

Shabazz The Disciple, Son Rise

[Chorus 2X: Shabazz the Disciple]

We making solid power moves
Changing up the game, and put ya'll under our rule
It's G-O-D, the Kings, with the royal crown & jewels
To overthrow the castle, make you powder our shoes (solid power moves)

[Shabazz the Disciple]

Yo, Son, where I'm from, it's off the henges
Even niggaz that's hopeless
Living and shooting that shit up with syringes
Causing this prophet move with emphatime
Code of the streets, niggaz gotta eat
For better dreams, for a cheddar fiend
Take a look through the eyes of a Disciple
Come into my world of burning punani's
And mami's who'se living trifled
Snipers on the roof with a rifle
And here the death'll roam on our babies
Born in a coma, your shit is a cycle
Unlimited conditions are indecent
And if you getting into the snitches
Pointing at pictures at the precinct
Presidents, po-po hate niggaz on round tables
Infiltrating empires with wires
When you got niggaz, Kane & Abe
Why lead your accidents like I was Moses
And I'mma near that way to that day
I'm covered with roses, and my casket closes
Peace to all my niggaz on the Ave., we projects 31's
Paradise, heist and karat ice, stashing dirty guns

[Chorus]

[Outro: Shabazz the Disciple]

Leek Lover, my little brother
That one's for you, one love...