

# Bizzy Bone, Thug World

[Chorus]

Yeah

The world ain't yours yeah

The wor-or-or-or-old (the wor-or-or-or-old)

Better prepare for war

Better prepare for war

Better prepare for war

Hey the world (the world) ain't yours

The wor-or-or-or-old

These last days you better prepare for war

You better prepare for war

Hey the world (the world) ain't yours

The wor-or-or-or-old

These last days you better prepare for war

You better prepare for war

[Verse 1]

Better prepare, betta be ready for whatever

Little B still be gettin sturdy and eleventh in the ghetto

Down in Columbus I stay thuggish ruggish

Smashin the pedal, throwin up the seven

On these playa haters, blast the (?)

Little boy been poppin all the crude oil

Off in the ghetto we don't know nothin about it

Cause half of these brothers can't be loyal

Bitch you be sippin on henneseey, remember me

But I'm inside the twenty third century

Givin the best of me

Evidently this is real, but it don't barely feel

Let's do the (??), quick 'fore I get killed

It's just a battle field, it's how it's going down

I don't wanna be twistin the (?)

As I come around, better watch your back

And don't be scared, youngster

This is the gangster party, and who me Bizzy the thugster

Call me Kamikaze, I won't even speak about Illuminati

Welcome to Babylon, hell, I need to speak to Tommy

[Chorus]

Hey the world (the world) ain't yours

The wor-or-or-or-old

These last days you better prepare for war

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Hey the world (the world) ain't yours

The wor-or-or-or-old

These last days you better prepare for war

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[Verse 2]

Gotta get the drink and be thinkin she fin up in the car

Karlos Shamar Davis, 2-Pac, and Biggie Smalls

Eric Wright, one of the four fathers of gangster shhh

He one of the ones that got me in, y'all know what it is

One time for Left Eye, put your hands up

My little daughter really a makin me man up

Oh Lillian, I think I fallen down the steps 'bout a million

That's the way I'm feelin here

What about Bone Thugs, if you really wanna know

Gotta keep it movin, keep it goin, cause I ain't no ho

Cocked in the streets with them, bustin jack move

This game is all about business now let this track through

Slap boxed with the biggest brother and make the big boy fall

For y'all motherruckers, my foster brother got shot

In on of his eyes, I guess Jehovah ain't want Tracky to die

Come on

[Chorus]

Hey the world (the world) ain't yours

The wor-or-or-or-orld  
These last days you better prepare for war  
You better prepare for war  
Hey the world (the world) ain't yours  
The wor-or-or-or-orld  
These last days you better prepare for war  
You better prepare for war  
[Verse 3]  
How dumb would I be if I sold her the (?)  
Just because women'll swallow you  
How dumb would I be if I hit you with battles  
And niggaz beggining the story, I've been in a trap  
In Columbus Ohio, like smile now thug world  
Drunk and I'm buck wild and if you done better enjoy the (??)  
I comin to (??) ready and proud what the world say  
Y'all live about that keep on keepin on heh heh  
Little B boy with a blemish off comin crack  
My seventh signs niggaz weed me I could smoke a pack  
Gotta give my to sign finish the ghetto man  
Since elementary I've been rappin just stayin Bizzy  
A couple of sissys in the long run give me some  
Lets make this conversation keep it were it sayin  
Welcome to Babylon, we in the universe  
You know my name dog they call me Bizzy y'all  
Thug world ghetto church  
[Chorus]  
Hey the world (the world) ain't yours  
The wor-or-or-or-orld  
These last days you better prepare for war  
You better prepare for war  
Hey the world (the world) ain't yours  
The wor-or-or-or-orld  
These last days you better prepare for war  
You better prepare for war