

# As the World Turns

2pac

As the World Turns..  
As the world turns my niggas grow and grow and grow  
And get dough and roll and ride  
Niggaz die, mommas cry  
Niggaz got alibis and suicides and homicides  
And 3 strikes and yo life and my life and times change  
And niggaz fade, as the world turns..

Though I walk thru the valley of hell the shadow follows me  
Wisdom hard to swallow tomorrow and 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 Jesuz 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 could 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  
Times of sho' a thought could last for years  
Out shine in ya face smiles plastic tears  
Like last year, niggaz stuck in the past, And it's clear  
It's some busta ass bastards allergic to cash this year  
Makaveli for the Mob, M-O-B killing bustaz is my muthafuckin' job  
Remember me? lyrically fatally driven niggaz reported missing  
My competition dead or in prison  
As the world turns...

As the World keeps turning round and round  
It's gone be going round and round  
Turns, and steady turning

Young Noble  
As the world turn burning paths, staring thru my rearview  
There's a war going on, and the President is in it too  
I hear too, Pac sayin' watch 'em they'll kill you  
Sippin' thug passion, scrub acting like he feel you  
Steady plottin, ready or not  
Outlawz lost but not forgotten  
From Gittere to Compton, from Fittere to Hotnest  
Long timeness, to like six I ain't never been rich  
I need cream to buy Ellene a dream house  
She no longer fiended out y'all, Outlawww

Napoleon  
Another lonely nigga with a 12-guage pump  
With a 12-hour rush to run and get this money nigga, 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 bet I'mma slug this nigga, Seike been undrug this nigga  
Out of the building we street children with no souls  
Our hearts gone stay cold, the War gone stay on  
We serve 'em, like Pac told us to

Catch 'em wet with the Tek  
Hit 'em in the neck and watch him die like he supposed to  
Napoleon the front line soldier, front times over  
Ridah for the mightly dollar rather drunk or sober  
Nigga talking thug walking all thru yo squad  
Y'all niggaz scared by a dog, I got my fo-fo for y'all  
It's like a hot, here ta'day homie, warfare don't play homie  
Better be prepared then try to dunk away from these strays homie  
World turns thangs burn all in one shot  
Rest in peace to the fallen soldiers  
All that we got, as the world turns

As the World keeps turning round and round  
It's gone be going round and round  
Turns, and steady turning  
As the World keeps turning round and round  
It's gone be going round and round, Turns

E.D.I

Only hatas got feeling when my homie caught millions  
And aquired the desire status of boss living, we cross driven  
Going into a life that's hellish  
Pain in our youthful blood, shit ain't shit y'all could tell us  
Fellaz mount up, it's time for battle, it's on now  
Two worlds colliding always riding, soldiers gone wild  
Sometimes I think my glory days was back in my youth  
I saught too profounded, but I got it lost in these hours  
Now as the world turns court agerns, I'm sentenced to burn  
The cost of my sins too much, nothing left to earn

Kadafi

October 9th 1977 first day of my baby carriage  
Married my Mack-11 hit the block pleggin'  
Only 5 years up in this bitch, poppa runnin' from the Fedz  
Puttin' peanut butter on the walls, I this prince  
Me on my own, not yet grown but only man of the home  
To protect my zone in these streets I roll  
Gone on d-lo down the stray shots  
Of cussion brothas hundred dollar spot box  
And ceelo fuck 8, I need a kilo, got a plot  
Move my block down state, got the drop on the spot  
Moving pounds of weight, fuck my fate a lot of loot to burn  
A hustle yern for this dirty money earned  
as this crooked world turns

As the World keeps turning round and round  
It's gone be going round and round  
Turns, and steady turning

Hahaha.. As the world turns  
And turns and turns and turns.. haha  
This for them soldiers out there involved in the everyday struggle  
Open the bubble, keep on hustling  
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 say this to Black Jesuz, only he can feed us  
When ya need us, as the world turns  
Throw this shit in the deck  
Niggaz gettin' tear checked

From the East to the West best to wear a vest  
Nigga we ain't the ones to test  
As the world turns  
Outlaw ridahs, Mutah right beside us  
Camillion, wanna make a million.. haha legit  
As the world turns.. ha ha.. 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