

# As the World Turns

Outlawz

As the world turns  
As the world turns my niggaz grow and grow and grow  
And get dough and roll and ride  
Niggaz die and mommas cry  
Niggaz got alibis and suicides and homicides  
And three strikes and yo' life and my life and times change  
And niggaz fame, as the world turns

Though I walk thru the valley of hell the shadow follows me  
Wisdom hard to swallow tomorrow expect apologies  
You probably panic, stranded in search of a better planet  
Realism hard to understand, we stand slanted  
And still stranded, merciless thieves stole the best of me  
I pray to black Jesus to please take the rest of me  
And still, the best of us build, and reach monetary gains  
Some of us kill, but still, most of us can change  
If we search deeper, god bless the hustler, curse the first sleeper  
Enemies get beside me, flows go deeper inside  
We we ride plots keep all my enemies blinded  
Time will soon show, a thought can last for years  
Outshinin them fakes smile plastic tears  
Like last year, niggaz stuck in the past, and it's clear  
Just some busta ass bastards allergic to cash this year  
Makaveli for the Mob, M-O-B  
Killin bustaz is my motherfuckin job, him or me  
Lyrically fatally driven, niggaz reported missin  
My competition dead or in prison, as the world turns

Turns turns, turns, turns, and turns  
My niggaz grow and grow and grow  
And gettin dough and dough and dough  
From this state to that state  
From this cell to that cell, as the world turns

As the world keeps turnin round and round  
It's gon' be goin round as the world turns and steady turnin

As the world turn burnin paths, starin through my rearview  
It's a war goin on, and the President is in too  
I hear Tu-Pac sayin, Watch em they'll kill you  
Sippin Thug Passion, scrub actin like he feel you  
Steady plottin, ready or not Outlawz lost  
But not forgotten, from Gittere to Compton  
A spitter of the hotness, long timeness  
So like six I ain't never been rich  
I need cream, to buy Ellene a dream house  
She no longer fiend out y'all, Outlawww

Another lonely nigga with a 12-gage pump  
With a 12-hour rush to run and get this money, fuck these punks  
Road rules I swim in the dirt, I stay in some skirt  
I hit where it hurts, I ride or die for my turf  
I ride or die for Makaveli the legendary war thug nigga  
Kadafi betta unslug this nigga, Seike betta undrug this nigga  
Out of the buildin we street children with no souls  
Our hearts gon' stay cold, the war gon' stay on  
We serve em, like Pac told us to, catch em wet with the tec

Hit em in the neck and watch him die like he supposed to  
Napoleon the front line soldier, front times over  
Rider for the mightly dollar rather drunk or sober  
Nigga talkin thug walkin all through yo' squad  
Y'all niggaz scared by a dog, I got my fo'-fo' for y'all  
It's like a hot, heated day homie, warfare don't play homie  
Better be prepared than try to dunk away from these strays homie  
Worlds turn, thangs burn, all in one shot  
Rest in peace to the fallen soldiers, all that we got  
As the world turns

And my niggaz roll and ride, hahaha  
Niggaz gettin swoll out  
And it don't stop and it don't quit  
That real shit! As the world turns  
Niggaz die for  
How many you niggaz try for this? As the world turns  
Murderin methods haha OUTLAW

As the world keeps turnin round and round  
It's gon' be goin round as the world turns and steady turnin  
As the world keeps turnin round and round  
It's gon' be goin round as the world turns

Only haters caught feelings, when my homie caught millions  
And acquired the desired status of boss livin  
We cross driven, cornered into a life that's hellish  
Payin our dues with bloodshed, ain't shit y'all could tell us  
Fellas - mount up, it's time for battle, it's on now  
Two worlds collidin armies ridin soldiers, gone wild  
Sometimes I think my glory days was back in my youth  
I sought too for family, but I got it lost in these ounces  
Now as the world turns court adjourns, I'm sentenced to burn  
The cost of my sins too much, nuttin left to earn

October 9th 1977 first day out my baby carriage  
Married my Mack-11 hit the block playin  
Only five years up in this bitch, poppa runnin from the Feds  
Puttin peanut butter on the walls to hide his prints  
Me on my own, not yet grown but only man of the home  
To protect my zone in these streets I roam  
Dough on d-low, downin straight shots of Cristal Brothers  
Hundred dollar snot box on cee-lo, fuck eighth  
I need a kilo, got a plot, move my block down state  
Got the drop on the spot, movin pounds of weight  
Fuck my fate and lots of loot to burn, a hustler's yearn  
For this dirty money earned as this crooked world turns

Hahaha as the world turns  
And turns and turns and turns haha  
This for the soldiers out there involved in the everyday struggle  
Hopin to bubble, keep on hustlin, as the world turns  
Money come and go, hoes come and go, foes come and go  
Friends come and go my soldiers, stay eternal  
Outlaw Immortalz, dedicated  
I send this to black Jesus, only he can feed us  
When you need us, as the world turns  
Throw this shit in the deck, hahah  
Niggaz gettin chin checked  
From the East to the West best to wear a vest  
Nigga we ain't the ones to test, fuck you  
As the world turns  
Outlaw ridahs, Mutah right beside us

Camillion, wanna make a million  
Haha legit, as the world turns haha  
Burn baby burn

A lot of niggaz get burned as the world turns  
A lot of niggaz gettin burned as the world turns  
Gettin burned as the world turns