

Rise & The Avid Record Collector

"Maintain"

Visit "[Maintain](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro] Maintain. Yeah. That's a lot better. Sounds good
[Verse One] Yo They say I made it to the decks but I
can't line the parties The fans think I'm dead but they
can't find the body My name through the crevice is slick
Deeper than underground Fame can envelop your shit
and kill your under style My stomach growl like ghosts
around exploding sounds Rip the verses down till you
curse my birthing town You know those cats, used to
rap Several years or more Sayin' they back You didn't
know they were here before Fame is the fable The
game with a label Explosive potential Time bomb, auto
disable This rap music There's a bap to it I got a knack
foolish You'll be on my rap toothpick I'm still in the cut
In the audio vibe Still ahead of my time Born in 4005
Still according to Blige Answer all of your cries
Speakin', I get treated like a desert water supply It's
Rise [Chorus] It's not it used to, things change I might
start producing then sing If I got my boots and my
brain And I got my heart, I maintain It's not it used to,
things change If you think this music's insane If you got
your boots and your brain And you got your heart, you
maintain [Verse Two] I rap right, act like Like I don't
wanna be lords Since last night, I don't like nobody no
more Nothing happened, I just thought about it You
know I'm rash It's all over my music Every track has a
scratch I'm painting pictures You drawing with sticks
Like the pig that build with bricks Said "Blow me you
prick" (huff and puff) Only my shit Is totally sick Hip hop
is cursed And she'll wake up by only my kiss I'm the
best in the history of being So I'm detested by
everybody breathing I think that I'm the man I think
therefore I am You link between the ape and us the
modern man Crafted like a sword that's forged by
Hanzo's hands Locked into a stone The king of Arthur's
land I write/right till nothing's left I fight till huffing
breath My light makes you go deaf Now write my
fuckin' check It's Rise [Chorus] [Verse Three] Cause my
brainstorm, Hell flakes The pawn at the stalemate The
crowd full of pale face and jail baits and dread locks I
think the dead watch The kid's lost the dead cop is
Probably swingin' ghost arms through us as we're

walkin' Talkin' never listen "Caution a musician" Was on
my tag when the stork dropped me in the prison Stop
me or listen You'll have to pick the latter choice Like
when I had to choose For huge privates or a fatter voice
I get the itis from rappers I eat Somebody tell me
what's in this turkey that puts me to sleep It comes out
rude I guess it's in my instinct Size up the world
Checkin' how a ? blinks Whip it in shape Conditioning
shoes A lie is so polite, the truth is so rude The youth is
so glued We don't know what solution to use What can
you do When parents they might shoot you then sue
Maintain [Scratches] "Though we maintain the focus
and hold the fort down" -Group Home [Chorus]

Visit [Rise & The Avid Record Collector](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.