

2Pac, As The World Turns

(2Pac)

As the world turns..

As the world turns my niggaz grow and grow and grow
and get dough and roll and ride
Niggaz die and mommas cry
Niggaz got alibis and suicides and homicides
and three strikes and yo' life and my life and times change
And niggaz fame, as the world turns..

Though I walk thru the valley of hell the shadow follows me
Wisdom hard to swallow tomorrow expect apologies
You probably panic, stranded in search of a better planet
Realism hard to understand, we stand slanted
and still stranded, merciless thieves stole the best of me
I pray to black Jesus to please take the rest of me
And still, the best of us build, and reach monetary gains
Some of us kill, but still, most of us can change
if we search deeper, god bless the hustler, curse the first sleeper
Enemies get beside me, flows go deeper inside
We we ride plots keep all my enemies blinded
Time will soon show, a thought can last for years
Outshinin them fakes smile plastic tears
like last year, niggaz stuck in the past, and it's clear
Just some busta ass bastards allergic to cash this year
Makaveli for the Mob, M-O-B
Killin bustaz is my motherfuckin job, him or me
Lyrically fatally driven, niggaz reported missin
My competition dead or in prison, as the world turns...

Chorus: Darryl 'Big D' Harper, (Tupac - in background)

(Turns.. turns, turns, turns, and turns
My niggaz grow and grow and grow
and gettin dough and dough and dough
from this state to that state
from this cell to that cell, as the world turns)

As the world keeps turnin round and round
It's gon' be goin round as the world turns.. and steady turnin

(Young Noble)

As the world turn burnin paths, starin through my rearview
It's a war goin on, and the President is in too
I hear Tu-Pac sayin, Watch em they'll kill you
Sippin Thug Passion, scrub actin like he feel you
Steady plottin, ready or not; Outlawz lost
but not forgotten, from Gittere to Compton
A spitter of the hotness, long timeness
So like six I ain't never been rich
I need cream, to buy Ellene a dream house
She no longer fiend out y'all, Outlawww

(Napoleon)

Another lonely nigga with a 12-gage pump
with a 12-hour rush to run and get this money, fuck these punks
Road rules I swim in the dirt, I stay in some skirt
I hit where it hurts, I ride or die for my turf
I ride or die for Makaveli the legendary war thug nigga
Kadafi betta unslug this nigga, Seike betta undrug this nigga
Out of the buildin we street children with no souls
Our hearts gon' stay cold, the war gon' stay on
We serve em, like Pac told us to, catch em wet with the tec
Hit em in the neck and watch him die like he supposed to
Napoleon the front line soldier, front times over

Rider for the mighty dollar rather drunk or sober
Nigga talkin thug walkin all through yo' squad
Y'all niggaz scared by a dog, I got my fo'-fo' for y'all
It's like a hot, heated day homie, warfare don't play homie
Better be prepared than try to dunk away from these strays homie
Worlds turn, thangs burn, all in one shot
Rest in peace to the fallen soldiers, all that we got
As the world turns..

Chorus: Darryl 'Big D' Harper, (Tupac - in background)

(And my niggaz roll and ride, hahaha
Niggaz gettin swoll out
And it don't stop and it don't quit
That real shit! As the world turns..
Niggaz die for
How many you niggaz try for this? As the world turns
Murderin methods.. haha OUTLAW!)

As the world keeps turnin round and round
It's gon' be goin round as the world turns.. and steady turnin
As the world keeps turnin round and round
It's gon' be goin round as the world turns..

(E.D.I. Amin)

Only haters caught feelings, when my homie caught millions
And acquired the desired status of boss livin
We cross driven, cornered into a life that's hellish
Payin our dues with bloodshed, ain't shit y'all could tell us
Fellas - mount up, it's time for battle, it's on now
Two worlds collidin armies ridin soldiers, gone wild
Sometimes I think my glory days was back in my youth
I sought too for family, but I got it lost in these ounces
Now as the world turns court adjourns, I'm sentenced to burn
The cost of my sins too much, nuttin left to earn

(Kadafi)

October 9th 1977 first day out my baby carriage
Married my Mack-11 hit the block playin
Only five years up in this bitch, poppa runnin from the Feds
Puttin peanut butter on the walls to hide his prints
Me on my own, not yet grown but only man of the home
to protect my zone in these streets I roam
Dough on d-low, downin straight shots of Cristal Brothers
Hundred dollar snot box on cee-lo, fuck eighth
I need a kilo, got a plot, move my block down state
Got the drop on the spot, movin pounds of weight
Fuck my fate and lots of loot to burn, a hustler's yearn
for this dirty money earned as this crooked world turns

Chorus: Darryl 'Big D' Harper (repeats as Tupac speaks)

(2Pac)

Hahaha.. as the world turns..
and turns and turns and turns.. haha
This for the soldiers out there involved in the everyday struggle
Hopin to bubble, keep on hustlin, as the world turns
Money come and go, hoes come and go, foes come and go
Friends come and go.. my soldiers, stay eternal
Outlaw Immortalz, dedicated
I send this to black Jesus, only he can feed us
When you need us, as the world turns
Throw this shit in the deck, hahah
Niggaz gettin chin checked
From the East to the West best to wear a vest

Nigga we ain't the ones to test, fuck you
As the world turns
Outlaw ridahs, Mutah right beside us
Camillion, wanna make a million
Haha legit, as the world turns.. haha..
Burn baby burn

(Napoleon)
A lot of niggaz get burned as the world turns
A lot of niggaz gettin burned as the world turns..
Gettin burned as the world turns