

## Jim Crow

### "No Faith"

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'It's cool...Yeah, I ain't believe I could do it...'

Abusing the mic, rhymes rolled a few in the night  
Knowing my teams special like we do in a hype  
But due to the price of fame and economical limits  
My wallet has nothing but id's and receipts in it  
Started to fiend, Rise the artist in gene  
There's two types of bills, I had the ones that aren't  
green  
'Cause when you're a new act in the back of the scene  
Starting off you get treated like Jack with the bean  
Your dreams tossed out the window, they question why  
you choose it  
But if you be the artist they all knew you could do it  
Bad advice hurts like a jagged knife poked in your  
spine  
Dipped in salt and rusted after soaking in limes  
Most of the time there's eyes in the back of my head  
Cause people falling off on the way and grabbing your  
leg  
Battle for bread 'till you dead, stress harden my face  
Take over this huge planet its just a marble in space

[Chorus]

They said I couldn't do it, I was wasting my time  
And now they're early to my shows sleeping in line  
Cant wait till I rhyme so I can scream and they cheer it  
But sorry y'all its too late I don't want to hear it  
They said I couldn't do it, ain't believing my shit  
Now they peeping my hits and want to be on the list  
People are trips, slept now they screaming and  
cheering...  
But its too late I don't want to hear 'em

I couldn't take it anymore, my songs not in any stores  
Broke its a joke to be poor, needed a penny more  
Paying dues with IOU's, I need another job  
Screening phone calls lying to Discover Cards  
When they call, I ain't paid them in months, they sound  
upset  
But they don't know my voice, so I tell them that I just

left

An everyday struggle, the fight of my life  
Its like I got the dynamite but got to fight for the light  
So I keep it moving, but never let the dust settle  
'Cause rappers nowadays make me want to switch to  
metal  
I hate the rotation, the stations are all fools  
I only listen to tapes of Jazz and Old School  
I'm going to blow if it kills you, but they'll hold the  
checks  
Its not who flows the best, its about your rolodex  
So I flow to wreck and I don't get so upset  
Because I know I'm loved by millions, they don't know it  
yet

[Chorus]

And peace to my fam for understanding my ways  
And realizing that this rap thing is more than a faze  
I worked on nothing but my music and that had to be  
days  
When they thought I'm chilling, like the bills are  
magically paid  
At night when I laid sometimes I just wished for a  
change,  
Wanted to elevate, got helped in picking my name  
I been slept on, on the climb, but I still rhyme  
Who's the victim in the crime if I try to kill time  
Suicide, who could rise without going back down  
To levels where dropped pennies pierce a hole in the  
ground  
Rocking the best, till the doc shocking my chest  
See, fucking with this rap shit I got it to death  
And they say your working best as an artist when your  
hungry  
Some dope niggas made some money and got comfy  
The dopest is Rise, who's left scooping these guys  
Axis, Three - Six, so open your eyes

[Chorus 2X]

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