

Your World Don't Stop

AZ

I wake up to them rapping tunes
Every afternoon, I'll be home soon
I see the board sometime after June.
Met a couple of convicts,

That's way beyond sick
It seems they dig my style,
Cause I be on some don shit.
Laid back, I ran into some brothers

From wayback
Those that I dig there be others black - I'm real unclear on what he
Actually says here
I don't say jack

I stay in tune with the stars sun and moon
Because behind bars your doomed if your mind can't consume
Plus spiritual pain can bring forth physical rain
And without knowledge of self

How else can a criminal change?
And being locked up ain't the life of me
Shit is way too trife for me
"You're coming home soon sounds so nice to me

But you can bet, I'm bouncing out with mad props
And if I get chopped, and knocked Baby Pop
My world don't stop
And in here it makes us all the same

For blowing backs out five to fifteen
See you in the bean
Till they max out
Mis behavin, acting uncivilized like cavemen

I witness bravemen,
That gave inside(?) minds turn to gay men
Nobody's playin
Crimes of prisoners supposed to be preying(?)

On some low shit layin sleep
Get yo ho shit banged in
Hangin
Who's to warn you

Outta the hell these inmates gone through
From the 3 halves of a four group(?)
Doubt if anyone is normal
And overall

It's hard to call
Who would try to play you
One kid from my tomb caught a carved spoon through his navel
Nothing can save you

Even C.O's try to grave you it's painful to even know
Those that are most faithful, will betray you

I lay lo-key
Cause I ain't heard the least

Try and get out early on work release
Praying the system will work with me
Cause I ain't trying to see three hots(?) and a cot
So I rock

That ain't my plot baby pop
My world don't stop
So until that dayi'm discharged and set free
Fuck who's going sex me,

My mind is more based on making my next G
Now let's see
Nothing on me as a juvenile
No more moving foul, the penile

Possesses me with a smoother style
Blessing my mental with mathematics
To map shit, through graphics
Fuck it, I ain't with hustling backwards

So wiser man, with ideas and liver plans
More mature and for sure
I saw all my eyes could stand
Sit and try to design these words of mine

To define what occurs when you're serving time
Freshness blurs the mind
Behind bars, scars are signs of hard times
I'm trapping myself inbetween these lines

Cause I ain't trying to see three hots(?) and a cot
So I rock
That ain't my plot baby pop
My world don't stop