

# Rise And Fall

## Little Brother

Cold as the cold in the wintertime  
Slow rhyme, when I rhyme, no beginner I'm  
City walk when they said tryna make a dime  
They don't ask for too much, just a little shine  
A little time on the grind tryin get that gwop  
Wasn't worth eight years for your first time pop  
Now you back rehabilitated punching the clock  
Old neighbourhood witnessin your man in the 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 ski mask 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 your name  
A nine to five slave to the rhythm ain't bringin you fame  
So it's back to the game, round up a little gang  
Set it up to stick your mayne but he stick you first, goodbye

I've seen em rise, seen em fall  
Seen em come, seen em go, seen em all  
Seen stars with they name on the wall  
Till the money get tight and the limelight stall

3AM in the backseat leanin  
Thinkin bout all the things I seen man

Remember, before niggas was on the bandwagon  
I fell asleep to the sound of hand cannons  
Leavin holes in souls the size of Grand Canyons  
Late night, Spindle Street with my man Brendan  
Fast-forward twelve years, now we grandstandin  
Because I maintainin, without man tannin  
And it made me an animal  
But I need another quarter before the catalogue  
I could dumb down and rap for bitches and alcohol  
But I'm too loud and too proud to tap dance for these crackers dog  
So, won't be no Gregory Hyman  
When Te get hostile he spit gospel like he in the whiners  
And right now he into findin  
A new platform for the rhymes that I arrange  
And new ideas for the lines that I exchange  
Cause I can't be a laughin stock homie, that'd be a cryin shame  
All I need is six bars and an intro  
Cause I relate to these beats like we was kinfolks  
And the flow so fresh like lentils  
And this is all real talk, that's for your info  
Cause that's where I been yo, ho

3AM in the backseat leanin  
Thinkin bout all the things I seen man

Grindin, timin, motherfucker  
Rep up, stepped up motherfucker  
So quiet, coulda crept on the sucker  
From behind and blew the breath out the buster  
But instead held my head like a hustler

Parked up to get the sound of the muffler  
Heard a clown buyed his pounds, bein fluffier  
Tellin niggas outa town they be luckier  
It get sad when the hood had enough of ya  
Broke niggas buck at ya, poke you in ya jugular  
But when you high you feel niggas can't fuck witcha  
I'm surprised the nigga still had customers  
Shut my eyes and inhaled my smoke  
Tryna decide should I let him slide, but nope  
He broke ties when he spoke his lies  
Tellin spies that he hope I die so my reply is  
To keep it real, I hope he can fly  
Cause I'm a send him to them open skies

3AM in the backseat leanin  
Thinkin bout all the things I've seen man