

As the World Turns

2pac

As the World Turns..

As the world turns my niggas grow and grow and grow
And get dough and roll and ride
Niggaz die, mommas cry
Niggaz got alibis and suicides and homicides
And 3 strikes and yo life and my life and times change
And niggaz fade, as the world turns..

Though I walk thru the valley of hell the shadow follows me
Wisdom hard to swallow tomorrow and 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 Jesuz 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 could 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
Times of sho' a thought could last for years
Out shine in ya face smiles plastic tears
Like last year, niggaz stuck in the past, And it's clear
It's some busta ass bastards allergic to cash this year
Makaveli for the Mob, M-O-B killing bustaz is my muthafuckin' job
Remember me? lyricaly fatally driven niggaz reported missing
My competition dead or in prison
As the world turns...

As the World keeps turning round and round
It's gone be going round and round
Turns, and steady turning

Young Noble

As the world turn burning paths, staring thru my rearview
There's a war going on, and the President is in it too
I hear too, Pac sayin' watch 'em they'll kill you
Sippin' thug passion, scrub acting like he feel you
Steady plottin, ready or not
Outlawz lost but not forgotten
From Gittere to Compton, from Fittere to Hotnest
Long timeness, to like six I ain't never been rich
I need cream to buy Ellene a dream house
She no longer fiended out y'all, Outlawww

Napoleon

Another lonely nigga with a 12-guage pump
With a 12-hour rush to run and get this money nigga, 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 bet I'mma slug this nigga, Seike been undrug this nigga
Out of the building we street children with no souls
Our hearts gone stay cold, the War gone stay on
We serve 'em, like Pac told us to

Catch 'em wet with the Tek
Hit 'em in the neck and watch him die like he supposed to
Napoleon the front line soldier, front times over
Ridah for the mightly dollar rather drunk or sober
Nigga talking thug walking all thru yo squad
Y'all niggaz scared by a dog, I got my fo-fo for y'all
It's like a hot, here ta'day homie, warfare don't play homie
Better be prepared then try to dunk away from these strays homie
World turns thangs burn all in one shot
Rest in peace to the fallen soldiers
All that we got, as the world turns

As the World keeps turning round and round
It's gone be going round and round
Turns, and steady turning
As the World keeps turning round and round
It's gone be going round and round, Turns

E.D.I

Only hatas got feeling when my homie caught millions
And aquired the desire status of boss living, we cross driven
Going into a life that's hellish
Pain in our youthful blood, shit ain't shit y'all could tell us
Fellaz mount up, it's time for battle, it's on now
Two worlds colliding always riding, soldiers gone wild
Sometimes I think my glory days was back in my youth
I saught too profounded, but I got it lost in these hours
Now as the world turns court agerns, I'm sentenced to burn
The cost of my sins too much, nothing left to earn

Kadafi

October 9th 1977 first day of my baby carriage
Married my Mack-11 hit the block pleggin'
Only 5 years up in this bitch, poppa runnin' from the Fedz
Puttin' peanut butter on the walls, I this prince
Me on my own, not yet grown but only man of the home
To protect my zone in these streets I roll
Gone on d-lo down the stray shots
Of cussion brothas hundred dollar spot box
And ceelo fuck 8, I need a kilo, got a plot
Move my block down state, got the drop on the spot
Moving pounds of weight, fuck my fate a lot of loot to burn
A hustle yern for this dirty money earned
as this crooked world turns

As the World keeps turning round and round
It's gone be going round and round
Turns, and steady turning

Hahaha.. As the world turns
And turns and turns and turns.. haha
This for them soldiers out there involved in the everyday struggle
Open the bubble, keep on hustling
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 say this to Black Jesuz, only he can feed us
When ya need us, as the world turns
Throw this shit in the deck
Niggaz gettin' tear checked

From the East to the West best to wear a vest
Nigga we ain't the ones to test
As the world turns
Outlaw ridahs, Mutah right beside us
Camillion, wanna make a million.. haha legit
As the world turns.. ha ha.. Burn baby burn

Napoleon

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