

## Mathematics f/ Hot Flames

### "Can I Rise"

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[Intro: Hot Flames]

Yeah... it's that pain

Strongarm, Mathematics, yeah, yo

[Hot Flames]

Sometimes I zone out, starin' at the wall with the  
chrome out

I'm broke, but I'm black, so I can't take a loan out

Judges sendin' me in, cases hardly gettin' thrown out

Lost in the system, fam, like I miss 'em

Had a smart mouth, so the gods probably twist 'em

On the floor leaking, til the meds come and stitch 'em

Little brother got that, cops pistol whipped 'em

Heard he in the gay house, faggot nigga pimpin' him

Thought he was a thug, look what the world did to him

Everything's changing, everybody banging

Every where you go in this world, niggaz hating

Used to kick ass, now he take it in the anus

Told his moms, phone hit the floor when she fainted

She a Jehovah witness, she blamin' it on Satan

Both sons locked up, spend her nights prayin'

Welfare washed up, living in the basement

Daughter on the strip, now, hoe and for nathin'

Moms got arthritis, hands keep shaking

Couple months passed, now she buried in the  
pavement

Fifteen alcoholic, whole life wasted

[Chorus 2X: Hot Flames]

Can I rise? And get to the laugh, through the cries

While I'm alive, the projects, the hood through my eyes

No lies, people relyin' or just enough cash

To survive, I'mma strive, to the top, before I die

[Hot Flames]

Little man again, tired of people making fun of him

Poppy spaz out, if you put the gun in front of him

O.G. hustling nigga, gave him a pack

Told him to, hold his head and gave him a gat

Shorty coming through, whips now, we started to stack

Started hanging out with pimps now, started to mack

Flossin', his lady got pregnant, had an abortion  
Cops raided his crib, took half of his fortune  
The other half that he had, was the O.G.'s potion  
He's left for nothing, thirty thou', down the drain  
Now he mad the gate, that he fouled the game  
He got knocked, lost his dough, write after, he lost his  
hoes  
Did a year, then they off of parole  
Five years, it took that, couldn't wait to get home  
But that O.G. hustler, was waiting with chrome  
He owed him, twenty five, only gave him fifteen  
He thought, being that he did time, the nigga wouldn't  
see him  
But he did, came home and he was waiting in his crib  
Came in his door, he had his lady, suckin' his dick  
Down to the floor, he spazzed out, thought she was  
cheating  
Til he seen her face was beaten, he had no gun  
But he did start swinging, the O.G. whistle  
Three niggaz came in with pistols, poppin'  
And left, his last words, were 'baby, I miss you'

[Chorus 2X]

[Hot Flames]

Son, started rappin at 12, by 15, he was sick  
His whole hood thought he had potential, to be the next  
B.I.G  
So many rap niggaz, offered to put him under the table  
But he signed with no lawyer, to an underground label  
Everything was good at first, so he was feeling the vibe  
I mean, he knew he was gonna struggle, but he was  
willing to ride  
They had him on some pretty shit, and it was killing his  
pride  
But he held it in, kept it all, hittin' in sides  
See, he was gutter since birth, he didn't know about  
flossin'  
Coppin' him new Benz, he didn't know it was gon' cost  
him  
He ain't know if he ain't blowin', he gon' wind up owein'  
And that brand new car, they gonna wind up towin'  
It's more than music, everything is based on business  
He's a hard headed little nigga, never would listen  
Signed off his publishing, for half of his spinach  
Spaz out on 'em, and his whole career was finished  
Til he signed to another label, and repaired his image  
Got back on that hard shit, they ain't feelin' him now  
Hand fools, last year, he was killing the crowd  
Now he can't even go gold, he gettin' tired of the game  
Niggaz makin' fun of his name, he gettin' tired of the

shame

Took it out on his dame, now he locked in the bang, it's  
crazy

It's how we live, yeah..

[Chorus 2X]

[Outro: Hot Flames]

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