

# Two Turntables And A Mic

Black Moon

What what what what what!

Holding the weight of the world, holding the weight of the world  
Weight of the world on my shoulders (rock, rock, rock, rock)

Yeah, I know you can relate to this shit right here,  
feelin like you got a lot of weight  
Sometimes you wanna bomb never hesitate, bomb first,  
hold ya head up yo, get up yo

Got all these stressed out niggas with firearms  
Prepare, get ready they about to bomb  
First one hit usually an innocent civillian  
Shot by the elevator dead up in the building  
I'm illin' of the chill I got  
Through my spine last night when I heard the shot  
Took flight, cos I know that the Gods is right  
Telling me you gonna make it when there's hard in life  
And the stripes that you gain through the streets is pain  
No matter how many motherfuckers is slain  
Hold your head son, maintain  
Fuck getting the tumour in your brain  
Mutherfuck the rumour that you on came(?)  
Simple and plain, like piece of the pie  
It's the hustle to get yours, Nigga I can't lie  
I'm addicted to the high life, the wild life  
Make the stress go by easy, when the bomb right

Chorus

The weight of the world is on my shoulder  
But, everyday I wake I find myself I'm getting bolder  
As I annihilate, plus dominate  
Thinking of ways to rise up, like a republican prominent  
In the bomb state of thinking  
Sometimes, life is like quicksand, if not watching your step  
You end up sinkin  
So pay close attention, don't be blinkin'  
Cos you might miss the entire point of the words that we speakin'

Chorus x 1

Holding the weight of the world (bomb first)  
Holdin the weight on my shoulder (booya!)

The weight o' the world's on my shoulder  
I'm never gettin younger, only gettin older  
As I, walk the streets with stress  
Hold my head, cos the more I finesse  
Tap the plate on my bullet proof vest, YES!  
I'm strapped in tight,  
Cos I feel like some shit gonna happen tonight  
I been eyein' a lot of niggas, closin' up  
Eye on my jewellery, they frozen up (rock rock rock rock)  
Wanna stick me why? How come?  
Jealous cos my shit is sophis, I don't fuck wit' none of them  
Commercial rap get the Originno gunn clapp  
Believe me, stress on my brain, roll a sack of that

Shit that'd make the devil dissolve  
Holdin the world spinning on my shoulders wit' no prob

#### Chorus

5 o' cock on the dot.  
I, I'm up performing callisthenics  
While the muslims are making salot (?)  
And the Devil plots  
The pressures of life got me rock  
Plus my ambitions fired up, I just can't stop  
Been singing broke too long, time for a new song  
Rest in peace to 2strong(?), cos reddaman is still new born  
The world's been warned  
You get taken out like a pawn in this game  
Or get caught flashin' and flossin' at fame  
But, trials and tribulations force me, to claim what's mine  
Plus blow mine, (mine!) meaning!  
What I work and struggle hard for  
To the end of my existence, yes I'll die for  
The rules and regulations, all God's laws  
Laying it down, under the ground  
Until the surface hardcore  
Pushin' to become a rich man once poor  
Tell you to your face, you ain't ready for the war  
(rock rock rock rock)