

Fuck Da World

Bizzy Bone

Yeah, seven times for they minds
Light yo' candles young thugs
Bizzy Bone, you know what it is
Seventh Heaven young thugs, holla at your boy
Tell 'em... yeah
Out in the cold, is you with me young nigga?
You better ride with me motherfucker, and fuck the world!

I can remember bein outcasted in December
Loc'ed out, smokin at crack spots with the big spenders
I know they wish for me to perish
Cause I dropped out of high school chasin the jewels with no cr
edits
Flippin burgers, I just can't see it
I face smoke green with a triple beam in one night, no secrets
Fuck them feds, it ain't no love at all for 'em
They pull me over with police dogs, look in my {WOOF WOOF WOOF
WOOF}
That's motive enough for murder!
I stand in the cut with tec 9's, burners ready to serve 'em
I'm in the rain, with the nine on my brain, blaow to police
and fuck the world!
Fuck the whole wide world, America and all!
I'ma ghetto ball, like crates on the wall, fuck y'all!
I got the veteran, fortunate my riders
Like I got the soul of a Desert Storm trooper inside us
And fuck the world

Fuck the world!

Don't nobody love me, and I don't love nobody
It's only a few people that I roll with that I consider for the
posse
Who's Gotti? Live by a Mossy, I'm a full-time veteran
Live by the street commandments, and devil, damn him
I'ma represent 'em until the world blow
Fuck the world!

Jesus Christ
You know what it is