

Kidz In The Hall

"Don't Stop"

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I stepped up from projects steps and step towards the
unknown
Side step mediocrity, I'm gone
Basically back to basics
Walking a fine line like a fresh pair of Asics
Face it in the presence of a mastermind
From Chicago Southside
Cooking food for thought
Open your mouth wide
Rocking tide on the way for the flow
Where your mind goes nobody knows
When you reach that bridge pay your fare
And trust me nigga like CC I'm going take you there
And like a glass cutter let me make this clear
Kidz in the Hall will rise this year
I want all eyes this year
Bare witness with the quickness
As I enter this stretch run
Fond of fitness
Relentless in the search of freedom
Crook, y'all judge by the cov of wild knowledge
freedom
Some work for change others work for change
Chase dreams to the last drop drips out the veins
On my j ob I remain majestic
Not a replica jersey
Y'all not worthy
It feels like Wayne's World
Not ready for the revolution nigga, it'll pass you by
And you can't keep running away like Pharcyde
Ain't much to shoot for when living on off sides
Play ball or rap, can't do that
Then move crackâ€¦lines in the pavement
Niggaz talking out they ass
Still not saying shit

[Chorus]

You can bullshit with Rec if you want
But I'm going make more niggaz want me then the 1st
of the month

A presence in the hood call me transmission
Sun and sunlight mashing the transition
Man listen, this is more than words on the beat
This is inner city life on the streets
Of the second city the windy that never sleeps
And niggaz love to knock you down when you rise to
your feet
Welcome to fantasy island where niggaz put grills in
there mouth to hide the pain when they smiling
Steady but violent
N@##%s put there work of balling old rims
And nigga I ain't talking about hoop dreams
I'm talking loose schemes, diamond chains, and
thousand dollar blue jeans
On board for some new things
Never really hunt for the stunt
A credit card comes with an empty soul
Mama always told me all that glitters and gold
And even if you wearing gold it ain't making you whole
Cuz money never ever fill the hole in your soul
But it can make the hoes want to blow, robbers want to
chill
N@##%s play sick we can all get ill
No thrills I deliver like Domino's
Rap style honorable
Head of the class
Matter of fact, head of my time
Revolutionary that just happens to rhyme
Like Kweli I rock with a better design
You ain't check that you need to press rewind
For all intents and purposes
My intent is to be intense
Every word, phrases, inquisition
Metaphors and similes, is prosecuted
Put on the track and prostituted
To turn tricks get intimate
With the sentiments of a genius
Brain fa (fades into chorus)

[Chorus]

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