

Rise

GAWNE

People die tryna get close
Who's willing to climb until they let go?
One in a million finna really blow
The rest of y'all just fading like an echo
Demons in my head make me feel alone
I see ghosts when I'm sleeping, they fiend for my soul
But hell no, I'm not leaving
I'm reaching my goal
Keep on climbing that mountain
I'll rise to the top on my own

Rise to the top by my own means
With the homies outta OP, low-key
Workin' so hard that I don't sleep, for weeks
Probably finna die before I make it to the top
Gotta stop, Call the police! OC!
I'm about to fully go at the goat
When I go for the gold trophy like Kobe
I am as good as it gets
Put in the work, blood, and the sweat
Stuck out my neck for the respect
Bitch I won't ever relent-
Oh, no-no-no-no-no never again-
Will I fall
On a stairway to heaven, I'm climbing again
As I rise to the top
From the bottom
I went from a bottomless pit
To the top of the mountain, I'm on the ascent!
Whoo!
"People die tryna..."
Get close to that mountain top but
"Who's willing to climb until they..."
Let go and you're fallin' off-
Going down in flames
Like a Molotov
But I swear to God-
There's no touchin' the rhymes
One-of-a-kind-
Just what am I gonna be?
Uh-
Stuck in a line with the pen on mine?
Fuck it, get tough and I grind
As I climb to the top
When I clutch and I rise
To the side of the cliff
With the summit in sight
Such heights but I'm never gonna plummet in my life
Till I'm touchin' the sky
And I'm up so high
On the top just Me, Myself and I!
Rise, I just rise!
I just get back up and I climb!
Once upon a time, there was a kid
That was afraid but fucking A
He overcame his mental state
Like MMA, to dominate the whole fuckin' game!

As my knuckles rage, and I punch the page!
With my touch of greatness!
A lot of people thinkin' I was gonna be quitter, I admit it
But I got up and I made it to the finish
Now I'm winnin' bout to make a fuckin' milli in the business
You could witness everything I'm 'bout to do when I get it-
When I get it I'ma spend it like a mother fucker, demented-
A medic's anesthetic couldn't even stop where I'm headin'
When I been headin' for the pennant
With a whole fuckin' lot of momentum
"Who' willing to climb until they let go!"
Not a steady climb
But never mind it
It's been a ride
I'll either fall and meet my demise-
Or be idolized-
When I'm dead inside-
I resurrect, and then I rise!

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Rise to the top, 'cause I know that I got a passion
Overlapping the flows that I got mastered
Just imagine a kid who ain't never had shit
But he found his pen, then he put practice
To the page full of rage and he seen blackness
Blacked-out from the liquor when he felt sadness
Looking back at my past it was fantastic
'Cause I threw away drugs and relapsed straight back to my rap shit! (Unh)
The party is lame, ya, ah
Apart of my brain
Thinks I'm the devil like rotting in flames
Tell me to rap and I'm jotting my brain
Shit is so vibrant like caught in a game
Fighting narcotics I'm coughing in pain
Luke is a beast and Crypt is a God
But I'm not a chopper so pardon my aim
Cause I'll shoot and miss
Sorry Luke if I ruined this but we could spit with Crypt
And that reduced the risk of me sounding like a douche when I do this shit
Because I'm just a brick in the wall
Building my name 'till it falls
I can feel it in my gut
Like it's a kick in the balls!
I snap on the track 'cause I know that I'm different
I'm not in a box my talent is gifted
So help me, please tell me that this is God given
'Cause I got some demons who got bad intentions
I know that my life is on the line again
So God help me
Can you tell me how to find a friend?
I'm feeling lonely
Cause I'm only here to rise it up
And fake homies who control me I'ma line 'em up!

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Rise to the Top
Like I'm the cream of the crop
King of hip hop
What I'm gonna be is not
Feasible to y'all
Cause I've been cursed with the curse to curse any vermin
That's lurkin', I point 'em out, call me a cursor
I'll steady murder any beat you've heard of
Any sheep, I'll hurt 'em, cause I'm a beast of burden
And I'm sick and tired of being underrated
People think I'm lame just because I ain't famous
But I'm much more than a little fuck boy
Living in the cut boy, running out of luck boy
Motherfucker
I'm what's up boy
With a tough ploy
Gonna blow up boy
When I come up get fucked boy
Like a fuck toy
Get wiped like a busboy
The end of my lines are tight, like (hut hut hut) boy
You don't ever really wanna get in my way
I'ma make sure you never forget what I say
I've done made it to the top and here and I'll stay
Warding off all you bitches with rhymes I lay
And I don't usually hold grudges, but it's personal
All you bitches prayin that I'd fall you went and fucked it up for y'all
You mad I don't rap with swag
Well that's
Too bad, cause I passed your ass
With my
New raps, I mastered the craft
Of a
Dude that, can out rap you hacks
Cause I'm
Passionate, passing this class
With a masters in classic hits, bitch
I'm not having this shit talk from a dick who's raps sound like accidents
Funny how I'm rapping with a cap, but I don't have one
I'm rising to the top, I'll never stop, I'm having mad fun
You don't wanna do this, You know I'm the truest
I'll ruin your life with some rhymes in my music
Just know-

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