

My World

Bizzy Bone

[Chorus]

Yeah

The world ain't yours yeah

The wor-or-or-or-old (the wor-or-or-or-old)

Better prepare for war

Better prepare for war

Better prepare for war

Hey the world (the world) ain't yours

The wor-or-or-or-old

These last days you better prepare for war

You better prepare for war

Hey the world (the world) ain't yours

The wor-or-or-or-old

These last days you better prepare for war

You better prepare for war[Verse 1]

Better prepare, betta be ready for whatever

Little B still be gettin sturdy and eleventh in the ghetto

Down in Columbus I stay thuggish ruggish

Smashin the pedal, throwin up the seven

On these playa haters, blast the (?)

Little boy been poppin all the crude oil

Off in the ghetto we don't know nothin about it

Cause half of these brothers can't be loyal

Bitch you be sippin on henneseey, remember me

But I'm inside the twenty third century

Givin the best of me

Evidently this is real, but it don't barely feel

Let's do the (?), quick 'fore I get killed

It's just a battle field, it's how it's going down

I don't wanna be twistin the (?)

As I come around, better watch your back

And don't be scared, youngster

This is the gangster party, and who me Bizzy the thugster

Call me Kamikaze, I won't even speak about Illuminati

Welcome to Babylon, hell, I need to speak to Tommy[Chorus]

Hey the world (the world) ain't yours

The wor-or-or-or-old

These last days you better prepare for war

You better prepare for war

Hey the world (the world) ain't yours
The wor-or-or-or-orld
These last days you better prepare for war
You better prepare for war[Verse 2]
Gotta get the drink and be thinkin she fin up in the car
Karlos Shamar Davis, 2-Pac, and Biggie Smalls
Eric Wright, one of the four fathers of gangster shhh
He one of the ones that got me in, y'all know what it is
One time for Left Eye, put your hands up
My little daughter really a makin me man up
Oh Lillian, I think I fallen down the steps 'bout a million
That's the way I'm feelin here
What about Bone Thugs, if you really wanna know
Gotta keep it movin, keep it goin, cause I ain't no ho
Cocked in the streets with them, bustin jack move
This game is all about business now let this track through
Slap boxed with the biggest brother and make the big boy fall
For y'all motherruckers, my foster brother got shot
In on of his eyes, I guess Jehovah ain't want Tracky to die
Come on[Chorus]

Hey the world (the world) ain't yours
The wor-or-or-or-orld
These last days you better prepare for war
You better prepare for war
Hey the world (the world) ain't yours
The wor-or-or-or-orld
These last days you better prepare for war
You better prepare for war[Verse 3]
How dumb would I be if I sold her the (?)
Just because women'll swallow you
How dumb would I be if I hit you with battles
And niggaz beggining the story, I've been in a trap
In Columbus Ohio, like smile now thug world
Drunk and I'm buck wild and if you done better enjoy the (?)
I comin to (?) ready and proud what the world say
Y'all live about that keep on keepin on heh heh
Little B boy with a blemish off comin crack
My seventh signs niggaz weed me I could smoke a pack
Gotta give my to sign finish the ghetto man
Since elementary I've been rappin just stayin Bizzy
A couple of sissys in the long run give me some
Lets make this conversation keep it were it sayin
Welcome to Babylon, we in the universe
You know my name dog they call me Bizzy y'all
Thug world ghetto church[Chorus]

Hey the world (the world) ain't yours
The wor-or-or-or-orld
These last days you better prepare for war
You better prepare for war
Hey the world (the world) ain't yours
The wor-or-or-or-orld
These last days you better prepare for war
You better prepare for war

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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