## **Track 1: "Schemes in the Medina"**

**[Intro – Biggie voice sample style]** *“You either smart or you safe… but never both.”* Yeah…  
 Check it.

**[Verse 1]** It started in the Kingdom, crown jewel deception,  
 Medina nights, lights hide the infection.  
 UN flags and a mask of peace,  
 But I peeped the game, no justice, just fleece.

Got a message from a person with a medical smile,  
 Talked like love but it reeked of file.  
 Scripts in her purse, wires in her lace,  
 She flirt through the net with a ghost in her face.

I move silent, thoughts encrypted,  
 But every cab ride felt pre-scripted.  
 Phone bugs chirp like morning birds,  
 And the cops play dumb, but they heard every word.

**[Hook – hypnotic Biggie rhythm]** Schemes in the medina, lies in the air,  
 Even when you pray, they got mics in there.  
 Smiles from people, but they frontin’ despair,  
 Play the scholar role, now they call me rare.

## **🎤 Track 2: "No Peace Treaty"**

**[Intro – slow, bass-heavy loop]** Yeah…  
 No justice. No trial. No words.  
 Straight punishment.  
 That’s how they do people that think…

**[Verse 1]** Woke up with a plan, next day it's a trap,  
 They freeze my accounts, like I'm settin' a map.  
 No warrant, no lawyer, no royal decorum,  
 Just fake docs, false meds, and forums.

They offered asylum, then caged my mind,  
 "Take these pills, doc’s orders, you’ll find—  
 Yourself again." But I ain't lose me yet,  
 Every thought’s been tracked like a government bet.

They hacked my girl, tracked my steps,  
 Even the food cold, suspect like the rest.  
 From the States to Rabat, they was watchin’ my back,  
 Now the only safe line is this rhyme on the track.

**[Hook – soulful sample loop]** Ain’t no peace treaty, ain’t no cease fire,  
 They want my silence more than they want the liars.  
 I keep spittin’ till the truth catch flame,  
 Big-style bars with a Moroccan name.

## **🎤 Track 3: "Educated Threat"**

**[Intro – dialogue-style sample**]  
 *“He studied too much. He saw too much. Let’s make him disappear.”*

**[Verse 1]** They feared my pen like it’s packed with heat,  
 Thoughts too real, couldn’t keep it discreet.  
 Berkeley taught me systems and schemes,  
 Now I’m stuck in a world that’s killin’ dreams.

They call me doctor, engineer, writer, all that,  
 But still I’m the target of a trap.  
 Spoke out once, now my name’s on a list,  
 They want me drugged, bagged, and dismissed.

Who can’t read my pain,  
 Can’t see the poison in his country’s name.  
 Cops roll past, just smirkin’ at fate,  
 While they posts tweets, talkin’ ‘bout grace.

**[Hook – Biggie flow with layered ad-libs]** I’m an educated threat, man with no gun,  
 My words do damage, my mind don’t run.  
 Tryna black-bag a soul that ain’t done,  
 Big-style tales from the place with no sun.