

Rise Above (feat. Astro & Dessy Hinds)

Statik Selektah

[Chorus/Hook:]
Some days [?]
A change has to got to come
Got to rise above it all for
We'll rise, yea I know[Verse 1: Astro]
Its hard to walk these city streets
Paranoia got the best of the youngin'
Most of my childhood friends arrested
Rest of them ducking
Or doing nothing
I stay off the blocks we played on
Adore these tracks, I box daily like Avon
They running like Omar coming, this ain't The Wire
Still cats carry their cannons like Mariah
I struggle today, then ball tomorrow
I'm dedicated, the charts is minor
This minor try son the legislation
And be above all, F' the world
I bust off, I see many but compared to less
I'm [?] so duck
Grind hard for the bucks
Like [?] and [?]
I'm the one hit wonder, you stuck with him
See get the loot, like its 92' after the Rodney case
I'm razor sharp on every chain
But I don't watch karate tapes
They looked at me and said, "He little, B, yo he probably based."
I spit a verse, they noticed that is not the case
I'm all they need[Hook:][Verse 2: Astro]
Going all over the globe
You wouldn't get far with this rapping is what I was told
Now I be touching they souls
Packing up shows with young and the old
You fiending to roll?
Stop
You ain't see my vision
Retired from the Bull like Scottie Pippen
Now I'm in the kitchen cooking up heaters
On Twitter, followed by leaders

They watching, birds clocking
Its my time in this game
I entered the stage like Black Moon Say
So get your Smith and Wesson
And buck a shot for this youngin' thats reppin'
8 seconds is lessen by this adolescent
I got that organic, alienated real
For all planets
They tried to stop what made sense for dollar flow
Added [?] still a cat padding like Calicoe
I keep it original, dog, strictly for the city
Still trying make more bands than P. Diddy
But I ain't with the faking, you better recognize
Like Sam Sneed, without a doubt I am what y'all need
So check your need[Hook:][Verse 3: Dessy Hinds]
Ugh huh...you already...
Inner stardom's never born
Unless its scorned by every lesson in disguise
With digesting worthy progressive verses numbers in the pies
Its only three eyes on the prize possession
Tell em' niggas better hol' they weapons
In y'all sections for this rap precinct that won't witness protection
Opening sentences hoping these sentences could block cells
On Brooklyn blocks well
'Till they can't reach him like the top shelf
Cause every letter bound to hit em with a hot spell
On the dot, until its red hot
And every art already touch arteries till' tec's drops
That IllMindedChild pop outta tracks until your neck pop
Commitment to the page is on stage in limited wedlock
And the knots is tied to get more than 2 Chainz just for your dreadlock
And every flame regains 'till your memory set up headlocks
And its gone...[Hook:]

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