

# Smoke From Fire

Bas

Still I rise  
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Still I rise  
Still

I still hear a lot of too high to riot  
They study me like recitals  
I'm flattered I am an Idol  
That mean I am inspiring growth I am beside of myself  
Spirit has split from the host  
Nigga this isn't a bost  
I have been giving the most  
Go thru my body of work  
That's a lot of hours fears pride insomnia working  
That's true  
They might see the dirt true  
They gone see the work too  
Don't forget to look up at the stars my boy  
You niggas washed I could help you wit them bars my boy  
Just hit up oak shades send the check, heard?  
I'm the best out I wanna be the best heard  
Put my life into song trying to get heard  
Just to Die 100 times like its west world, damn

I got my city on my shoulders  
I gotta work work work  
Don't want no pity I'ma soldier  
I gotta work work work

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And kicking down doors when they hold keys  
And put em in places we won't reach  
Weak niggas falling for the okie  
Cause there ain't no place that we won't reach  
Hate your own skin n put on bleach  
Hard not to feel pity for those people  
Heavy the world with its bold evils  
I wish you could unsee

I look at the magazine covers, but they don't have this color  
Would you still call me a thug?  
If I ain't have this color  
That shit rhetorical boy please  
Lessons we learned since like Rhodesia  
Cause black in this world never known peace  
Closest we came was a cold breeze on the plantation  
For the OGs we demand payment  
Fuck the police get no damn statement

Its lawyer money in my bank statement, yea  
Hanging with killers, parolees  
I told em I got em I got em  
I heard the top can get lonely  
Well so is the bottom  
No problem, nigga yea

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