

## 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