

Hang On

3rd Strike

the past is gone
fading like the sunset
fills me up inside
dropping like a death threat
well i'm a lover
and then a fighter
no easy rider
just like my fallen brothers
watchin' over me
hip to the game
but the game brought the pain
starin' at the walls
i'm wondering how i'm gonna make it out
destiny to victory
you gotta run before you crawl
you must rise above it
listen up to our life
all your dreams are misgueded
hang on
holding on to your pride
but it wont get you what you want

life will bring you up
life will put you down
life will build you up
and then burn you down

step inside and testify
you're starin' at you death
but you won't stop to catch you motherfucking breath
petty bangsters playin' up the pranksters
runnin' from the officer
city executioner
come alive dont dive into the violent life
so leave the light on
cause i'll be coming right on up
quick fast
as i dash for the cash
i'm leaving all those other motherfuckers in the past