

# Korrupt World

## Twista

Hold all of the murderin' up  
If you gotta bust a cap then aim it up  
If you religious praise it up  
If you gotta get high then blaze it up  
For the ones who never gave it up  
Take a champagne glass and raise it up  
Agony was the feelin' when I saw his blood spilling  
Poppin' lip and taking over his tip is why he had to kill him  
Now his bodies in chalk and no longer can talk  
So then a life is lost, somebody tricked off  
And the killer was caught so now his life's his cost  
You might get caught so to make a move  
These motherfuckers is petrified  
All the best that tried won't even slide  
So just bless the rest that died  
Is it a test of pride when inside you grip a trigger  
But you didn't wanna pull it  
Could it be a motherfucker that you notice  
On the other side of the bullet, should it  
Matter now you figure fuck it I'ma waste him  
It's just a murda for the nation  
But some end up locked up, broke up  
For felonies and over overly motherly abrasion  
Now in front of me encased in a coffin is a body  
With people around sad and froze  
Teardrops and rain  
But folks didn't really feel the pain until the casket closed  
I was drastic chose and the mother threw a frown  
Even though the gunner was found  
'Cause it seems like yesterday  
When he was running around now he under the ground  
'Cause they gonna get down in these streets  
Even though you pack a piece for heat these niggaz  
Urgin' to bust the game ain't the same  
So stay away from the curb if you out there serving 'em up  
And hold all of the murderin' up  
If you gotta bust a cap then aim it up  
If you religious praise it up  
If you gotta get high then blaze it up  
For the ones who never gave it up  
Take a champagne glass and raise it up  
Make a toast to yourself  
For surviving in a world that's so korrupt  
Hold all of the murderin' up  
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Make a toast to yourself  
For surviving in a world that's so korruptAgony was the feelin' when I saw his blood pouring  
Tragedy mess a man look in the mirror then I see the stud mourning  
As these streets erases others it encase a brother  
You had enough heart to waste this brother  
But could you face his mother I was faced with otherType of problems that had held me back  
Couldn't tell me Jack now I'm gone in my own zone  
You ain't gotta tell me that, so me trail me back to a time  
When a motherfucker lost his will surviveMe and my folks had to hustle and steal for a meal  
Eat or had to kill to survive, I remember when you had my back  
When the relative passed and my momma cried  
When the house caught flames you collapsed in my arms  
When you heard that father diedI take drama in stride even though I had to go through a thing  
To get myself together still suffer but the worst is gone  
So it's on till the roamin' man have his shelter  
But if I end up back on the streets again  
And I had to receive my fate, smoke weed at the wake  
So the pain and hate escapes to keep the kids straight'Cause you did straight if your seed proceed  
As long as they keep learning and keep growing up  
Right now we survive in a place that's full of doubt  
And about to self-destructHold all of the murderin' up  
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For surviving in a world that's so korruptVisualize in invisible eyes how I individualize  
Critical cries of pitiful skies that rain pain upon the ghetto land  
Where the unforgettable dies  
Subliminal lies mean a motherfucker never gone make it  
If he don't peep it and keep it in check soon  
Womb to the tomb death is in the next room  
If a nigga ain't realizin' a K's and techs doomLet's assume another brother wanna laugh at you  
I think he just took a blast at you, you won't have it you killed him

There go the trigger try to kick it but his niggas coming after you  
Telling you a stranger must be crazy To step it to a motherfucker that's dangerous  
'Cause it's a gang of us throwin' knuckles in the scuffle  
If we have two things of bust  
It's cocaine to us and my brains to dust I represent you up there so I try  
Long as I leave my enemy bust vicinity crushed  
I don't really give a fuck if I die  
So why lie my people should be glad  
To survive in the land of the lost It's a plan of the boss leaving motherfuckers dying  
With their grandmother's hand on the cross  
So I take a stand when I talk ran instead of walked  
To chalk another victory How you did the caper hid the paper  
Breaking other niggas off is a mystery  
With the chemicals and drugs all of these criminals and thugs  
Just keep comin' up better watch yourself  
Ain't no love in the streets in a ghetto of a world that's korrup And hold all of the murderin' up  
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