Rise and Fall

Monobomb

|Verse 1|
Back in the days, I had dreams of rapping on stage
Imagined listening to radio where my track would get played
It's tragic, I never fathomed that the magic will fade
Lets take it back to the days when I established my name
I was over-hungry for beats, like the melody was something to eat
(Bars) a hundred a week was nothing to me
As long as I had something deep to crush a sucker MC
I won battles but in a couple I fumbled, suffered defeats
I was grinding hard, way harder than other artists did
At 17, on Choice FM, I went bar for bar with swiss lyrics for 45 minutes
Ready and prepared
No lie, you can ask anybody that was there
Simple and plain, my CD got critical acclaim
I began to build an official position in the game
Quicker than I could think, I was fulfilling all my aims
I miss them days, now it's difficult 'cause shit isn't the same
|Chorus|
Everything that goes up must come down
I was alright before, but I'm fucked up now
Got a bit of success, didn't like it at all
It's time that I document my rise and my fall
If it's not your destiny then it's not meant to be
In the mirror, face to face with my worst enemy
Got a bit of success, didn't like it at all
It's time that I document my rise and my fall
|Verse 2|
Before volume 2 dropped, my brother died
I never stopped, I just carried on busting rhymes
Putting on a brave face but it was still tough at night
I couldn't sleep 'cause my nightmares were nothing nice
Volume 2 came out, got live in the press
Regardless, I was still stressed and fucking depressed
More successful, the more I felt stuck in a web
Pain ate away at my soul 'till nothing was left
There were rumors about, I heard a dirty sound
They even tried to say that Chancers turned me down
Everyday, they were on the phone, tryna get me on that show

'Till I had to tell 'em straight, look, I didn't wanna go
I didn't wanna blow
Had nothing to prove bruva
In '05 I won an award for best new comer
But that shits all irrelevant
They say the only thing worse than not getting what you wish for
Is getting it
|Chorus|
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|Verse 3|
I just can't handle the chins wagging
And the lips chatting
My issues had me making decision to quit rapping
It's funny (why?)
'Cause that almost really did happen
I changed my mind everyday
Kept zig-zagging
But I'm a lyricist, I live for this
I tried to stop
Got volume 3 off my chest
Then hit Writers Block
Very pissed, I was getting sick of my topics
A pad of paper, I couldn't fill one line of it
Seeing rappers in magazines, I know I'm better than
Cussing has-beens when really I'm just a never-been
Me and my clique would be rich if we were American
Those negative times are so clear when I remember them
I hope you heard a bar, you could maybe relate with
Life's strange, it never remains the same, it changes
It wasn't just memories that made me make this
'Cause we all rise and fall on a daily basis...

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