Around the World

Trashmonkeys

Yeah, praise Jesus
(Quiet on the set)
One time, baby
In the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit, Amen
(Let's get this money, baby)
In the name of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, baby
(Yeah, boy, chase the cat productions in the house)
Let's get this money baby
(Playalitical on the track)
One time, baby, one time, baby
(Bizzy Bone, the midwest cowboy, bone thugs)
As we travel around the world
Stacking that paper, stacking that paper
And tell me what's really, really, real good
I keep it popping, so these haters coming to hate us
(Get off, get off)
I can answer you quicker than them
Shall I begin keeping my mouth closed
Keeping my mouth closed
I don't chase when they fucking with me
You don't fuck with me when I'm down and out though
When I'm down and out though
I keep a map and they jealous of me
They're jealousy is no doubt, ya'll, no doubt, ya'll
And looking for something, they want to attack
Pushing 'em back, knocking 'em out cold, knocking 'em out cold
What do you want from me, they don't want your dreams
They want reality
They get up inside your head, you tell 'em, "I'm dead"
I tell 'em, "Get outta be"
Will they try to rob me, in the direction we chill?
I'm only moving by the grace of the Lord, it's God's will
Huh, go get that vital money, fo' real
They better not fuck with us, we get 'em, honey, what the deal
They go the other testing, mic checker, dipping skill
For somebody dippin' in fluids, baby
I don't want nothing but liquor and beer
Listening into the hearts of a Bizzy, apart of me, time to grow
And if you don't me now, what do I know bout myself, I'm taking it slow

Admit it, I'm a little bit different than others
I'll tell you the story I know bout the church and you my brother
You my brother
As we travel around the world
Stacking that paper, stacking that paper
And tell me what's really, really, real good
I keep it popping, so these haters coming to hate us
(Get off, get off)
If kid, you was fighting me, fighting behind me
Give me some money or give me some change
Steadily working to keep it moving
If it was grooving, I'd do it again
What I don't know, this place to be playing
And treating the knowledge

Don't weak up the rhyme and they probably think that I'm crazy
My brain will be running, I'm coming to die, my
Come in a time, medical federal, what is known, don't have to be spoken
Do it congruently, making the music so truly
I'm keeping it moving and leaving the secrets of picking
And moving in silence, evidently I don't want no Bentley, baby
I'm keeping it quiet, roll out, they start a riot, no, now
Baby, don't even try it, no doubt
Picking up his diet to get the mission with precision
As the superstition set aside, showdown
I smoke the chronic, baby, peace release me is mine, is mine
Don't play, baby
(I stay in this muthafucka)
And better don't play, baby
(Gonna go get a beer)
Handle your business and diminish the thoughts
The elevation of survival when it's vital, the rock, the rock
Dedication of the love for myself, the love for my wealth
The love for my stealth, the love of everybody else
And I'm coming to meet that little baby, you staying on top
You know what we do, baby, solid as a muthafuckin' rock
As we travel around the world
Stacking that paper, stacking that paper
And tell me what's really, really, real good
I keep it popping, so these haters coming to hate us
(Get off, get off)
And don't even worry when we scurry up in the flurry
It's getting blurry in the stormy of the purgatory, the thought for me
Wanna eat with the angels, be patient, still wait for the party, baby
What party, I party, you and your body, baby

Right here, right now, get 'em up when they get down
Shake thoughts, don't ever get caught, now let me pray now
In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, Amen
In the name of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, Amen
You better believe it, I will say it again
(Jesus)
From this day forth, God willing
Lean back chilling, precious medal of steel, titanium
Nine percent of the cranium, baby, you feel me
No adultery, adultery, when I see, I see, we kill 'em
Stay dry for me daddy, baby, sunset
Come get a taste of what you never had, you ain't come yet
When we raise up the one, yes, poppa he guide you
Standing right beside you, in the midst of the storm
Baby, I ride with you, never die, not in spirit
It can't get much fucking clearer, did you hear it
Yes
As we travel around the world
Stacking that paper, stacking that paper
And tell me what's really, really, real good
I keep it popping, so these haters coming to hate us
(Get off, get off)

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