

# Your World Don't Stop

AZ

I wake up to them rapping tunes  
Every afternoon, I'll be home soon  
I see the board sometime after June.  
Met a couple of convicts,

That's way beyond sick  
It seems they dig my style,  
Cause I be on some don shit.  
Laid back, I ran into some brothers

From wayback  
Those that I dig there be others black - I'm real unclear on what he  
Actually says here  
I don't say jack

I stay in tune with the stars sun and moon  
Because behind bars your doomed if your mind can't consume  
Plus spiritual pain can bring forth physical rain  
And without knowledge of self

How else can a criminal change?  
And being locked up ain't the life of me  
Shit is way too trife for me  
"You're coming home soon sounds so nice to me

But you can bet, I'm bouncing out with mad props  
And if I get chopped, and knocked Baby Pop  
My world don't stop  
And in here it makes us all the same

For blowing backs out five to fifteen  
See you in the bean  
Till they max out  
Mis behavin, acting uncivilized like cavemen

I witness bravemen,  
That gave inside(?) minds turn to gay men  
Nobody's playin  
Crimes of prisoners supposed to be preying(?)

On some low shit layin sleep  
Get yo ho shit banged in  
Hangin  
Who's to warn you

Outta the hell these inmates gone through  
From the 3 halves of a four group(?)  
Doubt if anyone is normal  
And overall

It's hard to call  
Who would try to play you  
One kid from my tomb caught a carved spoon through his navel  
Nothing can save you

Even C.O's try to grave you it's painful to even know  
Those that are most faithful, will betray you

I lay lo-key  
Cause I ain't heard the least

Try and get out early on work release  
Praying the system will work with me  
Cause I ain't trying to see three hots(?) and a cot  
So I rock

That ain't my plot baby pop  
My world don't stop  
So until that dayi'm discharged and set free  
Fuck who's going sex me,

My mind is more based on making my next G  
Now let's see  
Nothing on me as a juvenile  
No more moving foul, the penile

Possesses me with a smoother style  
Blessing my mental with mathematics  
To map shit, through graphics  
Fuck it, I ain't with hustling backwards

So wiser man, with ideas and liver plans  
More mature and for sure  
I saw all my eyes could stand  
Sit and try to design these words of mine

To define what occurs when you're serving time  
Freshness blurs the mind  
Behind bars, scars are signs of hard times  
I'm trapping myself inbetween these lines

Cause I ain't trying to see three hots(?) and a cot  
So I rock  
That ain't my plot baby pop  
My world don't stop