

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