

Gute Nacht Lied

"Rize"

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(Verse 1-E.D.I. Mean)

But we the last motha fuckaz breathin
You don't beleive us then watch us ya tuned in
To them Outlaw ridaz, block survivors
Killa Kadafi beside us
Reppin that thug shit until they bury or hide us
Tellin all of my street souljah's to rise up
From East to West Coast yo, don't let 'em stop ya
It's a cold, hard way we livin
Can't out just me, and live to smoke a little
Watch my children grow a little
Get this money, escape the prison
My jail niggaz doin time I feel ya pain, get out rise
It ain't nothin but a come up
Outlaw Recordz it's official street niggaz gettin this
money legal
We all in together now, ballin together now
Secrets of war young busta you better learn about
Bust, if you must, plus
Get in the business when the jealous niggaz fuck with
us

(Chorus-Kastro)

We was taught, at all costs hold down fort
And let the Lord be the judge in this all out court
Where money, power, guns is boss
And countin big funs is the favorite sport
We must rise, maximize our size
Look alive, be advised it's a war outside
It's like dodge city, not pretty
But don't nobody notice it really you feel me, we must
rise

(Verse 2-Napoleon)

Pause nigga 'fore these shells fall with ya
'Bout to four fifth ya, still don't get the picture
Thuggin on 'em actin sleep when I'm plottin on 'em
This little bitty bullet will make his body turn rotten on
'em
Sick them rottweiler's on him, did snatch some dollars
from him

Bling bling that punk nigga, take the diamonds from
him
Never had no love for him, nigga we solo
Passin out bullets like they promo
Oh no, Outlawz comin through
Nothin but trouble too, we still do the shit that Pac used
to do
Who would of knew, that I'd be pointin guns at you
Takin funs from you, makin fun at you
Busta, ain't nothin but a Jersey ride nigga
Have my fanny so white, enough to sniff lines nigga
Napoleon, a.k.a Maximus
My plans for this, is rise up, stack chips, nigga rise

(Chorus-Kastro)

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(Verse 3)

(Young Noble)

Addicted to adrenaline rush
That the streets give off from 5-0 when the heat bust
off
And I paint it the same cuz I mastermind
And every game ain't the same gotta change with the
times
And get left behind, blessed by God
The judge tryin to stretch the charge
Young niggaz gotta rise up fuck the narcs
Motha fuckaz can't take orders
You ain't a souljah nigga don't blame Noble
It's the life of ya kid 25 to life bid
Four five to wig, dyin tryin to live
The streets is a restin place and yesterday
And nigga ain't no such thing as extra pay
So give me mine today, and get yours tomorrow
Nigga Pac left the Thug Life love to follow
And I'm O-U-T loyal 'till my casket drop
Hustle hard 'till it's hard for the cash to stop, we must
rise

(Big Syke)

Makaveli Kadafi, meant to Big Kato
Only ridaz in this day that's killin willin and able

Gang related incorporated, you can't fade it
Haters gotta hate and ridaz glad that we made it
Make it take it to the next level
Now change the game, fuck the fame
Bang 'em scrape on the hang
It ain't no thang to rise above the rest
Pass any test, you mention Thug Life you mention the
best
So invest in a vest, come bang with the best
The sunrise in the East but my set in the West
Still risin for my nigga Stretch, keep a tech
My paper stay risin whether cash or check

(Chorus-Kastro)

At all costs hold down fort
And let the Lord be the judge in this all out court
Where money, power, guns is boss
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