As the world keeps turning, chronic keeps burning (This ain't no) street sermon, these niggas are determined (2x)

I flow like CD's in the deck
Moosh fools in the face that lack respect
Protect ya arm, pitch from the funk
I deodirise the musty, ya rhymes are crusty, you can't bust G
So leave me alone I'm in the zone
Walkin the streets on my own, nigga get blown
Some niggas say that nigga Where is gone
But I'm low in the cut and gotta microphone
Are you gone bust or play bones?
You motherfuckin clone, get off that nigga's style and get'cha own
It's Miscellane and it's on again
For the niggas that slept, they should stayed in step
And kept ya big fuckin mouth shut

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I woke up with a stomach ache, headache, back ache Advil, Tylenol, Peptol, slept so long realised my world is wrong My world is gone like disco Blowin up Cisco and in my Cammo Standin in back of me was my soul Thinking of the easiest way to get a bank roll Knowledge is urban-able, exhaust manifold A tar can of hos to lubricate my system quick Shaky bitches off the dick Cos she got a vice grip on the flow from my lips I'm slow but equipped with the proper tools Show me the one talkin shit so I can drop a fool I'm out to glow a nigga roll if he think he Mr CREAM Come back on the scene and smoke a phillie, G I really dream of gettin mine now let me tell you what's silly Me, buckin with my team is murder one I heard a gun bustin shots (SHOTS!), down the block (BLOCK!) I guess a nigga gettin what he got (GOT!) Shit is heavy like a medicine ball and broke niggas to smoke niggas I'll fuck one for y'all, they made ya last phone call To a trick that didn't even care Cos she was gettin fucked somewhere, you're stuck in there Now you wanna bust, nigga, now you wanna kill, nigga (Nigga) Nigga how ya feel? (Nigga) You can't try to be real (You can't try to be real) Shit is for real

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I'm cooler than most, but I got the shorter temper And I'm cooler than foes that don't know how it goes Let's take it back to the first side When you was a new jack and jockin my new track But you was wrong, didn't know about the big long Head-strong, nicknamed Dav from off the school yard

Witta teenage group I'm turnin loots to tracks

Me and my niggas like
(These tracks are laced with bomb weed and tight lyrics)
You wanna know what the hos used to do
When me and my crew came bustin through
All sorts of blushins brew
(A neighbourhood find, a gift too swift, Miscellane is the crew)
Underground till my brown eyed balls turned blue
This is for the bitches and niggas that wanna front
I smoke on, I broke on till I spoke on
Miscellane packin shows like Farrakhan
Where is on another level with two niggas that's on the same plateau
Now that's three times your tightest flow
And three times ya tightest track, three times your fattest sack
Three times is clever (BUCK!)

As the world keeps turning, chronic keeps burning (This ain't no) street sermon, these niggas are determined (2x)

Thou shalt rest in grief who lay buried in the belt Barely included work, leaves bodies scarred and hurt To art in hell, where the next man dwells The place with stankin pussy and crack rock dwells