

# Thug World

Bizzy Bone

Yeah  
The world ain't yours yeah  
The wor-or-or-or-orld (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-orld  
These last days you better prepare for war  
You better prepare for war  
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The wor-or-or-or-orld  
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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

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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

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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

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