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 & Empty amp; 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 precint Presidents, po-po hate niggaz on round tables Infiltrating empires with wires When you got niggaz, Kane & De 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...