

Going Up

Jarren Benton

You could say it's skill or you could say it's luck
Numbers going up, up, up
Tell them go ahead, try and call my bluff
I can't get enough-ough-ough
Hard work works, let it do what it does
I'm just like yup, yup, yup
Shooting for the moon, yeah, until it gets stuck
We've been going up, up

I've been clocking in early
You've been working hard too, but you've been lost in a hurry
Too afraid to get dirty
Your 9:00 a.m. is my 6:30, all the doubt won't disturb me
Please don't call me, just text it
Do my job, then I exit, off to crafting my next shit
Don't do much but expect shit
You sound like you're dyslexic
They just wanna run from the work like it's downhill
I got other levels that I haven't even found still
Cup is half full even if I let an ounce spill
I don't talk much 'cause the numbers and the counts will
Yeah, I pay my debts, I pay my friends, I pay respects
I pay dues but I save my checks
They say a lot but I save my breaths
And earn every single day I rest, like

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Look, I've been counting my breaths
I've been pounding my chest, I dig down in my depths
I don't slouch when I'm stressed
I speak out when I'm pressed, I go back to my roots
I've been rapping my truth
I've been strapping my boots
I go after my loot
I don't slack, I produce
I've been trying to find another way through this maze
Trying to navigate what they aggregate, but I know it's just us stuck
Back in the Crescent as a adolescent, police tried to cuff us up
Now we're on a world tour trying to get the world cured
Speaking from the heart, but it's hard when you are pure
And you aren't sure
But you endure, start another venture, talkin' 'bout

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Yeah, yeah, how bad a burden? It's certainly heard of me
What don't kill me make me Hercules
Jesus died when he was thirty-three
Glock 33 for when the serpent creep
I had to hurdle over my adversities
Not the one that's running with a herd of sheep
No amount of currencies could purchase me
When I was fucked up and had to ride the train
Scraping couch cushions, trying to find some change
I would pray for them times to change
Hard times drove my mind insane
For my niggas that's going through it
Know you feel us, them problems that pile up a pill won't get rid of
You could say it's skill or you could say it's luck
I bounced out the bottom, now we going up

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