

# Your World Don't Stop

AZ

Yeah, for those that's locked in Comstock  
My peoples sitting in San Quentin and Clinton  
Rikers Island, Rikers Island, Cracker's Island I wake up to them rapping tunes every afternoon  
I be home soon, I see the board some time after June  
Met a couple of convicts that's way beyond sick  
It seem they dig my style cause I be on some don shit  
Laid back, I ran into some brothers from way back  
Those I dug we hugged, besides that, black, I don't say jack  
I stay in tune with the sun, stars and moon  
Cause behind bars you're doomed if your mind can't consume  
Plus spiritual pain can bring forth physical reign  
And without knowledge of self how else can a criminal change?  
And being locked up just ain't the life for me  
Shit is way too trife for me  
"You're comin home soon" sounds so nice to me  
Plus you can bet I'm bouncin out with mad props  
And if I get chopped or not, baby pop  
My world don't stop Your world don't stop  
Your world don't stop  
Your world don't stop  
Your world don't stop, stop, stop  
Your world don't stop  
Your world don't stop  
Your world don't stop, stop And in here it makes all end up the same from blowin backs out  
5 to 15, seein the bean until they max out  
Misbehavin, actin uncivilized like cavemen  
I witnessed brave men that gave in  
Sodomized and turned to gay men  
Nobody's playin drama, prisoners be posted preying  
On some low shit laying  
Sleep, get your whole shit banged in  
Hangin, plus who's to warn you  
Out of the hell these inmates gone through  
From three halves of a four group doubt if anyone is normal  
And over all it's hard to call who would try to play you  
My kid from my tomb's caught a carved spoon through his navel  
Nothin can save you, even C.O.'s'll try to grave you  
It's painful to even know those who most faithful'll betray you  
I lay low-key, cause I ain't Hercules

Tryin to get out early on work release  
Prayin the system work with me  
'Cause I ain't tryin to see three hots and a cot till I rot  
That ain't my plot, baby pop, my world don't stop  
Your world don't stop  
Your world don't stop  
Your world don't stop, stop, stop  
Your world don't stop  
Your world don't stop  
Your world don't stop, stop  
So until that day I'm discharged and set free  
Fuck who's gonna sex me  
My mind's more based on makin my next g  
Now let's see, left alone me as a juvenile, no more movin foul  
The penile possessed me with a smoother style  
Blessin my mental with mathematics to map shit through graphics  
Fuck it, I ain't with hustlin backwards  
A wiser man with ideas and liver plans  
More mature and for sure done saw all my eyes can stand  
Sittin tryin to design these words of mine  
To define what occurs when you're servin time  
Stress just blurs the mind  
Behind bars scars are signs of hard times  
I'm trappin myself in between these lines  
But I ain't tryin to see three hots and a cot till I rot  
That ain't my plot, baby pop  
My world don't stop  
Yeah, representin  
For all the fellas on lock-diggedy  
From upstate to downstate  
Don't stop, paw  
Don't stop, paw  
And on and on and on  
My man Sincere is in here  
Yo Free, how it be, baby?  
That's how we do it

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