

## Trife Diesel f/ Kryme Life "Stronger Man"

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[Chorus: Terence Trent D'arby "As Yet Untitled" sample] Cool September -- where the dust hangs high  
The flowers weep -- beneath my feet But I'll return a stronger man  
No grave shall hold -- a stronger man  
[Trife Diesel] Uh, another day's dawning, I awake to hear my name calling  
Get up to open the blinds and see the rain falling  
Voices in my head saying Trife be cautious  
Be aware of your surroundings and guard your fortress  
Keep your worst enemies close and your friends even closer  
Watch out for them reptiles, scavengers and them vultures  
Who pop up like gophers when you least expect  
They catch you off point slipping while you leaving your reast  
Yet my conscious is bugging me, trying to bring out the thug in me  
My nerves is going bad and my temper's hot as the oven be  
My family say I'm bugging, they think a nigga need therapy  
It's hard to maintain when your pockets is long currency  
But I'mma strike back and return as a stronger man  
Restrategize, and divides me a stronger plan  
We came a long way from playing them corners with grams  
Putting work in cuz we ain't hurting no longer, fam  
[Chorus] [Kryme Life] Aiyo, we started off small and we came up large  
Put it in a jar soft and it came out hard  
Oh God, I'm back at it, they got me like an addict  
Addicted to the green, the cream and plush fabrics  
Much habits, the cabbage, I must have it  
Rapping the cracking, remember back when You could have a kingdom and castle off a capsule  
Now all we get is these baggies and an ass full of time  
Niggas can't even grind without the hassle  
In front the judge, you just hear the crash of the gavel  
Cell gates, cellmates, rattles of them shackles  
And realize that it ain't no looking back, duke  
So I attack boost, the flow masterful  
The beat hitting, me spitting, mic God splatter proof  
And nigga still get wet through his speakers  
The truth in the song be the pro black teaching  
We stronger man [Chorus] [Kryme Life] (Trife Diesel)  
Aiyo, Trife, you remember them days, back in the J's  
When we was slow grinding, pumping onions of haze  
(Around the time when Bleek dropped  
Coming of Age Under 29, posted up, spending nickels and trays)

Money was flowing like rivers, the first niggas out on  
the first Fiends loved us, our work gave them the  
shivers (When other niggas was flossing, caught up in  
the glitter We was stacking train, rides to Manhattan,  
time to deliver) From the streets to the stage, the stage  
to something bigger And I share it all, me and my  
dogs, from the same litter (I'm the hitter, you the  
pitcher, and Hawk, he play the catcher) T.M.F., to the  
death (and we all riding together) Through the stormy  
weather prevailing, seven seas sailing (Word wide  
tours) Fucking with hoes that's Venezuelan (High price,  
my niggas catch ice like it was hailing Doing big things,  
see the three kings, all hail them) [Chorus 3X]

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