

Two Turntables And A Mic

Black Moon

What what what what what!

Holding the weight of the world, holding the weight of the world
Weight of the world on my shoulders (rock, rock, rock, rock)

Yeah, I know you can relate to this shit right here,
feelin like you got a lot of weight
Sometimes you wanna bomb never hesitate, bomb first,
hold ya head up yo, get up yo

Got all these stressed out niggas with firearms
Prepare, get ready they about to bomb
First one hit usually an innocent civillian
Shot by the elevator dead up in the building
I'm illin' of the chill I got
Through my spine last night when I heard the shot
Took flight, cos I know that the Gods is right
Telling me you gonna make it when there's hard in life
And the stripes that you gain through the streets is pain
No matter how many motherfuckers is slain
Hold your head son, maintain
Fuck getting the tumour in your brain
Mutherfuck the rumour that you on came(?)
Simple and plain, like piece of the pie
It's the hustle to get yours, Nigga I can't lie
I'm addicted to the high life, the wild life
Make the stress go by easy, when the bomb right

Chorus

The weight of the world is on my shoulder
But, everyday I wake I find myself I'm getting bolder
As I annihilate, plus dominate
Thinking of ways to rise up, like a republican prominent
In the bomb state of thinking
Sometimes, life is like quicksand, if not watching your step
You end up sinkin
So pay close attention, don't be blinkin'
Cos you might miss the entire point of the words that we speakin'

Chorus x 1

Holding the weight of the world (bomb first)
Holdin the weight on my shoulder (booya!)

The weight o' the world's on my shoulder
I'm never gettin younger, only gettin older
As I, walk the streets with stress
Hold my head, cos the more I finesse
Tap the plate on my bullet proof vest, YES!
I'm strapped in tight,
Cos I feel like some shit gonna happen tonight
I been eyein' a lot of niggas, closin' up
Eye on my jewellery, they frozen up (rock rock rock rock)
Wanna stick me why? How come?
Jealous cos my shit is sophis, I don't fuck wit' none of them
Commercial rap get the Originno gunn clapp
Believe me, stress on my brain, roll a sack of that

Shit that'd make the devil dissolve
Holdin the world spinning on my shoulders wit' no prob

Chorus

5 o' cock on the dot.
I, I'm up performing callisthenics
While the muslims are making salot (?)
And the Devil plots
The pressures of life got me rock
Plus my ambitions fired up, I just can't stop
Been singing broke too long, time for a new song
Rest in peace to 2strong(?), cos reddaman is still new born
The world's been warned
You get taken out like a pawn in this game
Or get caught flashin' and flossin' at fame
But, trials and tribulations force me, to claim what's mine
Plus blow mine, (mine!) meaning!
What I work and struggle hard for
To the end of my existence, yes I'll die for
The rules and regulations, all God's laws
Laying it down, under the ground
Until the surface hardcore
Pushin' to become a rich man once poor
Tell you to your face, you ain't ready for the war
(rock rock rock rock)