

Ascending

Ty Brasel

Yeah, yeah, hop a plane, hop a plane, go far away
Going higher than ever before
Look I'm ascending to space
Ooohh
Hop a plane, hop a plane, go far away
Going higher than ever before
Look I'm ascending to space
Ooohh

Pack a suitcase time to move a state
Young Durant
Chef the track like Martha cooking classics
Welcome class
Young professor class is now in session
Enlightenment
I just switched the style, got 'em watching now, who is that?
It's Young T
Yeah, and at the arrival of a real one
They turn they necks
May the false dearly depart
So truth may commence
From my heart, in my heart of hearts
My due diligence
Write these bars on my cell
I could call you collect
From my attic, I'm stashed in my greatest hits
In my notepad with my signature flow pattern
My simile metaphor melody
Brought due respect (Uh huh)
On symphony compositions I'm reckless
I call this speak blessings on audio sections
(Uh huh)
Just give me the mic, a soulful instrumental
And give me the light, I give you wisdom for life
(Uh huh)
I give you game to keep
I put my fist in the fight
But who gon' fight with me
And pay the price with me?
I'm going away for a minute
I'll be back soon
I'm taking a trip to the moon

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Yeah, we prolly posted in the field, intramural
State to state, show to show
Speak the real (Uh huh)
Interviews, intervene, crooked conscience
Malcolm legacy and the knowledge free

Keep it (Uh huh)
And the honor king and the king on high
And the flag still fly and that's 'til I die
Lose your pride fore you lose your soul, purify
Lose your idols fore you lose yourself
Look inside (Yeah)
Make a crooked cop bow at the feet of Jesus
Make a sinning man go repent from his evil
With this remedy ay
Drive the bigotry to six feet
Make a nationalist read revelation, yeah kill me
If I do not speak the truth, do you feel me?
I'm lying bricks of foundation
My knowledge ancient
Speak the gospel to masons
Sweet romance
Speak the gospel to nations
Hear freedom chants
On the next flight, going higher than ever
I'm ascending to newer heights
You coming or not? Look
Just give me the mic, a soulful instrumental
And give me the light, I give you wisdom for life, okay look
Yeah, I give you game to keep
I put my fist in the fight
But who gone fight with me
And pay the price with me
I'm going away for a minute, I'll be back soon
I'm taking a trip to the moon
Ahh ahh
Ahh ahh

I learned the game
From the one who made the mane
Who made the game mane this is deep
Probably get in lost in translation
Every time I speak
But you probably get caught in damnation
If you don't think, look
Devil fell I see ghost
Free my soul devil close
Evil all around if the truth be told
And it go
Life make you cold
It'll break you down to nothing
This though I recall, the antidote
When I'm hurting
When my soul is low, I suppose
Jesus wept, Jesus woes
Jesus death, Jesus rose
God spoke, I awoke
Devil close, I see ghosts
Fight my soul, hell froze
Make a toast, make a uh
Free my soul, every yolk
Truth be told, coast to coast
To the globe, yeah the globe
Antidote ani- uh
When my soul is low yeah I suppose
Jesus wept, Jesus woes
Jesus death, Jesus rose

Stay prayed up young Ty man

Sometimes you may lose your way
But God never leaves