

## Rise & Fall

AZ

Cold as the cold in the wintertime  
Slow rhyme when I rhyme, no beginner I'm  
City walk when they sin tryna make a dime  
They don't ask for too much, just a lil' shine  
Lil' time on the grind tryin get that gwap  
Wah'n't worth eight years for your first time pop  
Now you back rehabilitated, punchin the clock  
Old neighborhood witnessin your man and 'nem drop  
Got the drop on that nigga said he runnin the block  
Graduated from the greens to servin up rock  
So you plot and you think and you sin on the plan  
on some scheme-ass shit but, that's your man  
I'm sayin, you tryna push reasons to the front  
and put a block on that other shit you want  
But the streets keep callin ya name  
An 9-to-5 slave to the rhythm ain't bringin you fame  
So it's back to the game, round up a lil' gang  
Set it up to stick ya manye but he stick you first  
Goodbye!

I seen 'em rise, seen 'em fall (seen 'em fall)  
Seen 'em come, seen 'em go, seen 'em all (seen 'em all)  
Seen stars wit dey name on the wall  
til the money get tight and the limelight's gone (light's gone)

3 A.M. in the backseat leanin'  
Thinkin 'bout all the things I've seen, man

Remember (-member), befo niggaz was on the bandwagon...  
I fell asleep til the sound of hand cannons  
Leavin holes in souls the size of Grand Canyons  
Late nights streets with my man Brandon  
Fast forward, twelve years now we grandstandin  
Because I'm main-taining, wit'out man-tanin  
and it made me an ani-mal  
But I need another quota book for the catalog  
I could dumb down and rap for bitches and alcohol  
But I'm too loud, and too proud to tap-dance for these crackers, dawg  
So, won't be no Gregory Hine-it  
When Tay get hostile, he in the gospel like he in the Winans  
and right now, he in there finding  
a new platform for the rhymes that I arranged  
A new ideas for the lines that I exchanged  
cause I can't be, a laughingstock homie, that'll be a crying shame  
All I need is six bars and an intro  
Cause I relate to these beats like it was kinfolks  
And the flow's so fresh like Mentos  
and this is all real talk, that's for your info  
Cause that's where I been, yo, ho!

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Uh, 3 A.M. in the backseat leanin'  
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Grindin, time limb  
muh'fucker back up, stepped-up muh'fucker  
So quiet, I coulda crept on a sucker (ahhh!)  
From behind and blew the breath out the busta (pooooow!)  
But instead, held my head like a hustl-er  
Pumped-up and get the sound of the muffler  
Heard him clown bout his pounds bein fluffier  
Tellin niggaz outta town they be luckier  
and get sad when the hood had enough of ya  
Broke niggaz buck at cha, poke you in ya jugga-ler  
But when you high, you feel niggaz can't fuck wit ya  
I'm surprised some niggaz still had customers  
my eyes and inhaled my smoke  
Tryna decide, should I let him slide - but nope!  
He broke ties when he spoke his lies  
Tell his pi's that he hope I die, so my reply is  
to "Keep it real, I hope you could fly"  
Cause I'ma send him to them open skies  
(Gah! Gah! Rrraaah! Rrraaah!)

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