

Rise

"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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