

# The World Ain't Enuff

Tela

Hey J, I love you, and the hustle  
For puttin' down the way so the South don't struggle  
Now niggas wanna play, like they forgot the muscle  
That paid the way for them to pick you up and touch you  
Don't play, you know them bitches wasn't fuckin' with us  
Segagrated us, called us country as fuck  
Nigga swallow it up, you can follow it up  
Started small time, dope game, started it up  
So what these niggas made a couple of grand  
A couple of fans, now niggas wanna bite at the hand  
You think that we playin' y'all niggas ain't trill with shit  
You need to grab on yo nuts, and remember the shit  
That made ya get crunk, get buck, tear da club up  
Throw shit, shoot shit, bloom shit, then duck  
Some niggas wanna see 'em die, I just kiss 'em and cry and  
Keep a Pistol close by Rap-A-Lot

You think that we gonna stop,  
The World Ain't Enuff for Rap-A-Lot  
(2x)  
Noo ohhh

Uhh , uhh , uhh Yes sir  
It's a dirty world, but it ain't enuff  
They wonder why me and them boy's be cuttin' up  
They wonder why we been in this thing for ten tight  
I spit the realist game ya ever hear in yo life  
I put that on the Lot, my block, my ice  
My wife be on lock, and my pocket be grey twice  
I'ma double up nice, when i drop it like dice  
Watch me come up in the game like a thief in the night  
Got hoes like Whoa!, where them niggas come from?  
I'ma Ace-Double-O De Don, I get it done nigga what huh  
What y'all know about that?  
What y'all know bout them boys who put the Dirty on the map?  
Somebody dead wrong, they should have told y'all bout them cats  
Now we got to act bed, and take the whole world back  
Niggas can't stop that, be ready to ride  
It's the L-O-K-E-Y and I want the whole pie

Yo, yo old man check it out  
He been hustle {???}, the game par-locked  
Rap-A-Lot run block, so brother hood don't stop  
If ya scared call Cops, they don't want none  
See all we fearin' is God, the morgue don't run  
We done came a long way, from the Rhine Stone days  
Livin' from Pillar to Post, livin' next door to J  
I remember the struggle, J inbeded the hustle  
Picked us off the street and out of trouble  
I ain't never said this in public before nigga  
But I love you and he who ever crosses the Prince,  
Will feel a muscle, I know you niggas say you not Shaq at this label  
But without Phil Jackson, I just be another player, and not MVP  
Yo to my nigga J, that's it, The World Ain't Enuff for Rap-A-Lot

[Chorus: MJ]  
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