff and I appreciate the simple things. As long as I have a house on land this life of mine is the life of a royal king. Dear Queen, just because my country attitude is different than most glamorous views, doesn’t mean I will not cherish any and every moment I am able to spend with you. Together our desires we can fulfill. We must equally use 100% of our will to appeal to what we believe is real. Games I love to play, but this is not chess. You are not just a piece to me; something to control and address. Not someone who is here just for me because your identity is less. I honestly believe you are here for me amd for that I’m blessed.

</P1>

<H2>Miss Lady</H2>

<P1>There is something about you. An energy that draws me towards you. I catch myself trying to be discreet, but everytime I look our eyes seem to meet. I want to assume how wonderful of a person you are. I think to myself I should wait until you and I align with the right star. It could be destiny our future holds. As our time together grows that truth will unfold. To know you more is all my mind can focus on. I see you watching me like I got your focus on. The way we are now is distant from perfect. The tension between us is to strong for it to be hidden from the surface. The sweet sound of your voice still gives my body a chill. I know you and I together is worth more than anybody would ever feel. Hopefully your heart isn’t destroyed and healing. If so I can wait. I can be there while you recover and help eliminate that hate. Allow me to banish the pain, change tears to rain and shower my love for you to gain.

</P1>

<H2>3:28</H2>

<P1>Right now I’m in a place of chasing my dream and realizing how I need to improve. The young me would say I am changing because of the type of money I am workin to get to. After my past and seeing who does last, walking away from some of my olf ideals is what I need to do It is hard being kind to the world that is blind from the tortures it constantly puts you through. My shell deflects those around while keeping the entrance open for whoever wonders inside. Hidden are the paths to different emotions not found and discreetly is how the answer I give still hides. Hidden not the meaning of what I desire you to know, lost from understanding is the problem that follows. Trying my best not to become a heartless zombie eating the brains of my peers. I have become so adjusted to pain I can not remember the feelings of tears. Saddness is what lingers deep beneath and beside my happiness. Bipolar are my emotions kept in check by my character, but leaves him reckless.

</P1>

<H2>Dear, My Heart</H2>

<P1>Love, this is hard for me. To let down my guard for you to see. Love, I want you to be my everything. Can we take a second so I can explain what that means? I mean I’m good by myself. Not a fancy man, I do not need the wealth. I expect you to be independent. Protecting your heart so that mine can win it. Our time is not wasted, because we begin our day together. A kiss on your forehead so you don’t smell my morning breath. Helping each other get ready for our day not wasting what is left. Eating lunch when we both have time. We text when we can but I rather call your line. The sound of your sweet voice has me intune with what you say. Keeping me in touch with you helps to get me through the rest of my day. Love, I enjoy coming home to you it’s the highlight of eternity. I thank God for allowing you to be apart of my destiny. I like to take you out and show you off. I love to stay in for the night and watch tv until our shows go off. Talk about our future, planning for our family. Picking out the names that we gonna give our babies. Love, please know the difference between lust and us. Yes I would fuck you forever but I rather have trust. We make love to each other, it feels better when we bust. First made love with our minds, then we did it through our touch. Now we hold each other and take in all of our energy. The chemistry of our hearts aligns together creating a beautiful harmony. Love, I said this is hard because I allow myself to become vulnerable to you. I let go of my insecurities and share all of my being for you. I become naked and reveal to you what is true. The nakedness of my soul; my love is only for you.

</P1>

<H2>Waking Thoughts</H2>

<P1>Is it wrong all I want to do is write. To use my voice and transfer my words to the mic. Create a book that keeps you up at night. Make a superhero for the black kid who doesn’t fight. I have no problem with whatever you do. So why is it an issue when I do not want your job to. They sat to follow your dreams is basically impossible. All things are if you do not try and make it possible. Everybody wants to do this and everybody is trying to do that. Everybody wants to do something; I cannot settle I am not apart of that. We have one life to live. Why live it not going after your dreams? Is it because we are suppose to be chasing nothing else accept for this green? I guess money is everything is we are being super technical. Money is everything but love, so in reality it is more theatrical. Love does not have a pricetag, love does not cost a thing. You can have all the money in the world and still not be a king. You can barely have any money in this world and still find a queen. Writing to me is all I would ever need. It is my life expression and my personal therapy. It is a million dollars every time I read. It can heal the pain that hurts more than when you bleed. Pen and paper are my two best friends that will never leave my side. I can count on my notebooks and journals to always be down to ride. They hold all the memories that my soul wishes to forget. They remind me to listen to God for messages that are heaven sent. They reveal the lies and truths of my future, present and past. They show me who was true and who I should have known would not last. To be able to write is a blessing in disguise. I will cherish that love while I continue to rise.

</P1>

<H2>Nah, I'm A Fool In Love</H2>

<P1>Remember how I got your number. Seen you at the water foundation. Interrupted your moment, awakened your heart slumber. Still doing all I can to win you over again with our inspiration. Your all I need in this crazy nation. Our family through thick and thin. I promise to care for us even after the end. When our souls drift from our bodies, our spirit will become one through perfect harmony. I saw a future that only had you. I probably could be good by myself, but we had greatness made for us too. Still hiding a piece of my heart that is only meant for us. I swear every other girl has noticed the secret I hid for us, trust. I’ve been wondering when I will let go and forget. I promised my love you would have, my essence won’t let me quit. Until I’ve become the man you deserve. I won’t stop because I love you and can’t lose that nerve.

</P1>

<H2>The Simple Things</H2>

<P1>Long days and endless nights. Beautiful memories and endless fights. Shared belongings divided past. A bond made from love that last. Time will tell if what we have is true. I rather not be alone and spend it all with you.

</P1>

<H2>Sex Game</H2>

<P1>Let me guess … Right now is just not the right time. You like me, but rather wait for us to be in our prime. This is not something you do often and I should feel very special. Eventhough I see a bunch of different people and number callin so those words are a bunch of bull hoe. I rather you be up front about what you want from me. A one night stand with the friend who you occasional want to see.

</P1>

<H2>The Next Step</H2>

<P1>I am lost in this world. Hidden from the boys and girls. The men and women can not see me. Why am I here, to become the best mc? At times that isn’t enough and I just feel empty. I share my life on stage for you to see even when no one is around. I came back to my place of birth to grow with my town. Now I write to express my feelings because nobody wants to listen. My definition is a musician but that isn’t my mission. Right now I just want to be heard. Is that to much to ask from this jock nerd? They ask me who my idols are and I always say myself. I could say Tupac, Biggie, Steve Jobs but I haven’t seen my story on a shelf. I’m not like these other rappers or people in general. Today they give us a bad name. So when a different person like me arrives I don’t even get a chance to be lame. They just write me off as another one of those black kids because all black people must be the same. So I write for the people like me who can’t use their voice. For the people who try to speak and need a unique choice. I need to be the man for me when I was a boy, because no man was raised like me. Maybe there is but I haven’t met him; just a bunch of fake wanna-bes. My very essence is poisoned by the nature of people. By men who are dogs and women who think we are all evil. My own friends took advantage and tried to ruin my name. Just for some pussy and that’s a damn shame. No place to call home, no childhood friends, no everlasting memories with my family instead. Just me passing through life using all of my might just to be loved again.

</P1>

<H2>Am I Stupid</H2>

<P1>I’m here thinking about you. How sweet is the sound of your voice. Engaging our minds, creating one from two. Connected by the heart, I’ve committed to my choice. I want to talk about it all, winter, spring, summer, fall. We can conquer anything together business, family, seasonal weather. You give me superpowers my kryponite is when we are separated. It’s like the doctor’s final decision is how we operated. You the only woman I’d fight for, no one else deserves the protection of these hands. God created us for each other, I,m just executing out his plan. Taught me young, don’t let go of your love. I kept my faith because I know it comes from above.

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<H2>2:00 A.M.</H2>

<P1>To many women I need to say sorry to. You hurt my heart, could you say sorry to. But when the fights starts I only hear fuck you. What happen to we gonna be the ones to make it through? I swear they lyin when they said I’m always cheatin. I fucked up once and you was first to know, I was weak and the temptation had me racing. I constantly tried to create space and she caught me lookin. We was face to face and got to close. Now my dick said “that pussy we tastin”. Thoughts of a young boy learning how to be a man. How to fight off my desires I ain’t understand. Now I’m here without you, stuck with pain. I don’t want to move forward without you having my name. Lost that chance because I set you free. When you came back to me, I wasn’t ready. They say true love will last for eternity. Is it real or am I believing in foolery? Either way you have a place in my heart and my artistry. Without your soul my poetry has no harmony.

</P1>

<H2>Change</H2>

<P1>Black lives matter the beginning of the story. We fightin for our freedom, they think we fightin for our glory. I don’t care what you do or who you think you be. If you hatin on the skin I represent which is me. Is this a question, or just a lesson? I wonder who is really gettin God’s blessin. The police everywhere just pressin, not arrestin. Now another body in the street, the world stressin. These people preachin, we ain’t equal promotin evil. I’m just prayin we don’t ever see a world war sequel. All you’d see is bodies with a shotty, savage like a safari. Jokers killin for laughs, they won’t ever say sorry. Is we fightin or makin a change. It’s like uniting to make it right to these people sound strange. What if we all said stop, instead of tape, and that man quit his job, because it was a mistake? What if the president said protect the residents, and we didn’t remember our people who is heaven sent? I just hope for the best, pray you use your heart. For the world to have peace and love that’s where it starts. Instead of separation we need to build a nation where race isn’t the topic of our conversation.

</P1>

<H2>Broken</H2>

<P1>I’ve come to realize that I’m broken. My body, spirit and soul left open. The flow that I use feel disappeared and hasn’t healed. The energy that fed my mind I can’t find. The spirit that kept me company has left me wondering. I’m broken, left open, what should I do. I wish I could cry the pain away but the tears won’t come through. The signs of a broken man who hasn’t let himself come to. I’m awake to my emptiness, asleep to my will. Praying I can find the fire that will end my chills. I’m broken into more than just pieces. Afraid I won’t be able to love my future nieces. Is it because I lost my faith in the human race, or is it because I’m unique to every place? Even to my own people I’m an outside race. I share the face of people who constantly get belittled, because I don’t share the same ideals stuck in the middle. Should I compromise my integrity? Become a wolf in sheep clothing faking harmony. I rather be broken with shards scattered. Each of my million pieces left to only those who mattered.

</P1>

<H2>Late Night Thoughts</H2>

<P1>Shorty, I thought we understood what we was doin. I told you she wasn’t the one I was really pursin. I said you were the one, but you told me you wasn’t ready. I was with her for the moment I thought you was being petty. What else am I suppose to think when you said it wasn’t our time? Was I suppose to just wait for you because you are a dime? What about my feelings when I only wanted you by my side? Then you got upset at me when another woman wanted to ride. Even then I thought you knew that you were the one. That you were the girl of my dreams when it’s all said and done. If I knew you wanted to be serious with me it would have never happen. I felt like you just wanted me around so you could tell people it happen. I wanted to make you my queen like “here I am Captain. What are your orders do I need to start cappin.” It was you and me from the start. I was giving you tiny pieces of my heart. I’m probably a fool for even thinking of entertaining another bitch. We didn’t have any kind of title or commitments. So I was honestly confused with our situation. The decision I made was hard when I was contemplatin. It was out of spite in childish to say the most boo. When you the type of woman a man should make a toast to. The type of woman a mam should share his life with. You can say I was wrong but you can’t say I ever quit. Even when you was finished with me I stayed around Neo. I mean what I say and I said “You are special.” These other dudes came and went, they playing games like the Devil. I couldn’t let go of my heart when we was at a high level. I rather learn what you hate and bury it with my shovel. It doesn’t matter ehere you been and with who, because all that other shit doesn’t matter when all that matters is you.

</P1>

<H2>Her Name Is</H2>

<P1>I want to express my thoughts about you. How I noticed your beauty the moment you walked through. Your hair spoke volume and directed my attention. When our eyes first met I was unsure of your mission. I am a man who much rather have us. I do not gain much pleasure when it’s just about lust. The tension between us is recognizable by the people around. I’m not looking for anyone, just one woman who will hold us down. The way you move when you dance has me memorized. While we speak the language of our eyes I’m hoping to have you hypnotized. During the moment we spoke I felt we already had a thing for each other. The scene of our first encounter probably could have been better. Loud sounds and flashing lights is an ok location to first meet. As long as it grows into a history we recreate every single week.

</P1>

<H2>5:00 A.M.</H2>

<P1>I wish we didn’t end. I still think about you. I’ve been running away from the pain of being without you. I haven’t seen you in forever, but can still see you in my mind. I feel like I’m in hell because I lost my blessing from the divine. You were like no other and kept it 100. When people saw me smile they knew who done it. Was I stupid, only for letting you go. My angel who stayed around without her halp. To be able to hold you again and just plan together, would be better than a summer weekend vacation with perfect weather.

</P1>

<H2>The Last Ride</H2>

<P1>Just got my tags takin off my car. I was out late tryna meet up after the bar. Shorty hit my line telling me to come through. As I turn the corner I hear sirens and see blue. I parked my car sittin there like what the fuck. I ain’t have some pussy in months this shit sucks. (What kind of luck I got.) “Please don’t take me to jail”. In the back of my mind I wanna weep and yell. I’m chill even tho my insurance is expired. The cops at my window, I had answered every question they desired. “Sir are you drunk, would you fail a breath test”. They pointed out the can in my car, I’m like “Hell Yes”. “What are you doing out this late”. “I met this chick at the club!” “So what, is she like a date?” “No ma'am I ain’t lookin for love. I’m tryna celebrate I had such a good day. I’m a rapper who got some new equipment and just wanted to play.” They told me to get out of the car, they gotta do a quick search. I’m just glad and thank God thay I’m still on this earth.

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