

Jim Crow

"The Wickedest Flow"

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(talking):

That's right...Rise...yeah, it's me again...

I got more rhymes than there's rain drops in a storm
I'm a...head of my time and can't wait till I'm born
So I can stand strong, hold my ground, nobody can
budge Rise
I was hit by a bus...ten people on that bus died
I left fine to wreck rhymes you'll never be able
Use your CD's for mirrors, tapes level my table
So many labels, known differently all over the world
Rise; my Indian name is "touches-your-girl"
Natives kneel to my tape and do all that it wills
Hold it up like clerks checking if your hundred is real
The one with the skill, ain't always the one with the deal
Cuz I don't like a lot of the cats that some of y'all feel
Self-centered, Rise is the baddest emcee
My old rhymes my influence, my favorite rapper is me
An ill emcee, and I hope I'm starting a fad
My mindstate's so big they'll add a star to the flag

(scratched)

"Can't match how I've done this, the wickedest flow"
"Rise; I kill whack rappers and blame the voices"

And that's why niggas be at your shows waiting for Rise
Ignore you during your set and conversate on the side
Changing the tides, give the world lessons and plans
When you rhyme around me you'll feel like less of a
man
And for you, writing is tough, your friend's liking my
stuff
Now after hearing me rhyme they won't like you as
much
Try your best but you'll still come up shorter than me
Your girl will bend backwards for you and forward for
me
On players we run clinics, no saving your ass after
Hate when whack rappers say they hate whack rappers
The fact is, I'm the man where ever I'm playing
You only sell in countries that don't understand what

you saying
Niggas seem bold, y'all trying to fit in jeans mold
But Rise will make an emcee fold like clean clothes
As I take over the globe, influencing all vicinities
Change rap, leave behind a world full of mini-me's

(scratched)

"Can't match how I've done this, the wickedest flow"

"Rise; I kill whack rappers and blame the voices"

Enormous daughters quarters shorter than your
chlorophyll pills
Y'all don't really listen to lyrics if y'all thought that was
ill
That's how a lot of y'all sound though, y'all make it with
crap
Look like you saying something like dummies with
hands in their back
And stay on your lap, and that's what I hate about rap
Annoyed at you but mad at whoever's paying you cats
If I hear, one more rapper that's as sick as the flu
I can't be held accountable for the shit I'ma do
I sit in the booth, all night, freaking the hits
My eyes so red they got me in beef with the crips
To make records that'll get, highly rated and bought
You never get felt, you're an earthquake in New York
Keep kicking the lamest raps where you blazing tracks
But at shows, only the cats that you came with clapped
The same in fact, for all of you famous cats
And axis, three six, here to reign, that's that

(scratched)

"Can't match how I've done this, the wickedest flow"

"Rise; I kill whack rappers and blame the voices"

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