

## **Mr. Lif f/ Akrobatik, Blueprint, El-P**

### **"Mo' Mega"**

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[Akrobatik] He watched his grandmoms get beat by his drunk granddad for bein drunk Of course he grow up to be a punk How could he learn respect, when he comes home to the people that he loves most beefin and gettin wrecked? See, this is a point where a shorty loses his innocence His, mind gets raped before he even learns diligence But, see his momma sparked his hunger to learn And had him schoolin where the tuition was more than she earned Creative, he'd write rhymes to escape (uhh) The sources of his pain documented on tape And maybe these raps'll lie in time capsules for the future youngsters To see struggle is consistant among us No need, he found a career and made it clear (what) Despite all obstacles he is still here Now he travels the world celebratin survival with people he was told was liable to be his rivals Unifyin through a universal language And common goals of freedom and escape from the anguish But don't cross him though, some things never change in us Bumpy Knuckles told him peaceful cats are the most dangerous And he was grown by now, so he related back Cause he done been to hell and made it back without a scratch Unless you count the technic tables cuttin his name up Ya boy finessed shit, got his game up and came up [Chorus: El-P] + {\*scratches by DJ Big Wiz\*} We keep workin, city stay nervous Everybody doin they thing, doin {\*scratches\*} They thing {\*scratches\*} Everybody-everybody-everybody doin they thing, thing [Mr. Lif] He went to school without focus so he had to adapt, he love rap Found some brothers that attract that, whattup Black? Let's smoke a blunt and drink a forty, and get steamed and dream of better days; flip flows in many ways The God got serious though, mysterious flow Started pumpin herb around campus to get dough Save up, hit the studio and cut a demo Peace y'all, he's leavin school, peep the fuckin memo And his M.O., to rise up to the top of his trade His tongue was a sharp blade, airwaves were space to invade He's back in the major city, big lights, late nights Writin sessions was the essence But what happens when you change environment but not

mentality to coincide? Niggaz fuck around and take a slide So he's chillin in the park on a dark night A blunt to spark right, all a sudden noticed this flashlight Motherfuckin DT's, sleazebags Sprayin niggaz with the Black Flag fingerprintin Like he's Simpson or some shit Now look at son sit in a jail cell, witnessin real hell Nigga in the next cell braggin 'bout his many cases Roaches racin laps in less than forty paces Guard staring hard at the young brother, he starts to suffer As he thought about his father and his mother It's not him - he's a disciple of Chuck and Rakim So his chances for survival are not slim 4-point-5 hours passed then released at last with a sigh and a gasp, and some reigns to grasp Control your life, hold the strife He never looked back, now actually he gets hyped Encores, world tours, when you see him Recognize that he value his freedom and greet him [Chorus] [Blueprint] He freestyled on the side but it was only to clown and kill time, on the block while he was holdin it down He was troubled, but his little brother was proud Called him the best he ever heard since Big and 'Pac was around Always wondered why the hell his pops wasn't around All he had was the records that was handed him down Old clothes from his fam that was handed him down And some demos he would make to keep his head in the clouds He'd probably cry if his pops could take a look at him now He all grown up, swole up, and known 'round town for doin hold-ups, and smokin up pounds of brown And killin any competition with over Coke with a smile One day he rolled up, right after he loaded that pound That boy owed him so had to let him hold that, blaow! But what comes around hits home and goes back 'round He got home and saw his brother soaked in blood on the ground Moms cryin, a look in her eyes so foul He knew right then and there he had to change his life all around Tears flooded, he looked up and crouched down Called the Lord's name out loud, blacked out, passed out And woke up to a voice in his head so strong It was his brother sayin just what he had said all along Get off the block, put your energy back into your songs Revenge is wrong, show the world that you grown and that you came up! [Chorus] {\*scratches by DJ Big Wiz fade out\*}

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