

Up!

Promoe

i wake up, look out the window, see three feet of snow for real
, meter's though - yo large, this beat is dope! get the pen and
the pad and start writing a verse like i know the procedure, l
ike this time ain't the first but it could be the last, gotta m
ake the most of it hope my people forgive me, i know i'm so stu
bborn gotta quit fuckin around, death could come so sudden make
you hate me some times, but all i want is more loving i know w
hat you thinkln, but this ain't another last song call it my fi
rst song, livicated to my first horn's baby mother, ain't no ot
her - one life to live one love to give, i'm gon' give it on...

up! to my people's revolutionary spirit

turn it up - real life music, lose it when you hear it

bum it up - babylon and sing along with the lyrics

one life, one love to give - i'm gon give it on...

up! to my people's revolutionary spirit

turn it up - real life music, lose it when you hear it

burn it up - babylon and sing along with the lyrics

one life, one love to give...

i look up to another bright day, thinkin that i might stay if i
t's ok with the almighty all knowing, all seeing, all forgiving

i hope cus I don't know who's right - guess it isn't the pope
guess it isn't the point either, what i mean is jesus, do we re
ally need our leaders? or do they need us, where do they lead u
s look at the riches of the world and they won't even feed us i

say enough is enough and man nothing of nothing is nothing the
y huffin and puffin - they bluffin, they pushin the but-ton i'm

rushin their iunchin and cussin their cousins and uncles and b
rothers and mothers and lovers and others and... fuck it wastin
g my breath on them iniq-uity workers when i need to step from
this inner city

circus fitttn perfect in then plan when it's we that hurt us pr
essin down when the only way that's really gonna

work ^^J

chorus

selector lift it up and uplift, we've been stuffed enough shit
to make a sausage feel envious we must quit we must stop, me mu
st go - to get crops we must sow good seed, water it, shine a l
ight - it a grow but all them pesticides is genocides - truths
and rights i write j through, mike booths - step inside render
my heart and not my garment i'm pickin that part - pick me apar
t with all your comments i'm beggin no pardons, kickin back at
the apartment watchin, plottin, startin, chargin... and when th
e venom it stings all the gentle-men kings the pendelum swings
back and forth they pack a sword mightier than my pen to hack u
s all to pieces (again:) do we really need our leaders or do th
ey need us, where do they lead us? i tell you down, down, down
- well time's...

chorus

large made the music at hotel no monkey business (for no monkey business entertainment) and i wrote the rhymes when i still lived in uppsala - with mad snow outside the window, i recorded it with vladi pushing the buttons at soundlsm, even before we started recording songs for the fort europa album, that makes it almost two years old now, but it's still "up to the time"! j s chuster played the bass for dlx entertainment.

i compared the opening lines with the opening lines of "these walls don't lie" (which was still very new when i wrote this one), and it seems like there's something with large's sentimental beats and witting rhymes in the apartment in uppsala. a whole lotta window peeping, and dreaming myself away...