

Your World Dont Stop (Original Version)

AZ

Yeah, for those that's locked in Comstock
My peoples sitting in San Quentin and Clinton
Rikers Island, Rikers Island, Cracker's Island I wake up to them rapping tunes every afternoon
I be home soon, I see the board some time after June
Met a couple of convicts that's way beyond sick
It seem they dig my style cause I be on some don shit
Laid back, I ran into some brothers from way back
Those I dug we hugged, besides that, black, I don't say jack
I stay in tune with the sun, stars and moon
Cause behind bars you're doomed if your mind can't consume
Plus spiritual pain can bring forth physical reign
And without knowledge of self how else can a criminal change?
And being locked up just ain't the life for me
Shit is way too trife for me
"You're comin home soon" sounds so nice to me
Plus you can bet I'm bouncin out with mad props
And if I get chopped or not, baby pop
My world don't stop Your world don't stop
Your world don't stop
Your world don't stop
Your world don't stop, stop, stop
Your world don't stop
Your world don't stop
Your world don't stop, stop And in here it makes all end up the same from blowin backs out
5 to 15, seein the bean until they max out
Misbehavin, actin uncivilized like cavemen
I witnessed brave men that gave in
Sodomized and turned to gay men
Nobody's playin drama, prisoners be posted preying
On some low shit laying
Sleep, get your whole shit banged in
Hangin, plus who's to warn you
Out of the hell these inmates gone through
From three halves of a four group doubt if anyone is normal
And over all it's hard to call who would try to play you
My kid from my tomb's caught a carved spoon through his navel
Nothin can save you, even C.O.'s'll try to grave you
It's painful to even know those who most faithful'll betray you
I lay low-key, cause I ain't Hercules

Tryin to get out early on work release
Prayin the system work with me
'Cause I ain't tryin to see three hots and a cot till I rot
That ain't my plot, baby pop, my world don't stop Your world don't stop
Your world don't stop
Your world don't stop
Your world don't stop, stop, stop
Your world don't stop
Your world don't stop
Your world don't stop, stop So until that day I'm discharged and set free
Fuck who's gonna sex me
My mind's more based on makin my next g
Now let's see, left alone me as a juvenile, no more movin foul
The penile possessed me with a smoother style
Blessin my mental with mathematics to map shit through graphics
Fuck it, I ain't with hustlin backwards
A wiser man with ideas and liver plans
More mature and for sure done saw all my eyes can stand
Sittin tryin to design these words of mine
To define what occurs when you're servin time
Stress just blurs the mind
Behind bars scars are signs of hard times
I'm trappin myself in between these lines
But I ain't tryin to see three hots and a cot till I rot
That ain't my plot, baby pop
My world don't stop Yeah, representin
For all the fellas on lock-diggedy
From upstate to downstate Don't stop, paw
Don't stop, paw
And on and on and on My man Sincere is in here
Yo Free, how it be, baby?
That's how we do it

Songwriters

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