

# World Go Round

Naughty By Nature

Check it out. I heard this track right here and I kind of felt a lil'  
somethin'. You know. It took my mind some place it ain't been. Search deep  
into another world. So I'm trying to figure out what make this world go  
round. For real. People are stressin'.

Oh how oh how come everytime we have problems they nix none  
Sending people to other plants when they still ain't fix this one  
Victims from a distance prections of affliction  
Some faction cause frictions fractions need fixinng  
Mixing making music man to make it work  
Some sticking shakin' bruisein' damn just ta brake a purse  
It's worse misguided some guttered locked on the block  
Cause the cops can't be trusted  
Busted trusted frustrated frustrations of no more patience  
Insides are cold and vacant check how we lay it  
Why when we speak they try to stifle our breath  
Cock a rifle to chest  
Then ya have the party of your life at your death  
Oh I wanna know I wanna know  
Oh why, oh why is it the good that have to go  
And they tell us that's just how this life goes  
So I look at the kids and wonder where their life might go  
Get high to tell ya low that's how its done on the bricks  
We all mad at the world when the world ain't done shit  
Just the people in it and the scavengers who function  
Who destroy the earth then blame the earth for its malfunctions  
And getting maybe a tad bit too deep to follow  
But the black form is strong and far from being hollow  
Why do we get so much into this Freeing Willy  
When Willy is already free  
He and them ain't doing shit to free my city  
And it's a pity for those who can't get the nitty gritty  
That's when the gritty gets grimy and the wicked gets witty  
So much pain on the brain can't restrain  
Place the comma too much drama but I'll bleed to please my momma  
So I'm a strive to perfection leave pride in slum sections  
Keep wit my crew and make all due connections

But but but but but that's what makes the world go round  
The axis like a carouse

Oh how the ways?  
Nowadays baby's coming from spitting out momma's nipple  
From the cradel to the killa leaving corspe and cripples  
A Brooklyn boy dies shot by a cop for a play gun  
Our kids days are up even if they ain't stray ones  
You lay one or two on the more now the merrier the day's dumb  
When crews war and now streets get scarier cops hit blocks saying we'll  
beat 'em  
Into freedom then we feel robbed like there's no God  
When we need him  
So we act accordingly cause we dont' see enjoyment  
The only line ofbusiness I'm offered is unemployment  
So we gots to get ours and ours gotta get it  
And it is what it be so see that I'm with this  
Media haas us believin' they hype  
Don't pull out ya new shoes cause only the bad news is good news

Farrakahn wants us to take the streets back time to take it  
Before our whole race is stripped naked

But but but but but that's what makes the world go round  
The axis like a carouse