

Rise Up (Instrumental)

Ghostface Killah & Adrian Younge

Back on the grind, Molotov bottles and pipe bombs
There's war on the streets like Vietnam
Bodies is flung, enemies hung, capos is killed
Kidnap your family and wives with no guilt
No lines drawn, It's all out war for domination
Robbing safes in safe houses, no leaving traces
Destruction, Black mafiosos and militants
It's all for the king of New York and they killing it
Crime wave, rioting, streets flooded with blood
Bullet holes through tuxedos, wet suit skirts up
Big Kahuna with the cajones, come through with your homies
Shoot the Ruger where your dome is, while you in your chones
Then regroup up with my homies, less they can't run a crew
Split the loot up with the chromies, in a room with a view
Watch the corners, they on us, laying low with the clues
Guzzle cash, that's the walls of how to wait, got a few
I don't get out much, I'm in the cut with my crew
A clan of vicious guerrillas, banana clips aimed at you
Itchy fingers, malicious killers, valicious my troop
Come to pillage your village, level your root to the stoop
Trigonometry, honestly, nigga, I'm a G
Follow these streets scholarly, all would I do for this loot
Figure courage be piling the change upon us
To slaughter it, yeah, it's heartless, I've gotta get deadbeat loose
The Luger's rain, man, ain't nothing but purp bitch
That's the cane clan, they ain't nothing to fuck with
My tools say blam, change man to chump bits
Fools gonna lay in the Hudson or some ditch
Rolling slow with a gangster lean
Pimped out in the Coupe de ville '72
Lock and load on patrol, lotta hoes on the stroll
Give me street 411 like whoop-de-whoop
Where's the cane man? How many nights I live by this dupe?
Names change like slang, still be aiming to shoot
Call it pop-pop poacher and note the .45 will rise up
Message worth it's weight in gold, he a beast
When God made his son, he broke the mold
Crushing De Lucas, they tryna dismember cane, silly game
Watch his downfall, put an end to it

Street laws, gangsters pulling murders and drive-bys
New York city, flood the streets with cyanide, poison
The boys in blue don't want none of it
Watching cane ride the power, and I'm loving it
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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