

# 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...