## **🎤 Track 1: “Smoke in the Palace”**

**[Intro – Snoop style drawl]** Yeah…  
 It’s ya boy rollin’ through the Kingdom…  
 But this ain’t no fairy tale, nephew…  
 It’s a real trip… ya dig?

**[Verse 1]** They call it the land of the sun and the sand,  
 But behind closed doors, got a heavy hand.  
 Educated, elevated, tryna stand tall,  
 But when you smart in Morocco, they want you to fall.

Doctor with a script, tryna sell me lies,  
 Minister of meds playin’ in disguise.  
 UN meetings, Rotary cheats,  
 Everything look gold, but it reek of deceit.

**[Chorus – G-funk harmonies**]  
 Palm trees and fake degrees,  
 Everybody frontin’ in them satin tees.  
 Try to rise, they clip your wings,  
 In the palace, yo, corruption’s king.

**[Verse 2]** They tap my phone, girl flirtin’ through screens,  
 Talkin’ through the radio like it’s all routine.  
 Cab driver weird, food come cold,  
 Even the bugs actin’ like they been told.

Cops watchin', no warrant in hand,  
 Bank froze my funds on a silent command.  
 Had to play dumb, just to get by,  
 But my brain too fly, had to testify.

**[Bridge – smooth and sarcastic]** Shhh, they listenin’, better lower your tone,  
 The concrete’s mic’d and the Wi-Fi’s owned.  
 They want you sedated, medicated, and zoned,

**[Chorus – repeat]**

## **🎤 Track 2: “Digital Chains”**

**[Intro – talk-style]** Man…  
 When the spyware knows your name better than your own fam…  
 You know you in deep.  
 West coast in the soul, Morocco in the pain…

**[Verse 1]** TeamViewer ghosts lurk in the back,  
 Android breathin’ like it’s havin’ a panic attack.  
 Text ain’t safe, screen ain’t either,  
 Even my shadow bein’ chased by a leader.

Lady flirtin’ with scripts and tricks,  
 Marriage proposal tied up in politics.  
 Every cab ride like a game of Clue,  
 Guess who spied me? That Rotary crew.

**[Chorus – slow and smooth]** Digital chains in the land of kings,  
 She got files on me like it don’t mean a thing.  
 Even silence got a tone when the system sings,  
 In Morocco, even thoughts got wings.

**[Verse 2]** See, in the States they talk privacy rights,  
 But back home, they tap dreams at night.  
 She smiled on IG, but that post was bait,  
 Soon came the calls, then money, then hate.

Forced to be silent, couldn’t write no blogs,  
 Law twisted like a Snoop Dogg fog.  
 But I kept it low-key, eyes on the prize,  
 Soul too strong to believe in their lies.

**[Chorus – repeat]**

## **🎤 Track 3: “Censored Royal”**

**[Intro – mellow Snoop hook]** Uh huh…  
 What’s royalty if you gotta whisper truth, ya dig?  
 Let me tell y’all how it go down… Moroccan style…

**[Verse 1]** Got a message from the past on my Facebook feed,  
 From a girl with ties that the palace need.  
 She offered me love, with strings and meds,  
 Tryna trap my mind like a spider web.

Everywhere I walked, the dogs would bark,  
 Like the system knew my soul in the dark.  
 They fake the script, pretend they care,  
 But give ‘em a mic and they vanish in air.

**[Hook – mellow groove]** Royal cars roll by just to show the weight,  
 But the people starve slow at a silent rate.  
 You speak out once, they erase your fate,  
 So I rhyme through pain, and navigate.

**[Verse 2]** Ten voices ain't enough to ever be heard.  
 They flipped my asylum into a trap,  
 Tryna gaslight my journey with a rich man’s map.

But I ain't fold, just rolled like a G,  
 Berkeley in my soul, École Poly in me.  
 Tried to box me in, but I ghosted the game,  
 Now I speak in rhythm, while they drown in shame.

**[Hook – repeat]**