

# As The World Keeps Turning

Dr Dre

As the world keeps turning, chronic keeps burning  
Street sermon, these niggas are determined  
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Street sermon, these niggas are determined  
I flow like CD's in the deck  
Moosh fools in the face that lack respect  
Protect ya arm, pitch from the funk  
I deodorise the musty, ya rhymes are crusty, you can't bust G  
So leave me alone I'm in the zone  
Walkin' the streets on my own, nigga get blown  
Some niggas say that nigga Where is gone  
But I'm low in the cut and gotta microphone  
Are you gone bust or play bones?  
You motherfuckin' clone, get off that nigga's style and get'cha own  
It's Miscellanea and it's on again  
For the niggas that slept, they shoulda stayed in step  
And kept ya big fuckin' mouth shut  
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I woke up with a stomach ache, headache, back ache  
Advil, Tylenol, Peptol, slept so long realized my world is wrong  
My world is gone like disco, blowin' up Cisco in my Cammo  
Standin' in back of me was my soul  
Thinking of the easiest way to get a bank roll  
Knowledge is urban-able, exhaust manifold  
A tar can of hos to lubricate my system quick  
Shaky bitches off the dick  
'Cos she got a vice grip on the flow from my lips  
I'm slow but equipped with the proper tools  
Show me the one talkin' shit so I can drop a fool  
I'm out to glow a nigga roll if he think he Mr Cream  
Come back on the scene and smoke a Phillie, G  
I really dream of gettin' mine now let me tell you what's silly  
Me, buckin' with my team is murder one  
I heard a gun bustin' shots, down the block  
I guess a nigga gettin' what he got  
Shit is heavy like a medicine ball and broke niggas to smoke niggas

I'll fuck one for y'all, they made ya last phone call  
To a trick that didn't even care  
'Cos she was gettin fucked somewhere, you're stuck in there  
Now you wanna bust, nigga, now you wanna kill, nigga

Nigga how ya feel? You can't try to be real  
Shit is for real  
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I'm cooler than most, but I got the shorter temper  
And I'm cooler than foes that don't know how it goes  
Let's take it back to the first side  
When you was a new jack and jockin' my new track  
But you was wrong, didn't know about the big long  
Head-strong, nicknamed Dav from off the school yard  
With a teenage group I'm turnin' loots to tracks  
Me and my niggas like  
You wanna know what the hos used to do  
When me and my crew came bustin' through  
All sorts of blushin's brew  
Underground till my brown eyed balls turned blue  
This is for the bitches and niggas that wanna front  
I smoke on, I broke on till I spoke on  
Miscellanea packin' shows like Farrakhan  
Where is on another level with two niggas that's on the same plateau  
Now that's three times your tightest flow  
And three times ya tightest track  
Three times your fattest sack  
Three times is clever  
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Thou shalt rest in grief who lay buried in the belt  
Barely included work, leaves bodies scarred and hurt

To art in hell, where the next man dwells  
The place with stankin' pussy and crack rock dwells

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