It's the rise of the rebel, story of an MC Glory evidently don't tempt me Yo, my first contact with this music Was fifth grade when the biggest threat was a switchblade No bull, for real, Jordan was still A Tarheel at NC when I first thought I'd MC Dwelling in the Bean before Seldom heard, I was rarely seen Travelling between Bev and Dorchester Each semester of my life For as long as I remember was trife Living on the cutting edge of a knife Busy making tapes and pasting odd breaks To butt heads with the mic First time on stage, duke, I was rocking grey Eso I had Cuccini shirt s and a beige suit I used to have high top with lines in my head Now I ride the train with these lines in my head I no longer have time for this bullshit The politic dug six smiling at cats I wouldn't even wanna f**k with On the personal B.I. tip or friendship They're reversible and two-faced Titty like a cash-filled suitcase "Fuck y'all" leaves my mouth quicker than the taste of toothpaste One of the illest to sport scene The only way I'm going peacefully is with morphine

It's the rise of the rebel, story of an MC Glory evidently don't tempt me
Yo you living life, shit is trife
A little tyke growing up that wanna spit on a mic Get it right

Yo, let me set it straight for people that show love And people that show hate, my life's far from great My folks far from rich, a message to the kids Think for yourself, don't believe a gospel biz See I know you gotta teach to keep kids in the seats But rap ain't a tool to put my fan's biz in the streets And I don't know why I spit this arrogant shit When most my life is filled up with embarrassing shit I don't walk around crying cause my parents is split They ain't had hella kids, I don't know no relatives I ain't got no type of cash but y'all think I do Cause I flash and spend it on superficial trash My 25th hour just never seemed to pass So it's only right I live each day like it's my last This is for the cats that heard the flow And got the rap round twisted like vertigo And yo