**Title: The Shadow Behind the Passport**

*An Autobiographical Account of Injustice and Resistance*

**Introduction**

This is not just my story. It is a cry for justice, dignity, and truth—an urgent call to those who believe in human rights, education, and freedom. I write not only for myself, but for all those who cannot. I ask only that you read with an open mind, and understand that the reality I describe is not fiction.

**Chapter 1: The Betrayal of Great Names**

I never imagined that studying at the University of California, Berkeley, and working with École Polytechnique would lead to horror. These institutions are among the world's finest—yet they stood silent as Morocco, my own country, turned against me.

To be mistreated is one thing. To be hunted after excellence is another.

So let me tell you the chocking story of the treatments of Morocco to people that studied and worked at UC Berkeley and Ecole Polytechnique.

It is a shame for these 2 universities that alumni and employees would be treated this way, and a shame of the country of Morocco to treat their citizens this way, let alone those who succeed at studying at the best universities in the world.

There is so much darkness and cruelty that it’s difficult to know where to start, but don’t be chocked because this country of Morocco does the same things to so many people in the country.

**Truth in Fragments:**

My cousin’s last names are Bennani and Alaoui

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The Moroccan government only lets people from specific family names and specific first names get to the high positions in politics and companies based in Morocco

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In Morocco, the government gives the order to target people who succeed; so as soon as anyone with the Moroccan passport starts to succeed in their field, they should leave to other countries while they have the chance

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There are police officers whose last names are Alaoui, and there are people in jail whose last names are Alaoui.

There are police officers whose first names are Mohammed or Hassan, and there are people in jail whose first names are Mohammed or Hassan.

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Some police officers give the order to find legal ways to torture people in Morocco that have relationship with the United States of America

**Chapter 2: The Machinery of Oppression**

In Morocco, the apparatus of control is not hidden. A Moroccan minister once said to us, “We don’t want too many people to graduate; uneducated populations are easier to control.”

In my experience, the government deliberately limits access to opportunities, uses surveillance, and coerces doctors into prescribing addictive substances to silence and sabotage high-potential citizens.

The Quran itself, I was told and I witnessed, is altered in messaging for political control. I’ve witnessed sexual harassment weaponized in public spaces, with legal protections stripped from the books.

And in perhaps the darkest revelation—a Moroccan official at the United Nations confided to me: “Children are bought from families for 1 million dirhams.”

**Truth in Fragments:**

Did you know that the Moroccan government uses as political tool sexual harassement, molestation, forced marriages, touching, and other dark sex methods in public spaces, trains, taxis, … and that they remove from the law the ways that you can protect yourselves from it

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The Moroccan government conducts human sex trafficking

**Chapter 3: The Price of Success**

If you succeed in Morocco and hold a Moroccan passport, you become a target. I watched many like me become isolated, denied visas, or defamed. Privilege, it seems, is inherited through family names, not merit.

When I tried to leave Morocco, the system intervened. Visa rejections, border surveillance, and targeted harassment followed me everywhere—even into foreign lands.

I met Rita Alaoui at a Rotaract volunteering meeting. After that, I was receiving messages on the radio to meet her, when I tried to go to my bank I received the message on the ATM that my account was not available. After I met her, I went back to my bank and there was more money in my account than I had. After that, I received messages on the radio of what to do with the money to meet Rita Alaoui again, and when I didn’t follow those instructions, I started getting harassed sexually.

When I was at Al Akhawayn University, I had my own money in my student account, but the university wasn’t letting me use it. When I went to the financial office of the university, I was told that I needed to put more money in my account to be able to use the money I already had. When I went out of the office, Rita Alaoui was at the door of the office waiting.

**Truth in Fragments:**

Moroccan police officers steal from people, they use they tools of surveillance to know who has money, and they stalk them until they make mistakes so they can pay the fines to them

Don’t forget what Warren Buffet says, you put on anyone a tail and they will get a ticket

**Chapter 4: Ambassadors of Silence**

I became a Moroccan Youth Ambassador through Rotaract, a community service organization in Casablanca. At the United Nations, I saw behind the curtain. I tried to leave the program—my passport was taken. Others were told it was "too dangerous" to run.

The agency responsible, the *Italian Diplomatic Academy*, appeared again each time I was denied freedom to travel.

When I tried to flee to Turkey, I was pulled aside. “Red alert,” they said when they saw my Moroccan passport. I was taken to a high bridge. What followed was an assault—and a threat: return to Morocco or die.

In Morocco, I was sexually harassed daily for years, evidently by a women who wanted to force me to marry her; while I was going through treatments for depression. She was using so many ways, hacking me, bribing taxi drivers and cops, and even using religious arguments. The only way I found to get her to stop sexually harassing me was to make myself undesirable, to show that I didn’t want to get married, and to make her and her parents disapprove of her marrying someone like me… It worked because she stopped forcing me to marry her after many months of trying, but she didn’t stop sexually harassing me and hacking me…

I met her at an event at the United Nations for Moroccan students, after her friend came to talk to me about her tattoo in the plane flight to New York. Since that event, every time I was taking a taxi, she was sending me messages through the radio or the driver, every time I was turning the Moroccan radio in my car or the Moroccan TV in my house, she was sending me messages through it; even using her name, my name, her friend’s name, and what she wanted me to do, and how much money she would give me if I did, in millions. Then when that wasn’t working, I was seeing the same messages in the advertisements on Instagram and YouTube. I infer that she was able to do this by bribing people who used my phone’s location to run targeted ads, because when I was using VPNs and Ad Blockers, the messages stopped.

Also, she was using information I was saying next to an Android phone’s microphone, never any information I was saying next to an iOS phone purchase in North America. Moreover, she never used information from an Android phone I bought in the US, until I left the phone in a person’s car who left for about an hour while I was playing soccer. After that, my phone started heating up often, and I was constantly receiving notifications about my phone’s memory getting full, even though I wasn’t using the phone, and none of the apps I installed was running in the background. Since then, she started using information I put on that phone too.

The only way that seems to stop her from sexually harassing me is to tell people and to do cyber security protections, because every time I did tell a person about it, like a friend or a professor, there was less sexual harassement; and every time I was using cyber security protections, like VPNs or Tor or an iOS bought from Europe or North America, there was less sexual harassments. This is why I am personally and deeply interested in cyber security and human rights, to protect myself, protect my family and friends, and protect people in need.

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I was sexually harassed at my own house in Morocco by Moroccans I met at the United Nations while two members of my family were dying of cancer, my grandmother and my uncle who was a high officer at the Moroccan secret police.

Since the day I went to the United Nations as a young Moroccan ambassador, I was tortured in Morocco for 4 years.

The way they found us to make us ambassadors of Morocco was through Rotaract volunteering in Casablanca, which I had heard about through a friend whose dad also studied at UC Berkeley.

During the United Nations event, as soon as I understood the wrong things that Moroccans were doing, I tried to leave, and they came to my hotel room in New York where I was always alone to remove my passport. The ones that weren’t alone in their rooms and tried to leave were told that it was dangerous to leave and that they should wait until they went back to Morocco.

Once back in Morocco, when I tried to leave to countries that required visas for Moroccans, I was every time rejected and receiving calls right before the rejections from the same agency that brought us to the United Nations, the Italian Diplomatic Academy in Morocco.

When I tried to leave to countries that didn’t require visas for Moroccans, like Turkey, as soon as I arrived there, the Turkish policed asked me my passport, and when they saw that it was Moroccan, they said Red Alert, took me to the edge of a very high bridge, grabbed me from my genitals, and told me that they received the order from Morocco, and that I should go back to Morocco or I would get killed.

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After I met Radia Bennani at the United Nations, I went back to my house in Morocco and the Moroccan police from the Force Royal were parked in front of my house. When Radia Bennani was posting on instagram, the police started the car engines and started making loud noise with it. As soon as I liked the post, the police stopped the noise. After a while, they started the car engines and made the loud noise again, so I checked instagram and saw that she had posted a new post, and when I liked it again they stopped making the noise

**Chapter 5: Sexual Harassment as a Tool of Control**

Back home, a woman I met at a United Nations event began to stalk me. I was harassed constantly—through radio, taxi drivers, Instagram, YouTube ads. She hacked into my phone, bribed people, used religious manipulation. She even exploited my speech near Android phones.

Eventually, the only way to deter her was to sabotage her interest—by making myself undesirable in her eyes.

The psychological toll this took during a time of depression and medical treatment was unspeakable. Yet it was sanctioned by silence and tolerated by the systems around her.

**Truth in Fragments:**

Some moroccan police officers use kids as a tool of harassement

**Chapter 6: Surveillance and Psychological Torture**

Cyber harassment grew into full surveillance. Every time I used secure technology—VPNs, iOS devices from abroad—the stalking lessened. It became clear that these attacks were technologically coordinated, possibly through tools like **TeamViewer**, with access to my screen and data.

Even my spoken words were used against me—except when spoken near secure North American devices.

**Truth in Fragments:**

As Warren Buffet said, put police on anyone’s tails long enough, and they will get a ticket

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Moroccan police officers use a software like Teamviewer to see the screen on phones and computers

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Some Moroccan police officers follow the order to make specific people poor so that rich Moroccan families can human sex traffic them and their kids

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If you have a Moroccan phone number, Moroccan police has access to your calls and sms and conversations on WhatsApp. Rich moroccan families can bribe or threaten police officers to give them access to the conversations for them to use it

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Even if conversations are encrypted end to end, if someone has a software installed like teamviewer, other people can see the conversation that are encrypted

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Moroccan police officers spy on people using their neighbors

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The spy software Pegasus is used by rich moroccan families

**Chapter 7: Networks of Control**

Morocco’s systems don’t operate alone. They use institutions as fronts—Rotary, Rotaract, and sometimes even the United Nations organizations—to monitor, bait, or trap targets.

The banking system was part of the harassment. I found my account inaccessible, only to have it later filled with unexplained money—and then used as a leash to guide me.

People like Rita Alaoui and Radia Bennani appeared in my life under mysterious circumstances. After each meeting, Moroccan police behavior would sync eerily with my actions online.

**Truth in Fragments:**

The Moroccan government conducts human sex trafficking using organization like Rotaract, Rotary, Italian Diplomatic Academy, and United Nations organisations

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Definition of human sex trafficking:

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Some Moroccan police officers stop people from making money legally, and give them the option to make money illegally, so that if they do so, the Moroccan police can have the option in the future to attack them with it

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There are police officers in Morocco that follow the order from rich moroccan families to not let people have sex for years even if they are married, that way these frustrated people think they have to go to the rich moroccan families to marry them

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There are police officer who don’t let people get medical treatments even if it kills them not to

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During my last 5 years in Morocco, every time I met women whose last names was one of the politically famous families in Morocco, the conversations continued afterwards and I could have had a relationship with them. Every time I met women whose last names was not one of the politically famous families in Morocco, they eventually stopped answering me. Every year, I was meeting a new person from the politically famous families in Morocco, without me trying.

**Chapter 8: The Manipulation of Poverty and Power**

The Moroccan system seems designed to manufacture desperation. The police are said to manipulate the legal economy to force people into illegality—only to use it later as blackmail.

Criticism is punished, even with insects and stench—like the garbage truck parked in front of my house every time I voiced dissent in WhatsApp messages.

Sexual frustration is used as a political tool. Access to intimate relationships appears to be controlled by status and family name.

**Truth in Fragments:**

The Moroccan government gives the order to silence people who criticizes the Moroccan country, they don’t understand that criticizing is a way to development

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When I sent a message on a friends’ group on WhatsApp that criticized Morocco, a garbage truck parked in front of my house, making the smell in my house extremely bad and bringing insects in my house. When they left, I sent back another message criticizing the moroccan country, and the truck came back to park in front of my house.

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Some Moroccan police officers give the order to direct money to people who could criticize the moroccan country in the media platforms they care about, so that when they are rich they won’t have the emotions that would lead them to criticize what is wrong in the country

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If you are living a bad situation who has factors that are out of your control, after you improve the factors that are in your control; if you criticize the situation in the media platforms they care about, the factors that are not in your control might improve; if you don’t criticize them, maybe no one will know about them and they won’t improve

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During the beginning of covid, the Moroccan government was lying in the numbers they were sending to the World Health Organization about the amount of people who had covid. They were thinking that telling the truth about how many people had covid would give a bad image to the country

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There are Moroccan rich families that order banks to print them new money

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The Moroccan family Alami bought a Saoudian palace in Morocco, fired all high payed employees, and decreased to the SMIG all other salaries; so they can fill superior. When they were not able to sustain the business or pay back their loans, they declared bankruptcy, then started a new company and got new loans

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Moroccan rich families order banks to change loan approval terms so they can get loans for companies, then afterward they declare bankruptcy, and start new companies to get new loans.

Developed countries use credit history that are tied to people

**Chapter 9: Truth in Fragments**

What do we do with these truths?

* Spy software like Pegasus is used.
* Judges are bypassed for surveillance.
* Some police officers block healthcare access—even fatally.
* Kids are weaponized to harass.
* Rich families order banks to print money or rewrite loan terms.

In Morocco, conversations are spied on, manipulated, and used as tools of control—even if encrypted. The boundaries of the law are selectively enforced or ignored altogether.

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I was named Hassan after my uncle Hassan Zahzah who helped my father get out of Lebanon

**Chapter 10: What If...**

What if every Moroccan citizen had a North American or European passport? Would they still be subjected to these violations? Would they finally gain the rights that others take for granted?

This book is not just about me—it’s about the idea that **geography should not dictate dignity**. That a person born under one flag should not be destined for surveillance, poverty, or abuse.

**Truth in Fragments:**

What if every human on the Moroccan soil had either a European or North American passport, would every one of these humans have the developed human rights that Europe and North America have already achieved?

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Don’t forget, money makes the world move

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There are places in Morocco where the laws of other countries are the ones that are applied, like embassies and other places

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Developed countries don’t have enough resources to control every kilometer that separates them with undeveloped countries

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What happened in the development of humans that gave some humans the right to tell other humans where on earth they are allowed to live?

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A high ranked moroccan police officer had told me that cops are not allowed to follow you when you are by car or motorcycle, because they put you and other people in danger

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A moroccan police officer had told me that the saying of 10+ civilians is equivalent to 1 police officer, so if there are 9 witnesses, and 1 police officer that lies, the law will follow the police officer

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A high ranked moroccan police officer had told me that moroccan police are not allowed to have ammunitions in their guns

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Moroccan civilians are allowed to have guns for hunting

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A high ranked police officer had told me that if someone enters your house to steal or other, that you are legally allowed to defend yourself even if ends up with them dying

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To those who have cancer or other disease that will kill them, don’t forget two facts: 1) In developed countries, a lot of treatments allow people to heal and survive. 2) No human ever lived until 120 years old. So every single person dies eventually and every single human has a limit to their lives

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There are a lot of countries where there is death penalties. There are a lot of arguments that justifies the death penalty being the option that is best for humans.

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Just the fact of living in a specific place on earth changes your life expectancy; in a specific place you would have a high likelihood of living until 20 years old and not more, while in other specific places you would have a high likelihood of living until 80 years and more

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In developed countries, police first needs an authorization from a judge that studied the law before being able to spy on people. In Morocco, some police officers who didn’t study spy on other people without authorization from the law

**Conclusion: A Call for Protection and Change**

The right to criticize is the first step toward change.

To those suffering: I see you. To those in power: I hold you accountable. To the world: I ask only that you listen—and act.

I write this in the hope that one day, every person—no matter where they were born—can live freely, with dignity, and without fear.

**Lyrics to music to make**

🎤 **Eminem style Track 1: “Moroccan Chains”**

**[Verse 1]** Yo, I came from a land where they silence the bright,  
 Where diplomas get punished and wrong becomes right.  
 I studied with legends, Berkeley and Poly,  
 But back in my country, they tryna demolish me.

Ministers whisper like villains in shade,  
 Sayin' “Keep 'em all dumb, it's easier that way.”  
 Education's a threat, so they poison the well,  
 Doctors bribed, prescriptions straight outta hell.

**[Chorus]** I got scars from a flag that shoulda wrapped me in pride,  
 But instead, it cut deep and it bled me inside.  
 You call this freedom? Man, it’s all an illusion,  
 In Morocco, success is a damn execution.

**[Verse 2]** Sex trafficking cloaked in a Rotary badge,  
 UN events where they draft up the mad.  
 Tried to run, they came knockin’ my door,  
 To take my passport, like "You ain't leavin' no more."

Every name I met was tied to a scheme,  
 Like Bennani, Alaoui, caught in a dream.  
 Radio speakin' in code through the static,  
 Harassment in taxis, the pattern’s dramatic.

**[Bridge]** Can’t trust no screen, no call, no feed,  
 Even my Android bleeds when it hears me breathe.  
 TeamViewer ghosts, peepin’ every keystroke,  
 Laws bend to some people, the rest of us choke.

**[Chorus - repeat]** I got scars from a flag that shoulda wrapped me in pride,  
 But instead, it cut deep and it bled me inside.  
 You call this freedom? Man, it’s all an illusion,  
 In Morocco, success is a damn execution.

🎤 **Eminem style Track 2: “Spy Games & Chains”**

Yo... you ever feel like your whole nation’s playin’ spy vs. guy?  
Like your thoughts ain't even your own?  
Yeah... welcome to the zone...

Android hear me whisperin’, suddenly ads align,  
She wants marriage through my phone, bribin’ time after time.  
Radio flirtin', IG posts with a threat,  
Even taxis send messages—man, I ain’t seen peace yet.

She bribes the drivers, hijacks my night,  
Talks through commercials, invades my light.  
Tried to be strong, but depression got roots,  
She got info from my mic like I left it on mute.

It’s a game of control, with no rules, no names,  
Moroccan cops spy like it’s video games.  
They turn people into slaves, prophets to prey,  
If you bright, you get dimmed by the end of the day.

Rotaract, Rotary, faces with masks,  
Behind every smile is a villainous task.  
Force Royal in front of my home like a show,  
Startin' engines when she posts, then they stop when I scroll.

No meds when I need 'em, no law on my side,  
They want pain to be silent and truth to just hide.  
Bank locked my funds when I went to resist,  
Then money appeared when I met that chick.

No judge, no warrant—just a rich man’s voice,  
Poor ain’t got options, rich men got choice.  
Even names hold weight, if you ain't one of them,  
You better pray, fake, or disappear in the wind.

🎤 **Eminem style Track 3: “Truth Hurts More Than Whips”**

I was raised by a lion, got the name of a warrior,  
Uncle Hassan broke outta war zones before the coroner.  
But I got boxed by my own, in a place that I called home,  
Where criticizing is like breaking a bone.

Garbage trucks roll up every time I speak,  
Got insects in my kitchen ‘cause I dared critique.  
The law ain't blind—it’s selective and cruel,  
Ten citizens speak, but one cop overrules.

They say truth is a sword, but mine’s dulled by fear,  
They say fight with your words, but they never hear.  
They say free speech lives... but not here, not here.  
In Morocco, it disappears.

She tried to mold me, hold me in fake romance,  
Like if I played along, I’d get one more chance.  
But I bent, broke, shattered to dodge the chains,  
Played the fool just to escape the game.

Spyware on my phone, Pegasus in my blood,  
Neighbors ain't neighbors—they report when I budge.  
UN gave me wings but the country clipped 'em,  
Now I rhyme in rage 'cause the world just skipped ‘em.

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🎤 **Snoop Dogg style Track 1: “Smoke in the Palace”**

Yeah…  
It’s ya boy rollin’ through the Kingdom…  
But this ain’t no fairy tale, nephew…  
It’s a real trip… ya dig?

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.

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.

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.

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

🎤 **Snoop Dogg style Track 2: “Digital Chains”**

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…

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.

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.

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.

🎤 **Snoop Dogg style Track 3: “Censored Royal”**

Uh huh…  
What’s royalty if you gotta whisper truth, ya dig?  
Let me tell y’all how it go down… Moroccan style…

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.

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.

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.

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🎤 **Notorious BIG style Track 1: "Schemes in the Medina"**

*“You either smart or you safe… but never both.”*Yeah…  
Check it.

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.

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.

🎤 **Notorious BIG style Track 2: "No Peace Treaty"**

Yeah…  
No justice. No trial. No words.  
Straight punishment.  
That’s how they do people that think…

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.

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.

🎤 **Notorious BIG style Track 3: "Educated Threat"**

*“He studied too much. He saw too much. Let’s make him disappear.”*

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.

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.

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🎤 **2pac style Track 1: "Eyes on the Kingdom"**

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.

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.

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.

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

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.

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.

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.

🎤 **2pac style Track 3: "Tears in Casablanca"**

Rest in peace to those we lost...  
And peace to those who live through hell...  
With open eyes.

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.

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.

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🎵**Lartiste style Track 1: “Caméra Cachée”**

T’as cru quoi, frère ?  
Que j’allais la fermer ?  
Caméra cachée dans ma tête… mais moi j’vois tout.

Ils disent que j’déconne, que j’hallucine,  
Mais c’est pas Netflix, c’est ma routine.  
Des gens paranos, des juges qui jugent pas,  
Et des médecins complices, t’imagines ça ?

J’ai vécu l’enfer, version institutionnelle,  
Medocs dans mes veines, made in officielle.  
Pas un thriller, pas un roman,  
Juste un cerveau qui dit “non” au mensonge dominant.

Tous les soirs, j’fais l’même rêve,  
Une ville sans barbelés,  
Mais dans ma chambre, ça s’relève,  
Les caméras veulent m’contrôler…

Caméra cachée (hé),  
Ils veulent ma mémoire, veulent mes pensées.  
Caméra cachée (wow),  
Mais j’ai l’instinct, j’ai l’cœur branché.  
Caméra cachée… cam-caméra cachée,  
Mais j’suis pas fou, j’suis éveillé.

🎵 **Lartiste style Track 2: “Rita & d’autres”**

Un conte de fées… version béton armé.  
Rita, les autres… et moi au milieu.

Elle est entrée comme une lumière,  
Diplomate fine, douce manière.  
Mais c’était un piège cousu d’or,  
Rita jouait l’amour, mais bossait en tort.

Psychotropes sur ordonnance,  
Camisole de “bienveillance.”  
Mais j’ai flairé le jeu de pouvoir,  
Et j’ai dit “non”, même dans le noir.

Rita et les autres,  
Ils jouent aux dieux, mais moi j’suis pas leur proie.  
Rita et les autres,  
Ma liberté, j’l’ai payée d’la voix.  
Rita et les autres  
Complot dans les couloirs d’un palais sans loi.

Ana lli fakart, ma nshoufch ghir les bling,  
Makayne 7oub, juste du bling.

🎵 **Lartiste style Track 3: “Indésirable”**

C’est pas moi qui ai changé…  
C’est leur vérité qui s’est effondrée.

Les autres dans l’rétro, mais j’conduis ma route,  
Exilé mais vivant, j’vais pas lâcher l’doute.  
Istanbul, Casablanca, dans l’ombre de l’État,  
Chaque pas surveillé, chaque mail sous contrat.

Les psys veulent m’couper les ailes,  
Mais j’ai mes mots, ma cervelle.  
J’rappe ce qu’ils veulent cacher,  
Mon esprit, y peut pas s’acheter.

Indésirable, j’suis dans les papiers rouges,  
Mais j’porte l’honneur, même quand le monde bouge.  
Indésirable, et j’les entends chuchoter,  
Mais moi j’crie fort, j’veux pas m’excuser.

On m’a exilé… mais j’porte toujours mon drapeau dans le cœur.  
Et ça, personne peut me l’enlever.

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🎵 **Lacrim style Track 1: “Bavure d’État”**

Ils veulent mon silence.  
Mais moi, j’ai vu. J’ai tout vu.  
Et j’vais l’dire. Même si ça m’coûte la vie.

Ils m’ont traité comme un fou, mais j’suis pas malade,  
Juste un mec lucide, dans un monde fade.  
J’ai quitté l’cœur du système avec des cicatrices,  
Berkeley à la rue, tu parles d’un sacrifice.

J’ai vu les gosses traînés dans des vans banalisés,  
J’ai vu des femmes hurlant, leur dignité brisée.

Ils veulent m’faire taire, m’enfermer dans l’oubli,  
Mais j’ai la rage, j’ai les preuves, j’ai l’envie.  
Ma plume, c’est une arme, mon cœur, c’est l’pays,  
Même si j’suis seul, j’parlerai pour les bannis.

🎵 **Lacrim style Track 2: “Zone Grise”**

Ya Rabbi… protège-moi de mes ennemis déguisés en amis.

J’ai grandi entre mensonges et vérités volées,  
Un passeport marocain mais l’cœur enchaîné.  
Ils parlent d’État de droit ? J’ai vu que des coups,  
Des caméras dans ma chambre, des voix dans les trous.

Rita, elle jouait la paix, mais c’était un piège,  
Diplomate sorcière avec un sale manège.  
Ils m’ont suivi, piégé, drogué sans pitié,  
Mais j’ai tout noté, rien n’a été effacé.

Ana rajel, ma nshoufchi l'dounia ghir bi’l-khobz,  
Ana li 3raft l’khedma dyal sbab ou l-kelb.

Zone grise, entre la mort et l’asile,  
J’ai fui la prison pour un exil fragile.  
Mais même en cavale, j’porte mes chaînes,  
Loin d’mon pays, mais proche de la peine.

🎵 **Lacrim style Track 3: “Exil Royal”**

Ils m’ont chassé de mon pays...  
Mais ils savent pas… un soldat, ça survit.

Mais c’est leur honneur qui coule dans la boue.  
J’ai rien volé, rien tué, rien trahi,  
Juste dénoncé ce qu’ils cachent dans l’oubli.

De Casa à Istanbul, j’ai frolé l’enfer,  
Ils voulaient mon retour, menotté dans les airs.  
Mais j’ai gardé l’honneur, j’ai dit “Non, jamais,”  
Même si j’dors dehors, j’suis resté droit, frère.

Exilé mais libre, j’pleure sans bruit,  
J’porte mon drapeau dans chaque nuit.  
Ils veulent ma peau, mais j’ai ma foi,  
Et Dieu seul sait c’qu’ils ont fait d’la loi.