

Is it true, I can only fly so high?
Without wings, I truly die

If you trace it back to the beginnin'
I never sold a single piece of music before Mitch Bade
This layed, the foundation for me to get paid
This day, you can still hear that gangster on a sick page
Now I'm flyin' high but dyin', my
Fans that were buyin' I
They're cryin', "Why
Does he have to get bigger and flow with artists from mainstream?"
Good music reaches all and he's creating a strange scene

How, far up can I go
Before you say you love me?
You love me not?
You love me?
You love me not?
I'm flying but I'm dying faster
Hoping you won't go away

How the hell are you sayin' that all the records I'm playin'
Since 2010 are not obeyin' the Strange Law
Remain raw, give your happy and pain all
Spit with a flame jaw with the teeth of a chainsaw
This what I do when I'm flyin' right off the shelf
And when something musical helps
You can't keep it all to yourself
It grows and grows, always hard never tryin' soft
So how in the world you fix your face to say that you dyin' off

Frustrated, cause I'm thinkin' that if enough hated
It'll make remaining fans start feelin' their trust faded

I don't wanna die, I just wanna keep my lifeline
And that's the family who recite N9ne's passages
And back it just cause ain't no other like mine (tight rhymes)
And even the people applaud
They still wanna bury hard, cause they don't wanna be a god
I'm higher than the stars now
The bottom is too far down
Whoever throws sand at the Nina
Yeah it kinda cuts but it ain't enough to take me down
I've been so true, so things I do will go my way
With the power of the pen, the paper, the people do as I say

My fans are my lifeline, so it kills me to think how they can just cut off

There can only be one

Thou shall only be me
And the whole world's changing
All shall remain
I'm flying higher more and more everyday
But lately, I've been feelin' like I should just fly away...