

Puff Daddy F/ Jay-Z

"Fuck Da World"

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(TNT)

Yeah, I got some shit on my mind
Some shit that I been wantin' to say
Some shit that I gotsta say

(CHORUS)(2x)

Fuck the world
It's like fuck the world
Fuck the world
I said fuck the world
Fuck the world
You know like fuck the world
Fuck the world
I said like fuck the world

Fuck the planet I'm on, I wish I was never born
But I was torn to be warned so now I mourn
My thoughts are paralyzed, I see terror signs
I recognize my mind, metamorphosize
I hate this planet and the people that live on it
I sold my soul and then I feel no pain because I want it
And I'm torn between life and death and death and life
My blood drips from the blade of a butcher knife
I have thoughts of hate and mental anguish
I hate you, I hate me too
I can't go back to the room, so I resume the temple of
doom
They wanna put me in a rubber room
My momma told me there'd be days like this
I'll be feelin homicidal, suicidal, suicidalist
I kept his back, his peeled his cap backwards
I'm not religious, but more than just a sacrilegious
You better ask somebody about the nigga that's odd
And fuck you and your God and your world

(CHORUS)

I'm gonna bust, so call me a Mossburg
The sky is fallin like dominoes and Donald Byrd
Fuck the world, I'm not your regular human being
You never testified a witness the murder scence

Mercy me, Lord have mercy for weak minds
Must I reach for my nine, once I'm speakin my mind
They trip, angel dust make me bust shots
Three little pigs, blind mice why I hate cops
Head ache, migraine bring the pain on
With my maggot brain on, some insane song
So you sing along, murder's my national anthem
Area nation, huntin' for a black panther
But killas don't talk, they walk the flatlines
And you should know that I'm out my mind
So fuck the world

(CHORUS)

Fuck the world I'm in, it never represented anything
But Reel Life Products, thats why many sings
The blues, bad news, bad times, bad rhymes
Bad lines, bad thoughts, bad shit on my mad mind
Some people say that the world will never end
I gotta step and say hello to my little friend
Push the button I panic for mannick depression
And with my Smith and Wesson I teach you all a lesson
I'm sick of thinkin' my mind's blinkin paranoid
Once I counteract it, bullets get interacted
Chain reaction, can't get no satisfaction
The world is fallin apart like Michael Jackson, so fuck
'em

(CHORUS)

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