

# The World

## Phora

And I'm not talkin bout street rumors  
Fuck all that, fuck your money  
Fuck your jewelry, fuck all your bitches that you got  
That just don't make you cool no more  
That's obsolete now  
I'm establishing that, in hip hop  
That doesn't determine if you're a real man or not  
You can have all those things and still be a fucking chump  
Yeah,

It's crazy how cats are trading their respect for some likes  
Talking their shit on twitter but speak less in real life  
All these rapper with their egos always talking their shit  
And can never swallow their pride, so they can swallow a dick  
Well how these rappers wearing red claiming LA and Compton,  
I got no comment I'm from a place where they kill over comments  
These goons will roll up to your window with the beef like its Sonics  
So save your YouTube comments we got nothing in common  
It's nothing, no problem  
You the fucking son I'm the father  
We trynna turn up on these cats in the back seat of our Honda  
Rolling through Santa Ana bumping Pac just me and my partners  
And some pissed off Mexicans screaming "VIVA LA RAZA!!"  
Like mother FUCK Donald trump that bitch can go and suck a dick off  
And if I seen em I probably knock his fake ass wig off  
Aw, y'all really must've got me fucked up

Like really y'all boys done fucked up  
They switching sides, they telling stories and lies  
But it's me and eskupe and anthro we Yours Truly it's just us  
So who the fuck can you trust in a world of snakes huh?  
And what's it take to get to them pearly gates huh?  
These niggas fake see I can never relate  
So I'm hollerin "fuck the world"  
I know I'm the one they hate huh?!  
R-I-P Tupac, Biggie Smalls, Martin Luther  
Seems like you aint nobody until somebody shoot ya  
These motherfuckers don't want to see you do good,  
They want you broke dirty and stressed still living in the hood  
Well I say fuck em homie let's get this money  
Never trust em homie  
Trynna feed my family and put food up in they stomachs homie  
Cause this cold just wants to see us lose  
They couldn't walk ten feet in my dirty ass shoes my nigga

I keep it real, fuck how they feel  
Fuck a mil fuck trynna get a deal  
I'm trynna make you feel  
So I'm in the studio 24/7 like everyday  
And I'm running my city, I'm reppin' my team till I'm dead in my grave  
All my niggas is gridding in so many ways I aint never had nobody show me the way  
I've been trying to get rid of my demons but yo I got devilish ways  
I'm never afraid of no man like, get with the program  
Heard these new rappers albums dawg and I aint no fan  
But for the record, Only cats that I fuck with is Cole, Hopsin, and Logic these other cats gotta stop it  
What's poppin I dropped this album out just to tell them I'm a prophet  
These cats only drop albums just to sell and make a profit  
See the difference nigga I'm different nigga quit your bitchin' nigga  
20-20 vision so vivid I see the bitch in niggas  
Holdup I aint done we on a mission to take over the world and y'all can't come  
See I've been coming and ripping these tracks, spit facts (?) I'm back  
I've got 99 problems spitting bars aint one  
Yeah, it's Yours Truly to my grave  
I rather die a free man than live life as a slave  
Look, it's Yours Truly to my grave  
I rather die a free man than live life as a slave  
Motherfucker THE WORLD  
I'm like, the whole world  
Like fuck the, the world  
Like fuck the, the whole world  
Like fuck the world nigga, fuck the whole world  
Fuck, like fuck the whole world nigga  
Like fuck the world nigga, fuck the whole world  
Fuck em, like, fuck the whole world nigga  
Fuck the whole world

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