

# Waiting For The World To End

Rakim

Yeah, it's the god Rakim  
Word up, I'm blazin this out to all my comrades  
Yanamean? From the slums of New York, to the gutters all over the world  
This is for y'all....  
Through my travels I try to take righteous steps  
Because right or left could mean life or death  
No matter how trife it get, my sights is set  
But it's twice the threat when the ?nights is death?  
My mental windows refuse to close, they get exposed  
To the neighborhood info where the poison wind blows  
A deadly plague spreadin negativity, viciously  
Unto every city be in ghetto misery  
Don't let it get to me, the writer be left to die  
But it get mesmerize if it catch your eye  
Shines enormous, from pure revered Kool's and garments  
But it's torment, jealousy drug wars or warring  
Tallying, slowly turnin into barbarians  
More scary when the whole boulevard's carryin  
Livin in the world of sin, my ghetto girls and men  
Waiting for the world to end

"Tryin to paint a perfect picture and excel"  
"In case you didn't know"  
"Never movin backwards"  
"Complicated"  
"Know what I mean?"

I see destruc-tion, even little kids trust none  
They bust guns, that's what they get a rush from  
When I see em, we build and have a real discussion  
"Yo Ra, what's the jewel of the day?" "What up, son"  
"You got ambition?" Shorty said, "Man listen  
I got demands for livin, can't stand division  
Make grands on my mission, till everything glisten  
Women in the Expedition, no plans for prison  
In a vision the city get, 2 milleni G  
Sittin in my MSC sippin Hennessy  
Gettin high, and watch life pass me by"  
So I asked him why, wit a fast reply  
He said "I'm livin just to die without any feelings  
So I wait here for my Maker till it's time to go  
Wit this dime I know  
Wit all of her girls and all of my mens  
Waitin for the world to end"

Shorty was taught to keep his head to the sky, and never cry  
But the streets left him to die, now it's death in his eye  
Livin a sin of hitmen, a sinister grin  
From be-ginning to end, in it to win  
Evil rebels, doin what we doin in the ghetto  
Thinkin if we was thorough we can deceive the devil  
You can't win, your life be end, try again  
Shorty said, "Why we born again to die again?"  
That's what I said when I realized I had a gift  
To uplift and be one of Allah's advocates  
Teach the youth and speak the truth  
Show em what peace can do when ?ill? reach for you

And my reward won't be jewels or cheese, it's even better  
I can be one of the greatest MC's ever  
If I tell em they intelligent women and great men  
And live, stop waitin for the world to end

"I'm ragin, rippin up the stage an'  
Don't it sound amazin, know what I mean?"  
"Don't it sound amazin, know what I mean?"  
"Rakim"