

## Still Rising

Lowkey

Lowkey, I'm still rising blud  
I'm still rising  
Blud, I'm still rising  
Iller than I'll, but still rhyming  
My skills thriving  
The odds are stack but I'm still rising  
Feeling violent but I'm still shining  
You try stopping me, no joy I'm still here  
Blud I leave your home boy in a wheel chair  
Make you experience real fear  
The real here  
The fake don't listen  
17 spittin' age old wisdom  
Before they die if you escape those prisons  
I remain with the same goal, vision and aim  
But hope the fame goes missing  
Cause I need my space  
For Jesus' sake  
Sometimes I wanna leave this place  
People dyin' for nothing  
What a needless waste  
What the f\*\*k are them sayin'?  
Battling me  
You're better off running away  
Cause I'm stressed and pissed, depressed and sick  
Vexed and shit  
Sometimes I think I need an exorcist  
Man like me only dreams of a Lexus whip  
While 50 cent is rich with as many as he wants  
I could've written any other song  
But I' chose to write this  
Out to any foes that might diss  
Cause I'm known for a flow that's righteous  
They wanna overthrow the throw where I sit  
On beef, if you overdose you won't like it  
Leave you in a coma close to your home and lifeless  
Rappers are crazy, can't believe what's been happening lately  
Labels cat'in' to rape me  
People acting passive and shady  
I dedicate this to any backpacking faggot that hates me  
Cause I got a track in the mainstream  
Mad World remix, motherf\*\*ker  
Mad World Remix