## **🎤 Track 1: "Eyes on the Kingdom"**

**[Intro – Soulful voice, like Pac talking to the people]** Yeah...  
 This one goes out to everybody fightin’ battles they never chose.  
 To the ones whose voices they tried to silence.  
 To Morocco… I see you.  
 Now see me.

**[Verse 1]** I was born with a vision, not a passport curse,  
 Went from books in Berkeley to a kingdom’s thirst.  
 Polytech pride, now I’m duckin’ the lies,  
 Tryna breathe in a system where the truth just dies.

They fed me meds, said it’s “for your peace”,  
 But peace don’t come with a state-run leash.  
 Watched my people fall to fake prescriptions,  
 While the cops play gods with no restrictions.

Told ‘em I’d bleed before I spit their name.  
 I seen them abused in public trains,  
 And them trafficked for private gains.

**[Hook – sung, melodic like Pac’s “Changes” or “Keep Ya Head Up”]** Keep ya head high, when the world falls low,  
 When the lies surround, let the real ones glow.  
 I still rise, though they shut the gate,  
 Truth gon’ win, even if it comes late.

## **🎤 Track 2: "Revolution Ain’t on Paper"**

**[Intro – Pac’s fiery passion]** You think freedom come from a degree?  
 You think they care you read their books?  
 You *gotta* fight when you know too much.  
 And now they scared.

**[Verse 1]** They took my words and tried to weaponize silence,  
 Told me my dreams were a form of defiance.  
 United Nations gave me that badge,  
 But my own country stabbed me for what I had.

See, when you smart in a kingdom,  
 They’ll beat you ‘til your mind stop thinkin’ with wisdom.  
 Sex used like chains, harassment like law,  
 And the courts ain’t protectin’ what I saw.

Rita on the radio, messages in ads,  
 Bribed my drivers, made angels into fads.  
 Every move tracked like I’m some kind of threat,  
 But the only weapon I got is regret.

**[Hook – militant, chanted like “Hail Mary” or “Trapped”]** Revolution ain’t on paper, it’s in the breath you take,  
 In every truth you whisper when the walls all shake.  
 You can burn my house, but not my name,  
 You can chain my body, but not my flame.

## **🎤 Track 3: "Tears in Casablanca"**

**[Intro – soft instrumental, emotional**]  
 Rest in peace to those we lost...  
 And peace to those who live through hell...  
 With open eyes.

**[Verse 1]** Two funerals, pain I can’t speak,  
 My grandma and uncle, both gone too deep.  
 While I'm fightin’ demons that wear state suits,  
 They was dyin’ slow while the truth bore fruit.

She came through the UN, I thought she was light,  
 But used tech and fear to control my nights.  
 Whispers in taxis, shadows in streams,  
 Turned my phone to a cage, broke all my dreams.

I tried to escape, but the border ain't free,  
 Turkish cops grabbed me like a prisoner’s key.  
 Said “Red alert,” Morocco want me back,  
 Squeezed my soul with a sexual trap.

**[Hook – sung like “So Many Tears” or “Dear Mama”]** I got tears in Casablanca, ghosts on my mind,  
 Walkin’ through a city where the good ones die.  
 But I still walk, still breathe, still write,  
 And I still fight ‘cause the truth got rights.