

Coppola Imani

"Rise"

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(*Peaches singing*)

[Hook: Peaches]

Maab is on the rise
Ain't nobody holding us down
Maab is on the rise
Ain't nobody stopping us now
Maab is on the rise
Ain't nobody holding us down
Maab is on the rise
Heeeeeyyy-hey

[Trae]

With another one, down for the count
From the nigga that you hoes, all love to hate
Steady be shining these diamonds, all in your face
In a paper chase, in it just to win the race
Gotta be watching my back, and avoid the fakes
Really don't give a damn, what none of you hoes think
How many mo' niggaz, wanna try my skills
Struggling hard, I'm trying to pay my bills
Never really know, who my friend or foes
Watch my friends, and keep my enemies close
All around the world, we may go
Still remain, to be the same old song
You say you be feeling me, but I don't know
You prolly just wanna be, backstage at a show
Telling everybody you know, Guerilla Maab
Riding our dick, must be your big job

[Hook - 2x]

[Dougie D]

Finally we done made our way
Everything that come in the past, came today
I been looking in the future, for a brighter day
Trials and tribulations in life, I learn to evade
The sun is shining, every dog has his bone in time
And it seems to be, that my time is now
I remember, when they said I would be nothing
But now that nothing is something, and I be bringing

em down
Sho' I'ma clown, nothing but the skill when I be
wrecking
Up out of Texas, with diamonds all over my necklace
I keep they head checking, pass to profession
And can't nobody contest, cause that's the way we are
a legend
You better count your blessings, cause I'm sick and
tired of this thang
And while I be blowing my Mary Jane, I'm chilling with
thugs
Sipping on mud, trying to keep my head long from
slugs
Guerilla Maab on the rise, and we keeping it crunk

[Trae]

It was all a dream, other people said I would never be
Nothing, now collecting divid-ends to ride a Benz
Down I-10, dropping the top in the wind
With a friend once again, yelling out fuck friends
Bubble lens, when I be stacking my ends
Trying to see, could you really picture me
S3 with a JVC, 18's in the trunk ready to beat
Chunking deuce to hoes, and burning off on them
freaks
I'm a ghetto superstar, and a certified thug
So all you certified scrubs, get certified slugs
Southside till I'm dead, gotta be moving they head
Gotta keep my head up, for my brother in the FED
This is dedicated to niggaz, who be turning they back
Slamming all of they do's, and burning off in they Lac
Since we done made it, they don't really know how to
act
Guerilla Maab's on the rise, and stacking platinum
placks

[Hook - 2x]

[Z-Ro]

All I did was put a buzz
In everybody mutherfucking ear, about the group I'm in
Now look at the candy coupe I'm in
I took a big 600 to the shop, and told em candy blue my
Benz
I put a bunch of money in my billfold, cause I'm real
cold
When I'm on the microphone
Everybody wanna kill, to get a piece of my mill
But I'ma weigh my skills, better surrender or bite my
chrome
Cause I'ma fight my homeboys, write my own bars

When it comes, to the pen and pad
Thinking about the swine I had, and everything I own
Could the shit wasn't bad, but in reality nigga
I was fucked up low life, living in sin
But I was given a chance, to start pimping a pen
Now Blockbuster, Soundwaves and Sam Goody's
Be running out of my product, and re-order again
And certify my self, half a million sold
Guerilla Maab nationwide, nigga all in the stores
A yellow bitch, I'ma put my dick all in a hoe
A nigga wanna plex, put his face all in the flo'
My foot all in the do', and coming in and out my barge
Mazaratti and a Benz, got em in the garage
And put a whole card, and a pool in my backyard
A Guerilla Maab superstar, you can't hold me down

[Hook - 2x]

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