

# Make Noise

Rhymefest

Two pieces in my pocket  
How I'm supposed to make noise?  
All praise due to my mama  
Had to raise up these boys  
But I feel like today that the world is mine  
Like all praises due, it's just a matter of time  
Yeah, yeah!

How you raise a household with your mouth closed?  
All this negativity let the child grow  
Everything somebody say don't take it personal  
We all spiritual people don't go to church no more  
Tarik, it's time to hit 'em with another purpose  
We've been quiet long enough I got some other urges  
Plus my grand he's nervous, he believe in curses  
We roll deep: 50 Caddies and a couple hearses  
The music was was on, I knew he was gone  
The best house he ever had was a funeral home  
I don't wanna be here without you, I can't do it alone  
Hope you're proud of what I do with this song  
Slinging packs when I knew it was wrong, screwing girls with a woman at home  
Having babies trying to prove I was strong  
But real power is your willpower  
Insecure niggas never get to feel power  
Got your life in a pickle when the deal's sour  
Now I'm reaching out to Christ in the Still Hour  
Lord help me, more healthy, more wealthy  
More first class flights, less selfies  
Less chaos, more fine wine for the payoff  
More champagne for the playoffs  
They will never, turn Che off manifesting my matrix  
Make Noise: the first song on the playlist

Two pieces in my pocket  
How I'm supposed to make noise? (Somebody tell me!)  
All praise due to my mama (All praise due to my mama - she)  
Had to raise up these boys (It ain't easy!)  
But I feel like today that the world is mine (yeah!)  
Like all praises due, it's just a matter of time  
Yeah, yeah! So I'mma make noise!

Yo, I'm from where threats get stabilized and neutralized  
And where the dream was crucified and putrefied  
Where living legends seem smaller to the naked eye  
Even the heroes die but never say goodbye  
Where kids that play outside may never make it home  
And gunfire is more steady than a metronome  
And they're immune to it all, it's all they've ever known  
The homeboys ain't sure, if there's a heaven for 'em  
The truth told get you caught up in a lukehole  
A few stones get you brought up in a group home  
Brick and mortar and gates, for these mortal mistakes  
Only award I know is how we are wards of the state  
So absorbed in the hate we can't afford to relate  
More civil disorder, another moral debate  
No such thing as a long time for you to wait  
You get the shit and they gave Tom Sawyer the Cape

Laws that's loyal to fakes selling snake oil to shape  
Felons pray for an escape, hell as they boil and bake  
Relish the soil and make due-or, prayers to a  
Higher energy that's out there so here's to ya  
Thanks for the memories, injury, dead Kennedys, enemies  
Food, clothing, and shelter: the Holy Trinity  
Power: that's the remedy, how are we gonna take this?  
Make noise: the first song on the playlist

Two pieces in my pocket (It's all we ever had)  
How I'm supposed to make noise? (Oh!)  
All praise due to my mama (All praise due to my mama - she)  
Had to raise up these boys (It ain't easy!)  
But I feel like today that the world is mine (yeah!)  
Like all praises due, it's just a matter of time  
Yeah, yeah! So I'mma make noise!