

Rise

Lecrae

I know it's difficult, but
You know, the odds really are in our favour, man

Things just ain't the same for gangsters
The whole world 's changed, everybody's a stranger
These young dude's running around, saying they bangers
Quit the law bangers, the click and bang yah
And I done seen too many teens chasing their dreams
End up blood stream contaminated and feening
And now they leanin' on words that he said
Or She said, we said,
"Look at him, he dead"
See, we ain't ever know Martin Luther the King
Most of us probably couldn't tell you much about his dream
We like Malcolm x, 'cause spike made a movie
With his arms stretched up with the AK's and Uzi's
So excuse me, You tryna connect to, a whole generation is raised by gangster
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Who probably never knew pops, we had Tupac
An old boom box, chilling in our tube socks
And plus Dre taught us how to roll a 64
And Snoop Dogg taught us how to roll a sticky drow
So if they wanna reach us with Jesus
They gotta do it better than some screaming preachers
'Cause homie, we don't believe ya, we've seen grandmas,
Raw bodies, cold knees with heaters
So we're skeptical, it's easier to believe
That there's a Heaven for a thug than to mess with you
It's hard to rise

Listen to the melody
Because we're together

Hey shout out to 9th wonder, no you ain't gotta ask
We both know the same page like a paragraph
And all music, ain't the target of discussion
But it seems the radio has got a problem playin' substance
Listen, partner, they're lying to us, they're selling pies to us
They teach us how to be gang bangers and nine shooters
I've been where you've been, seen what you've seen
Grew up with old dawg, looking mean on the screen
When Nas was street dreaming, and Biggie was still breathin'
And cash ruled everything around me, creamin'
Folks tryna make the hood life a good life
While they in the 'burbs wishing us a good night
And some rappers teach us how to chin check 'em
But I still ain't heard a song about being movie directors
We in your hood, man, we've been where you've been
Been stabbed, been shot, been pinned in the 'Pen
Difference is now when we pick up the pen
We articulate how, God has made us all better man
I'm a college graduate, yes some God-fearing role models
With daughters who do not aspire to be pole models
You are not what the media impose on you
God made you and he rose for you
So you rise