

Da Backwudz, The World Could Be Yours

[Verse One]

At the start of our journey together you couldn't tear us apart
We was like tinted and Ford, peas and carrots
Rings with karats, and it seem people starin
Hoes lovin my style, niggaz love jeans you was wearin
Carryin on, this love jones heatin my soul
Like a pot of auntie collard greens on top of the stove
You keep the business on the low like pullin Dayton's and Vogues
You keep me puffin on some purple and you don't even smoke
But hold up! You flippin the script, say I fuck around
But you talkin nonsense like a gat with no clip
That's why a nigga jumped ship, I might as well do my thang
Them jealous hoes on your end sprinklin salt in my game
You think I'm a lame, but honestly you hatin my fame
You mad every time pretty dimes call out my name
You know it's a shame, you keep shit goin like plumbers
Get yo' belongings, get the fuck out and go live wit'cha momma

[Chorus]

The world could be yours, but you fucked it all up
Cause you got me fed all up
It's to a point now where a nigga fists stay balled up
My patience been used all up
The world could be yours, but you fucked it all up
Sayin you' gon get me caught up
You know I wasn't cheatin girl, I just went to buy the mall up
Let me find a hoe to call up

[Verse Two]

Shorty when we first kicked it off, I met her at the mall
Standin five feet tall, thick big booty broad
Finest chick I ever saw, remind me of Halle
But she love to roll reefer drop a Chevrolet with Rallys
Shorty used to live in Cali, now she in Atlanta
Say she love my country grammar while she peelin my banana
Hey! Now we spendin so much quality time
The other women on my mind I left 'em stranded behind
See we both were movin up, like George and Louise
I never thought that you would be my only fish in the sea
But take it from me, everything ain't peaches and cream
She started screenin all my calls, never trusted in me
And followin me, always wanna argue with me
And cut on my clothes, faded all my Guess and Girbauds
This shit gettin old, it's time for me to hop the fence
The world coulda been yours if you had some sense

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

(What's the deal pimp?) You know how I feel pimp
Look shorty be trippin when I be tryin to chill pimp
(Nigga you f'real pimp?) Like she on the ill tip
Threw away my ounce cause she think I'm on her friend hip
(Let me tell you this though, I can't believe this hoe) What?
(Had the nerve to come over my crib and show her asshole)
Man what she do folk? (Cussin out my kinfolks)
(Slashed up my Cutlass and she busted out my window)
(Man I think I'm through though) Shit I know I'm through look
Shorty got more problems than the pages in a math book
Shoulda got her ass whooped (man folk don't even take it there)
(Them hoes ain't good for nothin but showin what's in they underwear)
Nigga ask me if I care, dude I gotta let her go
I'm tired of the drama and the law knockin at my do'
(Look, do what you gotta do, I'ma do the same too)

(Push her to the curb like the way I do my 22's)

[Chorus]

{*sped up: "You know the world, the world would be yours" to end*}